A Trip To The Hawaiian Islands

WITH THE

PRESS CONGRESS OF THE WORLD

By Orville Elder

KAMEHAMEHA I.—IN STONE, HONOLULU

He consolidated the several tribes of the Hawaiian Island into one kingdom.

(At the foot of the statue a faithful worshiper.)

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BY

ORVILLE ELDER

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TO

JOSEPHINE AND DAVE

WHO STAYED AT HOME WHILE I WANDERED

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PREFACE

Three weeks time in Hawaii is not long enough for one to see and know all about Hawaii, but the conditions under which the writer moved while there made it possible for him to see a great deal in a short while. The letters which comprise this little volume were written on train, on boat, in hotel room, or wherever it was possible to find footing for a small portable typewriter and pound off a few lines. They are published in this compact form, not because they are entitled to any great consideration from the reading public, but because I found it impossible to supply the demand for exchange copies, of our paper—The Evening Journal, Washington, Iowa—containing the letters. My product became too voluminous for exchange circulation. I desire in this connection to acknowledge the very great debt which, in common with the many other World's Press Congress delegates, I owe to the various Hawaiian committees who saw to it that there was not a dull moment during our stay on the islands. The newspapers of Hawaii, the various Commercial and Social Organizations; the Chinese Society; the Japanese publications and people; the native Hawaiians; the heads of the leading industries of the islands; the officials of the Hawaiian territory, of the cities of Hon-

olulu, Hilo, Kahului, Waialua, Wailuku, Lahaina and the multitude of other kindly disposed citizens who contributed of their time and their substance to make us have a good time. They are all good fellows; never to be forgotten; always to be remembered with gratitude by the delegates to the Press Congress of the World. Aloha!

ORVILLE ELDER

LETTER I.

On the Way to Hawaii

Somewhere in Kansas, September 30, 1921

This is the story of a trip to the World's Press Congress, to be held in Hawaii, Oahu, Hawaii territory, October 16th to 21st. The World's Press Congress is an international association and the program will be international in character. In the seat just ahead of me is a gentleman from Athens, Greece. His English is rather broken, but that does not interfere with his appearing like a very intelligent and highly cultured gentleman.

We left Chicago Thursday evening, the 29th, and we are just now leaving Kansas City. We are traveling in a special Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe train, all Pullman cars, with diner, buffet and observation cars attached. We could ask for no more luxurious accommodations or more genteel personal service. And the "eats!" Well, it's just the same as if Mr. and Mrs. "Fred Harvey" were both traveling with us and presiding over the table themselves.

We will not stop for any length of time until we reach the Grand Canon of the Colorado where we will remain for a day, taking in as much of the grandeur of that scenic wonder as a day will permit. We are supposed to reach San Francisco the morning of the 4th of October and sail at about 4 p. m. of the same day.

Our ship outgoing will be the Matsonia, an American vessel of the Matson Navigation Co. lines. It will take about six days of water travel to reach Honolulu and a few days will be spent there before the Congress program is pre-

sented. The entertainment features of the trip include a tour of the islands with exceptional advantages for seeing the interesting sights of this distant part of the United States.

Yes, along with its other conveniences our train carries barber shop and valet service for men and women. Most of us don't know what valet service is, but we're not confessing our ignorance. I overheard one gentleman say that he and his wife had brought their dress clothes. He thought maybe they would "dress" for dinner on the boat. Clearly some of us are out of our class, but that need not interfere with our fun. On one other boat trip which I took years ago we discovered that in fact, there is not so much dressing for dinner as there is "undressing."

I have found but two other Iowa people on the train so far. They are Golthwaite of Boone and Medary of Waukon. Mr. Medary was on the trip to Panama with the National Editorial Association a few years ago. At that time he and I became acquainted. It has been a pleasure to renew that acquaintance. However, there is little formality in evidence here. Erstwhile strangers will soon be long time acquaintances, and there will be a noticeable relaxation of restraint as the delegates draw nearer and nearer together around the deck railings speaking the interesting, explosive language common to most land lubbers on their first voyage away out upon the deep blue sea.

Perhaps a word more about the Press Congress will not be out of place at this time. The ideal of the Congress is "world peace." The great publishers of this country as well as of other countries realize that peace among the newspapers of the country will mean world peace, or a nearer approach to it. They know

that the Press, in a large way, is the audience that stands around the possible belligerents and "sicks" them on. The press "stirs" up, or it "quiets down," pacifies. The members of this Congress feel that the furtherance of international journalistic amity will do much toward making world peace more nearly possible. Our readers will agree with us that the ideal is a good one.

I feel that all such movements as this World Press Congress tend to make our world a better world. We have yet a great deal of our aboriginal savagery to get out of our systems before we will anyways nearly be fit for paradise. These efforts to establish an understanding among the nations of the world is a right direction movement.

I have just taken a moment to speak to our Greek friend in the seat ahead. His name is Coutoupis, and he is the publisher of the "Nea Ewas," (New Greece), Athens. He left Greece in July and he goes clear around on his way home, via Japan, China, India, Egypt, etc. He is one of the speakers at the Congress and we look for some "good gravy" from Greece.

LETTER II.

Rolling Through Kansas

Still in Kansas, September 30, 1921

Passing through Topeka, Kansas, Gov. Henry Allen was down to the train to see Mrs. Allen off with the delegates to the Congress. Henry, like Andy Gump, will now have the opportunity to do as he pleases for a few days. Governor Allen has too much business on hands to go on the trip. He is a publisher though and as such could easily qualify for the journey. Since he can't go, he's sending the "missus," which is at least the next best thing, if not the best.

Speaking of the governor makes one think of his Industrial Court plan, an honest effort to get justice for both capital and labor without disturbing that more important justice to the general public. This Industrial Court arrangement in Kansas enjoys the distinction of being in ill favor at times with both labor and capital, with some of both industrial divisions always grouchy over the alleged interference of the Industrial Court with their liberties.

At present Alexander Howat, president of the Kansas Miners organization is under sentence to jail for defying the Industrial Court order and calling the miners to strike. He says he is going to go to jail and stay there until the Industrial Court law is taken off the statute books of Kansas. When the power to call strikes is taken away from Alexander there isn't much left for him to do.

Gov. Allen states that there are some $50,000,000.00 a year paid out in salaries to such

men as Howat, and he is not surprised that they hate to see their jobs jeopardized. But, the tie up of business which causes the great mass of the people to suffer principally, while a small percentage of the people represented by the particular owners and laborers affected are quarreling, is a public menace, unfair in every way to the majority, which should be considered first and so this Industrial Court bars strikes and lockouts and forces the disputants into court for the settlement of their differences.

In theory the Industrial Court idea is certainly right. Such disputes as it seeks to settle are disputes that ought to be settled by peaceable means without a general disturbance of business and without people suffering. That's what courts are for and the courts are our final resort; if they fail, we might just as well shut up shop. Some such system as that devised by Governor Allen must eventually be put into operation in this country if we are to retain any semblance of industrial order permanently.

Although it is persistently asserted that the miners have in almost all instances been the beneficiaries in the Industrial Court decisions yet it is still the fact that they fight the law, encouraged by such leaders as Howat, who can very easily find plenty of ammunition with which to bombard that policy which threatens his job and promises the eventual elimination of the strike as a means of forcing a surrender in favor of the striker. Governor Allen is emphatically of the reasonable opinion that any system of industrial disorder that permits the health, safety and comfort of the many to be deliberately disturbed by the few is a wrong system and he insists upon court settlement. Up to date he has been able to get by with it, but he has a fight on his hands.

This is evening of the first day out. All day we have been running through Kansas. Now it is western Kansas with its oceans of great flat fields, from which splendid crops have been raised this year. As an agricultural state, though, Kansas has felt the sting of low prices for farm products even as we have felt them. Talking with a Kansas man this afternoon he led me to believe that the people of Kansas have had just about the same experiences that we have had. They have suffered, but they are not dismayed. As this Kansas man remarked: "We always have to sober up after a drunk," and there is an unfailing reaction as a part of the sobering process. The wonder is that the reaction was not worse.

LETTER III.

In New Mexico

En Route, October 1, 1921

All of yesterday, Friday, we traveled thru Kansas. Some time last night we left Kansas, crossed a corner of Colorado and now we are traveling through the mountains of New Mexico. We have just passed through Glorieta, the head of Glorieta pass, at an altitude of 7421. It is Glorieta in name only, unless there are certain specially glorious features, not in visual evidence, that take precedence over the artificial structure of the alleged village.

But, the mountains are interesting; great oceans of mountains, covered with scrubby pines, some high, some low, some thickly wooded, some sparsely wooded. Rocks everywhere; thrown about carelessly. Rocks of all sizes, as small as a pigeon egg, as large as a box car. The grass is dry, the shrubbery brown. Goats are the only domestic animals in large evidence. An occasional cow in sight; a few burros; a scrawny horse, adobe huts here and there, scattered thru the hills; a little patch of corn once in awhile, indicating that some ambitious Mexican had sought to grow a little forage for his family of domestics, but all in all it is pretty barren. A fellow traveler voiced the opinion this morning that "this certainly is God's country—no one else would want it."

Be that as it may, it has its purpose in the world; if none other, it serves to make the individuals who pass this way feel what an insignificant part of creation, from the bulk point of view, man is. There seems no end to the great

sweeps of rock-strewn, and pine-decorated space. They must have been brave soldiers indeed who first penetrated these vastnesses.

We have, once in a while found the old Santa Fe trail running along by our side. It is a good tourist road they say, one of the best cross-continent highways. There are a great many points along the way, though, where a shortage of gasoline would leave an autoist in an embarrassing predicament.

Now we are just leaving Apache canyon. This, our little guide book tells us, is the only place on the railroad where it cuts through the oldest strata of the Rockies; and this little pass was the scene of a brave effort on the part of the Mexicans to stop the progress of the American army in its invasion of Mexico in 1846. It is said, too, that one of the most important of the western battles of the Civil war was fought near here.

At Lamy we stopped a few moments; just long enough for our party to make a hasty inspection of the little hotel called the El Ortiz. It is a quaint little structure, Mexican style, the beams in the ceiling taken from an old mission. The floors are carpeted with rare Indian blankets; the walls hung with interesting old time paintings, the subjects being Spanish and Mexican in character. There is a beautiful inner court around which is built the lodging rooms of the hotel. The outer walls are adobe. The structure is artistically squatty and in the whole it functions as something decidedly different. Wandering through and around it, one begins to feel as if he is strangely away from home. One lady remarked: "And yesterday this time we were in Kansas City—it seems a thousand years ago."

At a short distance from the railway track—

we are traveling slowly now—we see an adobe house, a fodder covered barn, all one story, a scanty patch of corn, the fodder shocked, in small tepees. A little Mexican boy is skinning the cat from a hitch rack, a dark skinned woman watches the train roll by without acknowledging the hand wave greetings from the car windows; a prairie dog stands rigid sentinel by the side of his happy home. As far beyond as we can see stretch undulating hills rising higher and higher until they merge into a great range of treeless mountains—the Great Divide.

LETTER IV.

At Albuquerque, New Mexico

En Route, October 1, 1921

We spent three hours at Albuquerque, New Mex. This is one of the oldest of the western cities; one of the oldest cities in the United States. The local authorities insist that civilization here antedates any other civilizations in the United States. We take no issue with them; we are strangers in this country.

Why not be nice and genteel, always, in the presence of benefactors. These Albuquerque people fed us liberally of the best in the land and took us about through their interesting city. It was not for us to deny the longevity which they ascribe to themselves and theirs. We agreed with them complacently, and admitted that all signs indicate that Santa Fe, the Albuquerque rival in enterprising claims for antiquity is undoubtedly a pretender only.

Of course our stay in Albuquerque was enjoyed. Stepping off the train with friend Medary from Waukon we were greeted by a tall, slender gentleman who was passing out Albuquerque Journals, FREE of charge. We each took one. We have easily acquired the habit of taking every free thing offered us and asking no questions. They are scarce enough without entering into any controversy concerning them.

"Do you know a fellow around here by the name of Carl McGee?" friend Medary asked of the liberal man with the arm full of papers.

"I am he," responded the philanthropist, "and you are Ed Medary."

There you have it! We attached ourselves to Ed's friend and he trotted us around all over the city in his Cole eight.

Albuquerque is a "health resort." It is one of the most popular resorts for those who are threatened with tuberculosis that there is in the country. The city lies high and dry. There is little rainfall, only seven inches a year, and that all comes in July and August. The sanitariums are beautifully located, and well patronized. There are several thousand people here for their health all the while. That helps to support the town. Looking over the surrounding country one wonders if the city has any other supports.

The New Mexico state university is here. The buildings are built in typical Mexican style. A new dormitory which is just being completed is constructed in the Pueblo style of architecture. A Methodist school for Indian children is an interesting structure and down in the "old town" we found the adobe houses knit closely together, facing narrow streets that we would call narrow alleys in our Iowa towns. There is not much about the external appearance of these buildings to recommend them to us as desirable homes, but under those squat roofs and within those mud covered walls the romances and tragedies of human life work themselves out just as effectually as they do in the palaces of kings and queens. There is, in all probability, just as much real happiness in a New Mexican Indian home as there is in any other average home in the world. It's all in getting used to it!

At the door of the Indian store, in connection with the depot and eating house at Albuquerque, a dozen or so Indian boys and girls, men and women await the arrival of each train

and its brigade of tourists. They have Indian wares to sell, little clay baskets, bows and arrows, moccasins, flint arrow heads, etc., etc. These Indians are attired in native costume. Of course they make an interesting appearance. They add romance and atmosphere to the place.

One of the men in charge of the store pointed out to me several of the Indian girls and boys in this group who were well educated in English, splendid masters of our tongue. They had been sent to high school, some to college. Coming home, they soon went back to their shawls and their blankets, their red ribbons, and their lazy habits. Indian college graduates wrap their blankets about them and sleep every night on the brick platform of the Santa Fe depot at Albuquerque. Well educated Indian girls come every day to the trains to sell their little trinkets. They sit lazily about until the trains come. They never ask if trains are late. They sit down and wait, wait, wait. There is no hurry. They have all the time there is. They take it.

These educated Indian boys and girls are not disposed to be very communicative. They will not talk to strangers, excepting in an effort to sell their wares, and then they speak few words and brokenly. They know THEY are curiosities. Education has taught them that. They resent the tourists' attitude and apparently hold our civilization and its foibles in contempt. They cannot get away from the inheritances of centuries. They believe in, and live, the simple life. To them much of civilization is vanity. In that intuition they have outwitted the world.

LETTER V.

More About Albuquerque

En Route, October 3, 1921

From our little guide book we read that Albuquerque was founded in 1701, by Don Pedro Rodriguez y Cubero. It is not probable that there are any people in Washington, Iowa, now, who remember the event or knew Don Pedro, but local authorities in Albuquerque insist that their city as an established center dates back farther than 1701, in fact, back prior to 1605, the year Santa Fe, New Mexico, claims to have been born. But, as we said in our former comment on this controversy, it is none of ours, fight it out yourselves, boys.

The Albuquerque patriot claims that the Pueblo Indians have lived in Albuquerque as a village for many centuries. The Pueblo Indians they explain have always been a peaceably inclined, industrious people, cultivating the soil diligently for many, many hundreds of years. Their deadly enemies were the Apache and Navajo Indians who didn't believe in work in their tribes if they could profit off the labors of other tribes. So, they generally waited until fall, when the crops were all harvested, then they went foraging in the vicinity of the Pueblos. That is, they fell upon the Pueblos and smote them hip and thigh and gathered in all the spoils they could.

Naturally the Pueblos disliked the Apache-Navajo system. The fall visits annoyed them, perturbed them, kept them nervous both night and day. There came a time when the Spaniards moved northward from old Mexico and

with them the Pueblos made terms. They traded their favor to the Spaniards for Spanish help in fighting off the Apaches and Navajos. That helped some. After that combination the Pueblos lived more contentedly and the Apaches-Navajos found foraging more difficult. On the theory that Albuquerque was founded by the Pueblos, long before our friend above named arrived, the local old timer of Albuquerque bases his claim of greater organized antiquity for Albuquerque than for Santa Fe. But, as we have previously observed, what is that to you and me with the price of egg sandwiches the same in both cities?

And talking about old age! In that wonderful museum at Albuquerque, among the multitude of relics, modern and otherwise, there are specimens of sections from the petrified trees found in a number of places in Arizona. The trees are, many of them, "agatized." Geologists state that it has been millions of years since those trees were growing trees. They fell millions of years ago, were under the oceans many thousands of centuries before Adam was born. The waters moved away from the face of the earth and there grew over these long inundated trees a soil which covered them for many more thousands of years and then there came another change in the great scheme of things and the covering from these trees of so long, long ago was gradually washed and scraped away by the elements. When they came to the light of day again, after millions of years in darkness, they were petrified to the very heart, and the polished face of these tree relics shows it as a most beautiful agate. Here is age, that is age!

There is an old Spanish mission church that was erected in 1735 that we visited, too, but we

didn't go in—it wasn't Sunday. From the outside, though, the antiquity of the structure was apparent in spots. In other spots it looked as if it had been modernized some. The adobe homes and stores give out an unmistakable atmosphere of age, down in the "old town," but up in the heart of the city the buildings are modern and there is an air of prosperity about the town, the basis of which is, however, the constant inflow of money from health seekers and tourists.

In Albuquerque, too, we gained some interesting information about our only woman "congressman," Miss Alice Robertson. Mr. McGee lived for several years in Oklahoma and knew the lady. She originally went to Oklahoma as a Presbyterian missionary to work among the Indians. In that capacity she made a wide friendly acquaintance. During the Roosevelt administration Miss Robertson was on the side of the Indians in a spirited movement led by President Roosevelt to see that the Indian gets fair play. President Roosevelt became well acquainted with her and when the opportunity came appointed her postmistress of Muskogee, disregarding all political urgings.

As postmistress she became more widely known and was as widely liked. The congressional district in which she lived was Democratic, but in the late campaign Miss Robertson won because of her wide favorable acquaintance. She never ceased her missionary work, had raised a number of girls from girlhood, putting them through school and the story of her usefulness spread over the district, resulting in her election. Her unfailing friendship for the Indians and her uncompromising efforts in their behalf always endeared her to the whole people. As a member of congress she evidences those

same common sense traits of character that distinguished her in her less spectacular earlier career.

LETTER VI.

At the Grand Canyon

En Route, October 3, 1921

This is Monday, Oct. the 3rd. We passed through Needles, California, early this morning, crossing the Colorado river, the divide between Arizona and California, a little while earlier. Now we are crossing one of our deserts; it is a stretch of some 160 miles, covered with sage brush, where there is any covering excepting sand. The auto road, the Santa Fe trail, still follows us and tourists can be seen every few moments gliding merrily along. The road is well marked. Just a little while ago I noticed a big sign "2 Miles to Robert's Garage." Soon we were there, and another sign said "Oasis Garage."

The town was Ludlow and after a long stretch of sage and sand scenery, with the low mountains in the distance, it was a relief to see the pretty little "oasis." Date palms were in profusion, as were other semi-tropical foliage and shrubbery with which I am not familiar. A number of tourist cars were "gassing" up preparatory to the continuation of their respective trips, east or west. Auto cross-continent travel is assuming immense proportions.

At Grand Canyon yesterday they gave out the information that during the year ending Oct. 1st, 1921, 64,000 tourists had visited the canyon, at least half of them auto tourists. It seems more comfortable on the train, but, auto touring is increasing, so some must like it; in fact many must like it. We expect to be in San Francisco tomorrow morning, stopping at Bak-

ersville this evening for a couple of hours. Bakersville is an oil town.

We spent yesterday at the Grand Canyon. We arrived there some time during the preceding night. I awoke early and got up. Only the gentleman from Greece preceded me. He, too, is trying to see all he can see. We asked the porter about the location of the canyon and he told us to step up over the hill and look. That we did. What we saw there is no use of trying to describe. The Grand Canyon is one of those indescribable things. It was never intended to be described. Attempted descriptions are hollow things at best, even when the subjects are small, but when the subject is such a thing as the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, then words lose their usefulness. The gentleman from Greece remarked after looking a little while: "It's a miracle."

We started walking and walked to the left until we came to the head of Bright Angel trail, down which those of us who dare were later to make the journey to the bottom of the canyon. Then we turned to the right and traveled on and on around the rim stepping out at the various points of observation to get the "view." We followed the narrow trail farther and farther and farther, forgetful of breakfast, forgetful of everything excepting the desire to see from still another point, and still another.

We came to "Point Grandeur"—later we learned that this was one of the most splendid vantage points from which to view the varied beauties of the canyon. Clean white clouds were deep below us drifting about between the walls of the canyon like vagabond balloons. The sun slowly rising tipped the distant peaks with its magic colorings; rising higher it glorified the

clouds and slowly invaded the deeper chasms of the canyon.

In the presence of this huge, unspeakably beautiful spectacle one can do little more than breathe quickly and think strange thoughts. This is a canyon, tributaried by hundreds of other canyons, each one of the smaller canyons world wonders in themselves. This is a canyon into which you can throw all the other canyons in the world and still have room for more and more. This is a canyon in which many of the big mountains of the world might be forgetfully buried.

"Nothing like it anywhere else in the world," said the gentleman from Greece. We turned back and arrived at the hotel just in time to join the party that was preparing for the descent into the canyon. We had had no breakfast, but they wouldn't wait for us to eat. Only twenty-one of our party of nearly a hundred cared to "take the chance" as some expressed it of making the trip down. We were of the twenty-one, and to be perfectly fair we should state that a fit person can go down into the Grand Canyon without any particular danger. But, there is some danger, of course, as our party discovered. One lady of our party, Mrs. B. C. Dows, of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, fell from her mule, when about 600 feet down the trail and was so badly hurt that help had to be summoned from the summit to carry her back to the hotel.

Fortunately the accident happened at one of the comparatively safe places. There are thousands of places on the trail, where, had she fallen, she would have tumbled, and tumbled on down and down, perhaps a hundred, possibly a thousand, two thousand feet. The ten people of which our group was composed were ahead

of the party in which the accident occurred so we knew nothing of it until we were safely back.

Accidents here are extremely rare. As a friend remarked, though, one should know ones self before attempting such a trip—a seven mile ride, down a trail so narrow as three feet at some points, and to a depth of 4500 feet below the starting point. There are two places on the trail where the travelers dismount and lead their mules, hugging the walls particularly close in an effort to go down deliberately. The precipitate descent is not recommended by those familiar with the geological formation hereabouts.

LETTER VII.

Down Bright Angel Trail

En Route, October 3, 1921

The evening before we reached the Grand Canyon I had a conversation with the brakeman on the train and asked him about the canyon. He had been to see it often. "I go just as often as I can," he said. "It grows on a fellow. It is never the same as it was before. Whenever I meet one of these near infidels I want to take him over to the canyon and say, 'look at that.' If there's anything in the world that will make a fellow believe in a Creator, that's it."

Since I appeared interested the brakeman talked volubly and very interestingly. His parting injunction was: "Don't you fail to go down into the canyon. You don't know what it is unless you do and even then you don't know it all. And don't be afraid. Lots of them will tell you it's dangerous, but it isn't if you just take care —put your trust in the mule. He don't want to fall any more than you do."

I asked him about the width of the trail and the precipitous drops: "There isn't a place on the trail where it's less than three feet wide," he said, "and the longest sheer drop on the trail is not more than sixty feet straight down."

That was encouraging. I learned afterwards that no doubt the brakeman was correct in his figures. The trail was so built that one would not, were he to slip off, drop more than sixty feet straight down at any point. At hundreds of other points, were he to slip off the trail, he would probably not drop more than forty or

fifty feet before he hit some outstanding rock and bounced off to another and another on down to a possible depth of two or three thousand feet.

It is an encouraging thought to prospective travelers of the Bright Angel trail to remember that if they do start to fall from the trail into the canyon they will not fall the whole distance without interruption; there will be slight delays in the descent. An occasional fifty ton boulder sticking its nose a few feet from the face of the precipice will greet you as you go, permitting you to bump gently against it and then roll on another couple of hundred rods to other playful boulders. The brakeman's recommendation convinced me that I wanted to see it all and so, after the Greek gentleman and I got back from our walk we secured tickets and were soon on the way down, mule back. I drew a splendidly tempered mule, good sized, considerate, thoughtful, patient, deliberate, unafraid. Ready to start we made a caravan of eleven, with the guide.

Bright Angel trail from the top of the Grand Canyon walls to the Colorado river below doesn't tarry unnecessarily near the top. It leads right down. The traveler doesn't see just where he is going but he is on the way. The path is a zigzag path the greater part of the way and the riders push manfully upon the horns of the saddles to prevent pitching over the heads of their mounts. Always the path is upon the ragged edge of the mountain, the trail some places being built into the rocks or suspended over abrupt walls by bridges supported from steel bars drilled into the stone walls.

The brakeman's admonition to put my trust in the mule was not lost on me. I did even so,

OUTLOOK FROM "DESERT VIEW" GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO

much of the time allowing the rein to hang loosely, while I held on to the saddle carefully and leaned toward the high side.

These mules seem always to be hungry and it was frequently a trifle disconcerting when mine would lean out and reach for a piece of twig hanging over the down side of the trail. He had a way, as did all the other mules, of ignoring the scenery and hunting always for an opportunity to bite something that hung out over a precipice. And then the turns at the so-called corners! The mule would walk right on as if he were going to step over the corner out into nothing, and then, just at the moment when one closes his eyes and begins to say, "Now I lay me," Mr. Mule gives a little flip of his body, balances on his rear feet and swings around into the trail in nice shape.

The reader should remember at all times that from the top of the canyon to the bottom, over Bright Angel trail, is a drop of 4500 feet. The trail is apparently down the face of the canyon. Of course it isn't. Looking down one does not see how it is possible that there is a trail there. Looking up it seems equally impossible, more so.

In the descent of 4500 feet about seven miles are traveled, but five of those miles no doubt carry four thousand feet of the decline, there being at least a mile across a plateau, between the upper and lower canyons, and about one more mile of slight decline in the bed of a dry stream.

Looking from above into the canyon one can but dimly see lower canyons which are, in fact, as stupendous in proportions as is the upper part of the great gash in the earth. Going down, a great wall of rather white rock, a softer stone, perhaps sand stone, reared itself

to our left. We came down between a huge rift in this formation. We speculated between chills on how high this particular precipice was. When we got down to where the formation changed and we were at the beginning of a red stone level, we found a mark explaining that we had made 1000 feet of the trip down.

Then it was down, down, for another thousand feet or so until we had got to the bottom of the red formation, when we struck the plateau and rode across it, then on down, down, down around the cork screw part of the trail where we had to lead our mules and lean back to keep from falling over. Down the next two thousand feet and we found ourselves in the bed of a waterless stream with sheer granite walls close on each side reaching eighteen hundred to two thousand feet above.

We followed the bed of that stream down through the tributary canyon for perhaps three-fourths of a mile before we finally turned out into the Colorado river canyon proper. And there we faced the great walls of the opposite side, equally high, equally commanding in appearance and presenting an entirely different view from anything else we had seen.

Below, the yellow river rushes along, continuing today as it has through a thousand centuries its task of hewing deeper and deeper into the heart of the earth. When it has torn its course to sea level the canyon will then be such a spectacle as will make today's eighth wonder of the world seem insignificant as compared to the final product. But you and I will not see that. It will take another hundred thousands of years or so for the Colorado to accomplish its ultimate aim. In the meantime let's enjoy it as it is.

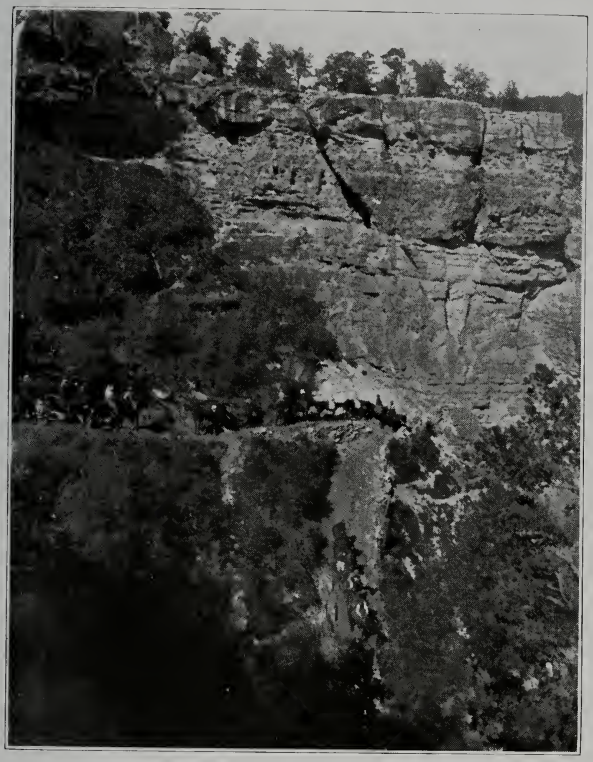
How I wish I had words with which to make

our readers feel the mysterious grandeur of the scenes in this canyon. Rocks, rocks, rocks! Millions and billions and trillions of tons of rocks, thrown here and there and everywhere as if the gods had gone mad and hurled mountains at each other. And those canyons: the great big canyon and its little canyons, the smaller models being in themselves so great as to bring a great spell of quiet over us as we invaded their depths.

Our little caravan marched on in silence, each one wrapped in deeply stirring emotions. The beat of the hoofs of our mounts upon the rocky path over the smoothly worn stones in the bed of the once deeply flowing stream struck upon the side walls and rang out sharply and clearly, but we know they were but as the trickling of a gentle stream in the great vastness of the precipitous heights. We were in a world of weird wonders. We were insignificant insects wending our curious ways into the sacred haunts of the spirits of big things.

I remembered what the brakeman said: "Look at that and say there ain't no God, will y'!" and I will not. Looking "at that" one sees God everywhere, and one appreciates more and more the works of God and of God's handmaiden, Nature, who moves in a mysterious, deliberate, painstaking, but never faltering way, "His wonders to perform." And this Grand Canyon of the Colorado is a wonder of wonders. The flowing waters have teeth of steel. They are sawing deep into the heart of the earth and as they go deeper and deeper they spread out before the eyes of wondering man such a panorama of beauty as makes us pause. Go on mule. I put my trust in thee and thou hast failed me not!

After lunch on the bank of the Colorado, un-



THE START DOWN BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL

Four thousand five hundred feet descent to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River

der a wall of granite that towered some thousand feet over our heads affording a grateful shade from the sun which beat very "hotly" upon us in the narrow canyon, we prepared for the trip back to the top. This trip was to be a less painful one to us although a more difficult one for the mules. The mules seemed to sense that fact for they seemed a little more peevish when we again approached them preparatory to the start. Getting a little too close

to one of the female mules of the party she gently waved a hind foot at me in a considerate warning to keep my distance.

Here, too, our guide asked me a very impertinent question, or so it seemed to me. Previously, during the day, as we stopped briefly at a point in our descent I had asked him why some effort was not made by breeders of horses and mules to produce a species of animal that would have longer legs in front than behind. This suggestion was entirely apropos as our reader will readily see. If a mule could be produced that had front legs, say eight inches longer than his rear legs, then the riders could rest more comfortably going down mountain sides. The riding level would be more nearly maintained. Now as we started up hill at an angle of something like forty-five degrees, the guide aroused himself long enough from his somewhat painful vocal reticence to ask me in rather contemptuous tones: "What in the —— would you do now with your mule with the long front legs."

I did not deign to answer him. Anyone with common sense knows that if a mule with long front legs could be procured, it would be equally easy to produce one with long rear legs and then tourists could ride down the mountain on mules with long legs in front and up the mountain on mules with long legs behind. The problem is a comparatively simple one in breeding. Cross a mule with a kangaroo and get an animal with long rear legs, or cross him with a giraffe and get an animal with long front legs. There are a lot of ignorant people in this world.

But what a wonderful trip back that was. On we went, mile after mile, persistently coming up against impenetrable walls and just as persistently penetrating them. Thousands of

feet above us we could see the El Tovar hotel from which we had started, and it seemed as if we would never reach it again, but we did, after hours of painful riding and it seemed good to once more be on top. We had, however, made a trip which, because of its various thrills, will never be forgotten and one which gave to us a view of the Grand Canyon that can be had by no other means. You have to go down into it to see it.

In our group who made the descent were Mr. James W. Brown, of the Editor and Publisher, New York City, and his wife "Pickles;" Bill Smith, of The Sun, Waukegan, Ill.; J. H. Zerby, Pottsville, Pa., Republican and his two sisters, Elizabeth and Mildred; Miss Mary Hersey, Milton, Mass.; Thales Coutoupis, Athens; the writer and two or three others whose real names I don't remember at this moment.

It was Mr. Brown who offended our group mightily. Often, just when we were enwrapped in the most transcendently inspiring emotions as we viewed the stupendous wonders of the canyon the quiet of our ruminations would be disturbed by the harsh reverberations of a man's voice calling "Pickles, oh Pi-i-i-ickles!" It was James Wright Brown calling his wife.

LETTER VIII.

Along the Way

En Route, October 4, 1921

One of the very interesting things at the Grand Canyon station is the Hopi House, a miniature Indian pueblo, built of small stone slabs, an exact reproduction of the old homes of the Hopi Indians. Inside are the furnishings of an Indian home, in one part of the house, while the other part is used as a museum and as an Indian store. This building was erected about twenty years ago, but it was built by Indians and it is a faithful reproduction of the old homes in which these advanced Indians lived before America was discovered. It is interesting especially because of its uniqueness and its atmosphere of antiquity.

At about 5:30 of the evening we were there the Indians of the Grand Canyon vicinity put on a special dance for the benefit of the visitors. It was watched with absorbing interest by all, and it certainly was an exhibition of physical agility and endurance, such as one rarely sees. One apparently very old Indian took part in the dance, and in response to an inquiry as to how he could stand such vigorous exercise at his age he said that the "dancing keeps me young." Strangely enough we do not remember of ever having seen the Indian women participating in these festivities; they do, though, no doubt, but it is not on record that they have yet adopted the civilized forms of dancing in which, as Abe Martin says, "nothing is barred excepting the toe hold." We doubt very much if old chief "Scalded Face" would be living

now had he been reared on our modern forms of dancing, in which one is said to live at a mile a minute rate. Old "Scalded Face" lives the simple life, comparatively.

We left Grand Canyon about ten o'clock at night and made no other stop of length until about four o'clock Monday afternoon, when we reached Bakersfield, California, one of the most prosperous of the medium sized towns in the state. It is a mining and oil center and a drive

INDIAN WOMAN WEAVING A BLANKET

over the city under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce of that city was one of the most delightful of our experiences so far. We were taken out to one of the oil fields where there are three thousand producing oil wells and then shown about town. Of course they have a court house, a library, a city hall, a park, a hospital, a high school, a Ford garage, an "old town" and a new town, and they showed them all to us with a commendable pride. Maybe we envied them a little.

The hospitality of the Bakersfield men was genuine and all inclusive, and we could not get away from that little city without feeling that in deed and in truth the California way is a real way. In a city near which the pay for oil labor alone is $50,000.00 a day, it is not surprising that there are things doing all the while. They speak of millions where we speak of thousands. They happen to be one of the very wealthy centers of the state and the town and the citizenship reflect it.

From Bakersfield we went directly to San Francisco, winding up our long ride not so very much the worse for wear because the trip had been enlivened by frequent stops at interesting points and there had been such a variety of experiences with so much to see that was new and interesting that we did not have time to get tired. The Santa Fe service all along the line has been fine. Having such a large party they put a special man on the train to help in caring for the wants of the people and he, "Tom" was everywhere present when he was wanted and at all times most cordial and obliging. One dared not mention a want in his presence unless he expected to see it gratified if such a thing was reasonable and possible.

Another Iowa man has joined us, Eugene Kelley of the Sioux City, Iowa, Tribune. We have quite an Iowa delegation now. New York seems to have the largest delegation of all the states, though. Dean Williams of the Columbia School of Journalism, the present president of the World's Press Congress, and his party joined us at Kansas City. We arrived in San Francisco at about 8 o'clock in the morning and it was immediately apparent that the few hours to be spent in that city were to be hours chuck full of business and pleasure. The sail-

ing hour was four o'clock p. m. and it doesn't take four o'clock long to come when one is busy in a big city.

LETTER IX.

A Few Hours in Frisco

En Route, October 5, 1921

Frequently I had heard of the "San Francisco Way," or the "California Way." Now I at least know something about what the "San Francisco Way" means. We arrived at Ferry Point, across the bay from San Francisco Tuesday morning, Oct. 4th, at about 7:30 o'clock. Getting off the train there we waited a little while for the ferry to arrive and when it did arrive there came with it a delegation of San Francisco men who threw the gates of the city wide open.

This was the printed program passed out to each member of our party as we arrived:

> 9:00 a. m.—Press party disembarks from ferry at San Francisco ferry station, and after assembling in rotunda of ferry building take automobiles.
>
> 9:30 to 10:30—Men of party at Olympic club, women of party at Woman's Athletic Club, for personal comfort after trip, a short swim for those who desire it.
>
> 10:30 a. m.—Re-assemble in automobiles for trip around San Francisco.
>
> 12:00 to 2:00 p. m.—Special complimentary luncheon to party at the Cliff House.
>
> 2:00 to 3:30 p. m.—Party to continue on sight-seeing tour. Committeemen will be controlled by the desires of the party in their respective automobiles.
>
> 4:00 p. m.—Escort party by automobiles to S. S. Matsonia, pier 30 for embarkation for Honolulu.

We quote the above, just to show the "San Francisco Way." First to the Clubs where those who wished to might bathe, go swimming, etc. At the Olympic club a number of us took

advantage of the suggestion that we try the pool. It is a wonderfully pretty pool, marble lined throughout, with sea water at a very agreeable temperature in any depths desired. Anyone who has ever been able to paddle around just a little in soft water need not fear sea water. It holds one up. In wading around through the shallower water I stepped on a sharp incline, a little slippery, and before I knew it I was off into water so deep that it was swim or stay in. I swam out without hoisting the distress flag toward the friendly guard who was near by.

Many of the men, and no doubt many of the women, too, took advantage of that delightful opportunity, which prompted a city speaker later in the day to make the comment that San Francisco was on this occasion entertaining the "cleanest body" of Journalists that had ever visited the city. This speaker also called the especial attention of the people in his audience to the precautions in hygiene and sanitation that are taken by the officials of the city when they have visitors whose cleanliness is not entirely unquestioned.

Well, let them have all the fun they want to about it, the fact was the baths were needed and were appreciated, as were the other courtesies of those wonderful clubs. Judging from appearances, we would surmise that one must be a millionaire at least in order to keep the pace of members of the Olympic club. This body of poor newspaper men were given a taste of high life for a few moments, anyway.

After that came the ride about the city and it was some ride, done in some style: In the forward car were Mayor Rolph, his chief of police, one or two other city notables and President Williams of the Press Congress. This car

was draped at the rear with our national colors and on the running board at either side police officers stood in readiness for any emergency. At the rear filed the some fifteen cars carrying the world press delegates. Frisco was ours! Wherever we went, others less favored stopped to look. Street cars trembled in our presence and haughtily driven limousines pulled up when our procession struck the street. "Ah," said I to myself, " 'I am Sir Oracle, when I speak let no dog bark.' " Later on, though, after the day was gone and as the quiet of night settled down upon us, far out upon the waves of the wide reaching sea, I thought of another quotation, one that I think of oftener and oftener with the death of the days and weeks and months: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, saveth the preacher."

All large cities are much the same. I know of no big city in the United States or elsewhere that doesn't have something that is considered the biggest, the best, the prettiest, the most remarkable, the longest, the cleanest there is in the world. Of course, San Francisco is a big city, a beautiful city, a delightful city to live in. So, in fact, are most all cities in the United States. Where one is at home, has friends and a family whom he loves, and who love him, where health is fairly good and a comfortable existence secured, that is the most beautiful place in the world!

It is easy enough, then, to conceive how many people may look upon San Francisco as the most beautiful place in the world to live in. They live there and all that they have, and love, in life is there, so to them Frisco is the loveliest of the lovely. It is a beautiful city, built upon a thousand hills it seemed to us. And we had an excellent chance to see. We were

led through the most beautiful streets and parks and into the finest residential quarters, and finally for "luncheon" (dinner, at our house) we were taken to the Cliff house by the sea side.

Yes, it was a dinner in keeping with the other extravagances of the day and at the expense of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. After the dinner there were addresses by the president of the Chamber of Commerce, Mayor Rolph and Editor De Young, of the San Francisco Chronicle. Of our party the following spoke: Virgilio R. Beteta, Guatemala, Col. Frederic W. Lawson, London, England, Ex-Senator F. P. Glass, Birmingham, Alabama, and Dean Walter Williams, Columbia, Mo.

The after dinner program was the usual exchange of courtesies, the speakers all speaking briefly, the key note of all the remarks centering in the thought that the get together idea is the idea to be emphasized now, the world over. It is recognized that the World Press Congress is intended to be an international effort among newspapers to do their part toward creating more cordial relations between the different peoples of the world, through the press medium.

After the dinner and the toasts the tour of the city was continued down through Golden Gate Park and over the drive that leads some two thousand feet above the city around the twin peaks. From that beautiful cement drive one gets such a view of the city as tends almost to make even the lover of other lands and other cities admit that such spectacles are very, very rare.

So cordial were these San Francisco people, and so tenacious in their hold upon us that even those of us who had wished to do a little shopping in the city, buy a pair of clean socks, a

hair pin, or two, a shirt, send a telegram, or drop a picture postal, were deprived of those joys. We were landed at Pier 30 with barely twenty minutes in which to make the final arrangements for sailing.

This writer had his small amount of baggage still unchecked and "unaboard;" and a broken typewriter sent up town to be repaired had not yet made its appearance at the dock; and the manager of our party had my tickets, if any were to be had, for I had been so late in making the final decision to go on the trip that I had not been fully provided for in advance.

But, all was well! "Tom" soon came "moseying along" with my typewriter, "no charges at all, glad to be of service to you;" I found my luggage and a pleasant mannered porter grabbed it and started shipward.

"I'll drop your bags aft on the upper deck, sir," he said and hurried away.

I soon found Will Wilke, the manager of our party, densely surrounded by a group of anxious individuals. I butted in long enough to find that I was really booked for the voyage and got my tickets. I then tried to find a place from which to send a telegram to the "dear ones at home" to advise them that we were at the edge of the pond, but there was no office near enough for me to attempt to reach at that late moment, and it was too late to send for a messenger.

"I think I can make it all right," said a young man in ship uniform near by. "I'm chief bell boy, and you can settle with me when we get out." Away he went on the run, and I hope the folks at home heard from us; we tried to reach them anyway."

LETTER X.

At Sea

October 6, 1921

Last night on ship board, 426 miles from San Francisco, I heard over wireless telephone a phonograph record played from the top of the Fairmont hotel in San Francisco. We heard a man sing, and a few hours before, Mayor Rolph had telephoned the baseball scores to the ship. Wireless telephony seems marvelous, more marvelous than wireless telegraphy. Somehow, we can conceive of jarring the ether currents in such a manner that dots and dashes may be reproduced by means of a sympathetic recorder, but to send the human voice through the air, hundreds of miles, with nothing to ride on but invisible currents of electrically charged atmosphere, that seems a miracle. It really seems but a short while since the regular telephone was a curiosity in the old home town.

To the right and to the left, before and behind us the beautiful sea stretches its face to the horizon limits. It is a deep blue sea today. We are now the third day out from Frisco and are getting into warmer weather. The sea is so calm and the ship moves so steadily that one hardly realizes that we are moving unless one looks out over the water. But we are moving, moving right along. We haven't stopped since we left Frisco and we have seen no land since we were some few miles out from the Golden Gate and we will see no land for three days more. or until we are at the gates of Honolulu if we follow our appointed course. An Australian

steamer was in sight all day yesterday and all last night, but now she is behind us below the horizon. She is traveling on a slower schedule. Tomorrow we expect to meet a steamer bound for "home" and we may trade mail. The northward bound vessel will get a big bundle of it from this ship.

We left San Francisco at four o'clock the evening of the 4th, Tuesday. The sailing was picturesque. There seems to be a sort of romance about sea going that makes the occasion one that appeals strongly to the sentimental emotions.

The Press Congress people were all bedecked with gaudily colored paper collars. People from the dock and from the ship threw out long streamers of paper ribbon in variagated colors; boys and girls, young men and young women, older people, too, hang over the deck railings waving their hands and shouting last messages. The whistle blows a short blast, the gangplank is dragged down, the steamer swings slowly away from dock and we're off.

I hasten to search out my state room to find who my companions are to be. There are three beds in each state room and naturally one would wonder who was to share his apartments during the six day voyage. It's a rather intimate relationship; lots of chance for quarreling, for crowding, for greed. In the state room I find one of my companions there ahead of me. He is Ludvig Saxe, Christiania, Norway, of the "Verdens Gang;" our other companion we soon learn is, by strange and not unhappy chance, our Greek friend Thales Coutoupis, with whom I had visited so pleasantly on the train and who had been in our party in its descent of Bright Angel trail at Grand Canyon.

Mr. Saxe and Mr. Coutoupis have the lower berths, I the one upper, because of my delay in booking. Mr. Saxe immediately begins insisting that he should take the upper because he is lighter in weight than I. He speaks a pretty good English and is more easily understood than is our Greek friend. I assured him that I would be content to take just exactly what I had drawn; that he is entitled to his lower by priority right and that I would not think of taking his better location away from him. I have wondered since if there could have possibly been any method in Mr. Saxe's madness. They do say that in case of sickness in the upper berth the man below is in great danger. I haven't been sick yet, so Mr. Saxe has not been disturbed.

The dining service on our steamer is very fine, too fine for some evidently, for they are not regular in attendance. Some have been to the dining room but once; others appear periodically, peck gently at the food and then hie themselves out into the fresh air, or back to their berths. It makes me think of the statement of the individual with us on a former ocean trip who claimed that he had gotten so sick the first few days out that he threw up stuff that he had eaten when he was a child. There is lots of good food wasted at sea. Wasted? Well, I'm not sure, behind the boat, now almost 700 miles out, there are still following us, big birds, gulls I presume, who live, it is said, upon the offal from the vessel. They certainly have good picking the first few days out.

The gulls are marvellous birds. In them you have a stabilized form of airplane. They are more than that, they are hydroplanes, too. They

light upon the water, rest there, rise again, catch up with the ship, skim along over the waves, apparently tipping them with their wings, and oh, they lead a merry life, free from every care in the world and fearless of wind and wave. It is about six o'clock in the afternoon here now, and in Washington many of our friends are preparing for bed; the first show is just out at the Fox; if it is cold, father is down putting a little coal in the furnace and mother is putting out the cat. Over in the west, here, the sun is still up in the clouds. There is a broad, clear streak on the horizon, though, and the surgeon just told me that a beautiful sunset is brewing. We have not seen a sunset yet; the two preceding evenings being cloudy. All are anxious to see old Sol take a naked plunge into the sea. It looks as if he would make it tonight.

Last night, on the upper deck they had a picture show, and to enliven it the Hawaiian orchestra played occasional numbers and sang frequently. The sky was overcast, the ship rolled in darkness and at one time the quartette of male voices sang a Hawaiian melody which was so weird, so plaintive, so tenderly mournful, so sweetly touching in its gentle, melodious, tearful cadences that some of us got homesick. Such things can be endured when one is at home, safe under his own roof, with cheese and crackers in the pantry and coal in the cellar, but away out here a thousand miles from "gutta percha," as our friend from Kentucky says, it's excruciating.

LETTER XI.

"Peggy" Transfers

Still at Sea, October 8, 1921

A lady at the breakfast table this morning remarked: "We now know what it means to be rocked in the cradle of the deep." She made that remark just after a nice little collection of plates, spoons, knives, forks, etc., had slid from our table off onto the floor as the ship made an unusual side dip. As for me, I narrowly escaped rolling from my chair out over the floor. Only a quick grab at the firmly attached table saved me.

As our readers will surmise, we are rolling some today. Last night it rained heavily. There was no storm here, but the sailors say there was a storm somewhere on the Pacific and we are getting the ground swell. In the great sea troughs our boat dips until one can barely save ones self from tumbling with every new wave encountered.

Last night we passed the Maui, the sister ship to the Matsonia upon which we are sailing. The Maui is north bound, to San Francisco. We transferred mail. I hope it did not go to the bottom of the sea. The transfer and its attending incidents were a thrilling sight. It had rained during the afternoon and the sea was fairly rough. As night came on, it looked all the blacker and more threatening. For a long while we peered ahead into the darkness thru the mist and the fog anxious to catch a glimpse of the oncoming ship. The mists raised, the new moon shone faintly behid the clouds and up over

the horizon came the Maui, her decks and ports ablaze with light. It was a beautiful sight viewing it across the rolling waves, but not one of us landlubbers who were on the ship but wondered how it would be possible to launch a boat from either ship and carry the mail across, for I had been told during the afternoon by one of the officers of our ship that the two big boats would not be brought nearer to each

"PEGGY"

The movie actress, who involuntarily staged a thrilling sea scene for us.

other than one-half to three-quarters of a mile on such a sea.

But, the mail was not all that was to be transferred. A young woman had come out on the Maui to meet us and she, too, was to be transferred. That meant that the Maui would put off a small boat and deliver the mail and the young woman, and get our mail.

On our ship, however, another small boat was made ready for immediate launching in the event of a call for help. The big ships ap-

proached each other slowly until they were nearer than a half mile apart, we thought. The search light from our ship played over the sides of the Maui from stem to stern for several moments. We were so close that we could see the people on the other vessel.

Suddenly we saw the boat being lowered from the Maui. There were six or eight people in it as near as we could see. Down, down, it went along the side of the big ship. We saw it strike the water. From the decks of the Maui there were cheers. The small boat cast off and pulled out into the sea; we could see it bobbing over the crests of the waves and then disappear and be out of sight for a full half minute. For an hour it bobbed out over the waves as a white speck, making no perceptible headway toward us. Once it seemed to be going back to the Maui. The big boats were getting farther and farther apart. Then our ship's engines started up; we were soon swinging around slowly and we realized that our officers were steering toward the little boat in order to shorten the course.

After a little while the boat from the Maui was discovered off the prow of our ship, on the opposite side to that from which it had been planned to receive our visitor. The little boat was making the waves nicely. The six men at the oars were working like mad but they were not working ineffectually. Our search light now full upon them showed the boat tossing upon the crests of the waves as a most beautiful picture.

Now they were so close that the figure of the woman could be made out. It was an odd figure. The upper part of her body was wrapped in a big life saving belt. We could catch

an occasional glimpse of her white face, but she never looked up. One sensed the fact that she felt that she was in serious business. As the boat shot a particularly high wave and a shower of salt spray fell over the occupants of the little craft I saw her grab the hands of the officer seated near by her with a tense grip.

The sailors from our boat began shouting salutations to the boys below. Back from the little boat came the shout "Hello Fat," as one of our visitors evidently recognized an old friend. They didn't stop bending to the oars, though.

"Some joy ride" another commented.

"How's the weather?" someone called from our ship.

"Rotten as ——," came back the piquant answer.

Soon they were close to the side of our vessel. There was a scurrying about in the little boat, a flinging of oars, a nervous bustle, each movement meaning something worth while, I surmise, in the effort to keep the little boat from getting too far under the big one.

"Out with a line" the officer from below shouted, but the line didn't come quick enough. In an instant the little boat was out in the sea again; back she came in a few moments.

"Out with your line, quick!"

Out the line shot, and then another one. The girl was quickly "hung" with a rope about the waist, under the arms. A ladder of rope with wooden steps was cast down and she was pushed onto it.

She started to climb nervously and then slipped back; the rope around the waist held her. The officer in charge climbed up behind her, pushing her on up and up while the ladder

swung like a streamer in the breezes. Arms reached far down and grabbed the girl and she was pulled through a port hole white, and trembling, and temporarily undone.

From above there shot out a small bag which fell into the boat below with a clang. It was a bag of silver that the passengers on our boat had made up for the sailors who had dared the deep to deliver the girl and get the mail. The mail, too, was safely landed into the small boat. We hope it got safely to port without accident.

The little boat was quickly away from us again. Our ship signaled with two long whistle blows and we were soon under full headway. Looking back we could see the little boat of the Maui still tossing about on the waves its course covered now by the search light from the Maui. We do not doubt that they got home all right for the trip back would be with the wind and the boat rode the sea beautifully, anyway.

And the young woman—who was she? I don't know much about her yet, nor do I know her mission, aside from that thrilling one which she staged as a companion of the Maui crew that delivered her to us. I did overhear one of the women from our party remark after she had viewed the sea scene: "And all this for a peroxide blonde!" Gosh, how jealous these women folks are! I have learned since that the girl is "Peggy," a moving picture actress, the heroine of some Hawaiian scenes which are being shown on shipboard these evenings.

Well, I've seen "Peggy's" show. It was a free show, too, one of the most realistic that "Peggy" ever appeared in, I am inclined to think. Anything else that she may offer doesn't interest this writer at present. Peggy hit the

high point in her career last night when she came across in the mail boat.

It must be said in Peggy's favor, too, that she has the stuff in her that success is made of. Many a person, in fact the very great mass of persons, would not have dared the sea as she did last night. Sailors on the Matsonia all agreed that it took nerve and lots of it for a girl to venture out in a small boat on such a sea. While they agreed that there was no great danger, yet there was some danger and the situation was at all times tense, and nerve trying. The sailors are used to it, hardened to it. Even, capsized, most of them could swim for hours, and would not have felt that even such a catastrophe would have meant sure death to them but for a girl to face such dangers, that did take nerve. Peggy had it.

The sea still is swelling mightily; great billows roll under us and toss the boat up and down. They hit us sideways and we tip, tip until we have to grab something to hold us up. Why shouldn't it swell? It's the biggest sea in the world, and just now it has the full sweep from China east in which to gather its momentum. There was a whole lot of people who didn't go to breakfast this morning and if it stays "thusly," there will be many others who will be too busy at dinner time.

LETTER XII.

The "Matsonia"

At Sea, October 8, 1921

The vessel on which we are making the trip is the Matsonia, of the Matson Navigating Company line. At this moment we are in latitude 27 degrees and 18 minutes north and longitude 147 degrees and 36 minutes west. We are 675 miles out of Honolulu and probably about 1400 miles from San Francisco. The Matsonia is a vessel of 17,000 tons displacement, 501 feet long and 58 feet wide. Its gross tonnage is 9728, registered tonnage 5901. It has a triple expansion engine with a single screw, if you know what all that means—I don't. I do know, however, that the vessel will carry 350 passengers nicely housed, besides about 8000 tons of other ballast. We're carrying a nice load this trip, not overloaded, or so heavily loaded that we can't make time. We are making good time and expect to dock in Honolulu Monday morning at eight o'clock if all goes well.

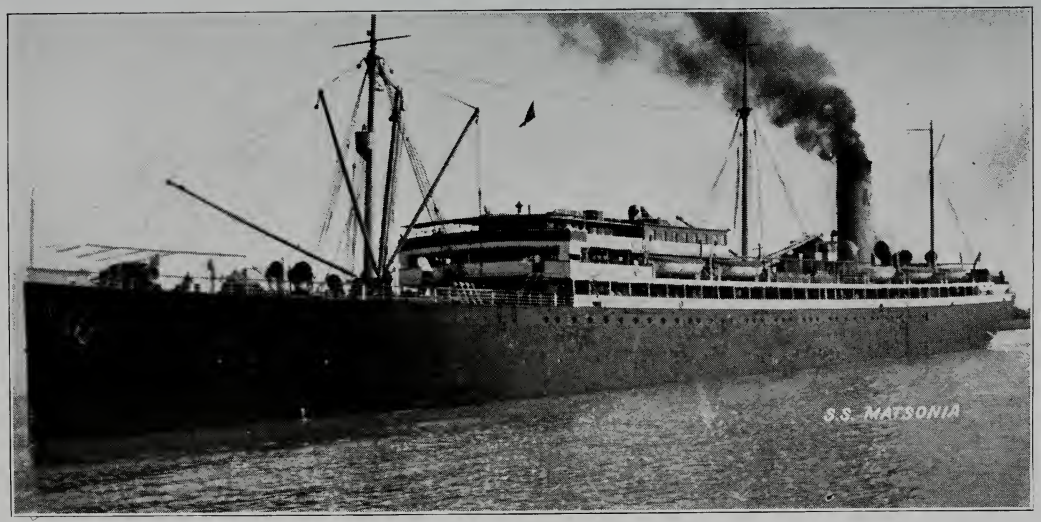
The state rooms on the vessel contain an upper and lower berth, a settee, a locker, a combined dresser and wash stand, electric fan, electric lights, armed camp chair and many of them have bath connections. The settee can be made into a bed, making, in that case ample room for three in a room. That's the way most of the press people were booked, where it could be so arranged. Messrs. Coutoupis, Saxe and myself fill one state room more than comfortably. In fact, after two nights in my upper, I found I wasn't sleeping real well, too warm, so I went to the purser and we found another room for

me, one well forward on the top deck, a room ordinarily used by some of the ship men I think, for it was rather far away from the regular group of compartments. In that room I had everything to myself and did not lack for fresh air and all the attending blessings. The roll of the boat was probably a little more noticeable but that didn't bother me nearly so much as had the surplus heat and now we are getting down toward the real tropical climate.

There are three decks to our vessel, as there are to all, I presume, main deck, "prom-e-nod" deck and top deck. On the main deck are, in addition to some state rooms, the kitchen, pantry, general bath rooms, dining room, etc.; on the promenade deck are state rooms, the social hall and some general bath rooms; on the top deck are state rooms, sun parlor, men's smoking room, pursers and officers' rooms and offices and the open air sitting room and sport parlors.

Every afternoon there are competitive sports on the top deck. I played "shuffle board" with such youthful enthusiasm the first day out that I was almost laid up for a couple of days; at least I was out of the sports, for the time being. Last evening on the top deck we had a picture show, and yesterday afternoon in social hall a mock trial was held. This morning at eleven o'clock we had a lecture in the same place on Hawaii. Tonight there will be vaudeville, and I suspect that the local talent will be supplemented by "Peggy," the girl of the sea about whom we wrote in a preceding letter.

Tonight at 10:30 a special Italian dinner will be served in the dining room, after the show. Dinner on shipboard means something, too. The meal service is something scandalous in quantity and superlatively good in quality. Only



THE S. S. MATSONIA

The vessel in which the World's Press delegates sailed from San Francisco to Honolulu, and from Honolulu to Hilo and return.

the fresh salt air, and the general toning up of all the physical machinery by means thereof makes possible the successful assimilation of the quantities of food that are devoured by "well" people on a trip like this. Not only do they serve three big meals daily, but twice daily, in the forenoon and in the afternoon, deck stewards pass hot boullion and crackers to those who get hungry between meals. Today the people sailing on this ship are offered four big regular meals and two lunches. At the meals anything and everything on the bill of fare is brought to the passenger if he wants it. There is no "choice of" on this bill. It's a case of take everything you want and all you want of it.

Just for the edification of our readers I will give herewith the luncheon menu for today, and the luncheon is one of the light meals. There was no limit to one's order and no limit to the number of times one orders. This is one of the simplest menus we have had at luncheon hour.

Spiced Herrings

Green Olives — Radishes
Green Onions — Plain Lettuce
Poi — Salami
Consomme — Vegetable Soup
Fried Halibut — Lemon Butter
Chili Con Carne with Beans
Baked Potatoes — Steamed Rice
Creamed Turnips — Hot Corn Bread
Liberty Steak with Fried Bananas
Spring Chicken with Bacon Strips
Roast Beef — Pigs Feet — Ox Tongue
Roast Mutton — Assorted Sausage
Roast Pork — Turkey Gelatine
Combination Salad
Diplomat Pudding — Strawberry Sauce
Plum Pie — Peach Sherbet
Almond Jumbles
Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple
Fresh Fruit
Cheese: American, Swiss, Edam, Imperial
Crackers
Coffee — Cocoa — Tea — Milk

And think of it: a lot of that stuff is hardly eaten before it is fed to the fishes. No doubt ship companies can afford to feed their passengers well, at least such passengers as eat, for they do not all eat, certainly not. Some scorn food in its most tempting forms. Many of them have the feeling of that poor woman who sang, "Please Mr. Captain, stop the ship—I want to get out and walk."

Today as I staggered—we all staggered today, the swell is still on—as I staggered toward the dining room I encountered friend Golthwaite, of Boone, at the top of the stair. "Isn't it beautiful today, the sea?" I commented.

"I'm getting about enough of it," he said. "I always wanted to experience this, but I'm about fed up on it now."

He had a sort of a sickly expression on his face; it was a face upon which distrust, disgust, disdain, disturbance, dislike, disappointment, distress and other such emotions were blended into a somewhat repelling composite. He really didn't seem very sociable for a fellow Iowan. I feel that when two or three people from the same state are far, far away from home together, surrounded only by hundreds of comparative strangers, on a ship that is out at sea, three to four thousands of miles from their mutual home, they ought to be kind to each other. Golthwaite was not kind to me. He didn't look as if he wanted to be kind to anybody, so I went on down and ate my lunch; and coming back I found him at the same spot, in the same mood. I could not resist a final effort at cordiality so I commented: "They have some nice sausage on the bill today," and then I passed right on, quickly, not pausing even long enough to let

him know that I had caught the look of distressing disgust and malevolent resentment that flickered over his countenance.

We just sighted the government transport "Logan" northward bound. It made a beautiful appearance, perhaps six miles to the "gee" side of our ship. A deck hand tells us that we are hardly ever more than one hundred miles from some vessel and always we are in wireless reach of comparatively nearby neighbors. We are in the land of the flying fish, too, now. Every once in a while we strike a little school of them and they dart through the air, their silver bodies glinting brightly in the sunlight.

Yesterday standing up at the prow of the boat I saw a little bird flying along by the side of the ship. It looked much like an Iowa bird, brownish with little yellow spots on it. It flew ahead of the boat and on and on out of sight, dipping frequently close to the water.

Looking back I saw another bird of the same appearance. I saw them for a little while, only. I wondered, naturally, where they could have come from. Certainly they were not in familiar haunts. Later in the day I learned that a lady passenger was taking the birds to Honolulu and by some means they got out of the cage, and were lost at sea. They no doubt flew on and on as long as they could looking for land and finally fell weakened and helpless into the sea. "Nor could they ask tomb more magnificent."

LETTER XIII.

Water, Water Everywhere

At Sea, October 9, 1921

Shortly after we embarked at San Francisco I went down into the dining room of our boat to see what they were doing about checking dinner seats. There was a big crowd there waiting. I could get in line and stay there for an hour or so and be assigned to some particular seat. There was scenery up higher and I didn't want to wait, so I asked one of the dining room attaches if there were enough seats in the dining room to seat all the passengers and he assured me that there were, so I let the checking go, satisfied in knowing that there would be a seat for me, somewhere. There was.

When I came down that evening for dinner (supper at our house) the steward quickly assigned me to table C, seat 1, and I have been there ever since. I had told the steward that I didn't care whom I sat with, or where. It all looked good to me. Before I had been in my seat very long a tall, gray haired, rather heavily built gentleman came in and sat down beside me. I have since learned that he was like me, not particularly concerned where he sat, or whom he sat with. He took pot luck, too.

I don't think I could have made a selection more agreeable to myself had I checked the list over and taken my choice. The gentleman is Herbert L. Bridgeman, Brooklyn, N. Y., business manager of the "Standard Union." The card he gave me said also, "Secretary of The Peary Arctic Club." It was, he explained, an old card, the Peary Arctic Club being no more

now since Mr. Peary is dead and since he accomplished his life aim and his life work.

Mr. Bridgeman has made three Arctic trips himself; has traveled all over the world, has had large newspaper experience, is an exhaustive reader, highly educated and yet a man of "common ordinary" demeanor, one who impresses you as a student always of common sense methods in all things. He is a mighty good man to sit and listen to and he is also a good listener, a happy combination.

Since I had always been a Peary fan, never falling a victim of the great Doc Cook hoax, I could enter whole-heartedly into a discussion of Peary's accomplishments, with a man who had had a large part of the heavy burden of financing Peary expeditions to the north on at least three different occasions.

Referring to Doc Cook's sensational claims, Mr. Bridgeman laughingly admitted that he didn't think the doctor realized what he was saying when he gave out the word that he had reached the pole. Cook never dreamed what a sensation such a statement would create. He had made claim to having climbed Mt. McKinley, and got by with it, why not claim that he made the pole.

Mr. Bridgeman was in charge of the expedition that went north to get Peary in 1901, the last expedition made by Peary prior to his successful one. On that trip Mrs. Peary and one of their daughters had gone far north with the explorer and when Mr. Bridgeman with his boat arrived to get them, he found the Peary boat under Capt. Bartlett iced in comfortably at the place where the Greeley expedition had perished.

On this occasion Peary refused to return, but his wife and daughter returned with Mr.

Bridgeman and the next season Peary came back to prepare for his final dash for the pole. He had previously sailed around Greenland proving that the Greenland island did not extend up far enough toward the pole to give him a substantial basis for operations and after that discovery he mapped out the plan that was finally successful in his attainment of the pole.

Mr. Peary spent over half his life in the Arctics, making explorations in the interest of science and geography. He did a stupendous amount of practical, useful work, and Mr. Bridgeman as the secretary of his club had always on hand the job of raising funds for this work. He admits though that the achievements were worth the effort required on the part of Peary's friends in his behalf. The complications attending the consummation of their ambitions in the attainment of the pole were transient in effect only. Mr. Peary is today known for what he was really worth.

At our table, too, we have two bright young literary women, one a teacher in the Los Angeles schools, in the journalistic department of the high school; the other a special writer on an eastern paper.

Mrs. Dow, of Sioux Falls, S. Dak., who was hurt just a week ago today in the Grand Canyon, is with us and with the aid of her husband she is now able to walk about some. She is cheerful and both she and her husband are having a good time despite the accident. They never give up.

I do not know whether I have given the full list of foreigners on board, or not. If not, here they are, as nearly as I can determine at this time: V. R. Beteta, Nicaragua; Thales Coutoupis, Athens, Greece; Dr. Henry Chung, Korea; T. Feiteira, Maui, T. H.; Col and Mrs.

Frederick Lawson, London; A. Lazo, Havana, Cuba; Oswald Marand, Montreal; P. J. O'Conner, Guam; Ludwig Saxe, Christiania, Norway.

A number of the more modern of our lady companions smoke cigarettes, which is quite a novel thing to some of the unsophisticated of our country editors. The London lady performs the act as handily as her husband handles his pipe; and still another girl was puffing a stick a few evenings ago on the upper deck. I didn't bother to identify her. I am more than ever in favor of woman's rights—her right to bring herself down to man's level if she wants to, but I wish she wouldn't.

The sea today is calmer. The roll of yesterday is gone, much to the delight of several of our friends. The flying fish are getting larger and flying farther. We have seen no large fish since we left San Francisco, where I saw one in the bay, rolling along through the waters and occasionally jumping up high enough to be seen. There will be a religious service in social hall this evening at seven o'clock and sometime during the afternoon the moving picture man on board will take a picture of the delegates to the Congress. Tomorrow morning, if all goes well, we will be at the island of Oahu, upon which Honolulu is situated. The luncheon bell (dinner at our house) has just rung. If you will excuse me I will report. I haven't failed to report at any meals yet and I don't want to break my record now.

LETTER XIV.

Drawing Near to Land

Honolulu, H. T., October 10, 1921

Yesterday was Sunday, October the 9th, our last day on the sea before reaching Honolulu. It was the busiest day of all since we left San Francisco; busy for those who participated in all the events of the day. I didn't. At noon the Italian dinner was served, having been postponed from the night before, as originally planned. The cause of the postponement was the heavy sea. It had been planned to have a vaudeville show Saturday night and after that the Italian dinner but the heavy sea put so many to bed that that plan had to be cancelled.

After dinner they had deck sports. These consisted of potato races, cracker eating contests, neck pulls, nail driving contests, cracker smashing battle, chair chase, etc. We will have to say this for the English woman who rolls her own: she is a real all round sport. Any contest that she could possibly get into she did, and she showed good mettle. I doubt though if her smoking helps any. Also, her husband was there with the goods. Neither of them was afraid to join in contests where one might be expected to make one's self look ridiculous. They enter in. The colonel, who is one of the proprietors of the London Telegram, enjoys, with all the rest, the usual call for Col. Lawson, "from Ireland." He saw very active service in the World War and has a record which credits him highly.

After the deck sports came the "captain's dinner," the most lavish feast that we have yet

had. Souvenirs were passed out to each passenger; little tissue wrapped bundles that exploded when they were opened and gave forth, also, tissue caps and a prize for each one. At the close of the dinner small balloons were turned loose over the tables and we were expected to treat them rough.

Following the dinner came the religious services in the social hall. And, there was the young English woman, assisting in the chorus work and singing a very pretty solo. No one would have thought in listening to her warble sweetly a number from the sailor's hymnal that she could blow smoke through her nose and never bat an eye.

We had excellent talks by J. W. Brown, the editor of Editor & Publisher; Mr. Chung, of Korea; Mr. Coutoupis, of Greece, and Mr. Williams of Columbia, Missouri. The service was led by Mr. J. E. Junkin, of Miami, Florida. It was a good interesting service from which no one at all interested in good things could fail to get some inspiration.

After that meeting I wandered up into the gentlemen's smoking room, and there I found a lively poker game going on. Money was on the table in good liberal quantities. I had heard before that large sums of money had been changing hands in that department of the ship's activities, but I am glad to report that none of the press congress people were participating in this part of the program. Few newspaper men can safely indulge that game, so far from home.

Wandering up to the upper deck where I sleep, I found the orchestra grinding away merrily while such young people as so chose were tripping the light, fantastic toe in truly modern style. How long the dance continued I do not know as sweet sleep intervened between me and

the later festivities of the night. I detail this program simply to show that comforts, conveniences, amusements and all such are provided on ship board for all classes of people. You pay your money and take your choice.

Pernaps the most interesting literary woman that we have aboard is Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, of San Francisco. She is a splendid success as a story writer and her work appears frequently in high class magazines. She is now engaged in movie work, reducing some of her stories to screen form. She has been sick all the way over, and has not made herself at all conspicuous; in fact, she is not conspicuously disposed; is a frail, little modest creature who carries her literary success without undue inflation.

This brief little sketch of the last day's doings at sea has been finished since we landed at Honolulu. The governor's reception is over; the banquet of the evening has been finished; it is past midnight and I have just come up from below where I sat for a little while by the side of Waikiki beach under a banyan tree and listened to the surf beat its soft song upon the sands of the shore and studied the silver path that stretched out across the undulating face of the Pacific toward the moon slowly sinking into the waters far across the way. It was a dream picture, a visualized poem writing itself deep into the heart.

LETTER XV.

On Land Again

Honolulu, October 10, 1921

This morning before I was up I heard a boy's voice calling "Land ho!" and, getting up as soon as I conveniently could, I found that the boy was right. "Land ho!" was not far from us. On the right the mountainous coast of Oahu reared itself and to the left the coast line of Molokai, the leper island was disappearing.

It was not yet daylight and the lights from the light houses were still blinking. The first we saw was Mokapuu light house, on the point of the same name. This point extends far out to sea and is an admirable and a very necessary place for a light house, we would naturally assume. Someone stated that in times past, before the light had been put there, two vessels had gone to wreck on it. Our ship traveled slowly along here, for we were ahead of time. We had been billed for entrance into the harbor at 7:00 to 7:30 o'clock.

Next came Koko head, another mountainous point, and after that we were in sight of Diamond head and Diamond head light house, around which we had only to swing in order to be in sight of Honolulu. We hurried below to get breakfast and after breakfast the show began. Even while breakfast was on we heard the whiz of an airplane and going on deck again we found three airplanes, two hydroplanes, four submarines and two Eagle boats guarding our craft. Above and on all sides the airplanes were giving a wonderful exhibition, flying close to the ship at times and other times

keeping high in the air and "doing things."

One by one the submarines dipped down under the water and were gone; on the farther side of our boat we heard singing and hurrying over there we found that a small steamer had come out to meet us bringing with it a native orchestra and chorus. They sang Hawaiian songs from a beautifully bedecked boat while native and white boys in scant bathing suits dived from the top of the little steamer into the ocean as carelessly as you and I might step from an office into the street.

The quarantine boat, a U. S. yacht, came close to us and two doctors boarded and lined us all up for quarantine inspection. They were not very particular on this occasion, the personnel of the visitors being such that they did not need to fear anything very serious. That was soon over and we were again back to enjoy the amazing spectacles which the Hawaiians were staging for our benefit. Such water sports few of us had ever seen before. Many of us got our first glimpse of the outrigger canoes, the little craft that the skillful natives use in riding the surf and in penetrating to interesting sea points on the island coasts that cannot be reached by larger boats.

To the right, too, we got our first glimpse of Honolulu, pronounced here "Hone-o-lu-lu." The mountainous coast line which we had previously passed presents principally a barren face, with here and there evidences of rather profuse greenery in the little valleys. But Honolulu lies, in part, in a valley and there, spread out before us, when we got in visual range of the city, was such a glorious spectacle of tropical beauty as few of us had ever seen before.

Slowly drifting in through the harbor gate we were met by the small boy brigade of swim-

mers; they were of all colors, "and black," black all over, too. These little lads had no doubt been barred from making the trip farther out, but now they were on hands, and their mission was to beg. All they asked was for the passengers to toss coins down into the ocean; they would see that the coins never got to the bottom.

I threw a dime to a little black fellow; it touched the water a full ten feet in front of him, I thought. Down went his head; two little black legs wiggled in the air and then, they, too, disappeared. In a very short while, up popped the little black boy; he held the dime between his thumb and finger and up where I could see it glisten in the sunlight and then he chucked it into his mouth. The last I saw of him he had one side of his mouth bulged out as if it contained at least a couple of dollars in small coins and he was still waiting for more.

Yes, I must not forget that with the reception committee that met us farther out was Duke Kahanamoku, the champion sprint swimmer of the world. Duke stood on the top deck of the reception steamer, his brown, tense legs, muscular neck and body standing out in striking relief, as the boat came in sight. When within a few rods of us he sprang high and far out and dived deep into the ocean. He gave a short exhibition of swimming, crawling the water with an overhand stroke that carried him with the speed of our big boat.

At the dock at Honolulu an immense crowd was awaiting us and as our ship swung into the narrower part of the harbor we were saluted by the whistling of the dozens of craft lying in there, two large oriental vessels joining in the penetrating refrain. The native Hawaiian band

played patriotic airs and a great chorus of little Japanese boys and girls dressed in flowing robes of bright colors and waving the Hawaiian and our national colors sang to us. This part of the scene was oriental enough in its setting to make a trip to Japan unnecessary.

Soon we were docked and down the gang plank we were welcomed by a reception committee which directed us to automobiles reserved for the delegates and we were brought to the Moana hotel, Press Congress headquarters.

The hotel is a six story structure, built more especially for the accommodation of tourists, apparently. It does not have the air of a commercial hostelry, but it is large, roomy, elegant, the service fine, and the rates for this occasion moderate. It is on Waikiki beach, one of the famous bathing beaches of the world and the court at the rear, within the two arms of the hotel, opens out flush on the beach, while within the court is a beautifully lawned tract, with banyan trees, royal palms, shrubbery of daintily variegated colors, flowers in a lavish profusion, and about, through it all, settees looking out upon the beach. This is the center of a veritable riot of tropical shrub beauty with the added attraction of the ocean sweeping up to the very door.

From the window of my room I look out over the bay on one side, while in front, below, are palms and vines and cocoanut palms and bread plant trees, banyans, a wonderful wide spreading tree with large red flowers, vine and shrub smothered gardens, and beautiful little homes clothed in like manner.

Beyond are the green mountains, parked with small cultivated tracts, here and there rough and rugged, again showing little homes

outstanding in the background of green. The scene is rarely beautiful, hard to describe, and yet just about what one might expect in a tropical country in which the jungle has been converted into a garden, the waste places made to blossom harmoniously and all of it graced by the happy touch of beauty loving men and women. The sun has just gone down in the bay and catching the spirit of the hour it glorified the waters and the sky with amazing shades of red, pink, lavender, green, blue and all the rest of them, thrown together in a mighty splash.

LETTER XVI.

The First Day on Shore

Honolulu, October 11, 1921

Yesterday afternoon the governor's reception was held in the government building, formerly the throne rooom of the royal palace. That was back in the time when Hawaii had kings and queens, not so very far away at that. Gov. and Mrs. Farrington and Dean Walter Williams and daughter were the receiving party and, of course, we all passed around and shook hands, made some passing remarks about the weather, the price of hogs, the crop prospects, the beauties of Hawaiian scenery, the large size of the Pacific ocean, the result of the world championship ball games, etc., etc., and then passed on to the kickless punch bowl, got a nice little sample cup of grape juice and a toy piece of cake.

After those onerous formalities were disposed of we were at liberty to pass around thru the throne room, feel of the heavy silk coverings of the erstwhile royal sitting-down-place, inspect the elaborate furnishings of the room, admire the style of finish, the evident age of the wood used in upholstering the ceilings, and above all, to look at the great life sized pictures of Hawaiian royalty long since gathered to their illustrious fathers.

The first thing that struck me as strange was the discovery that on the walls were the pictures of King Kamehameha II. and his wife. The inscription under each read that they had died in London in 1824, and I noted, too, that they died within a few days of each other. That

was strange, and why did they die so nearly at the same time. I could not rest until I had found the answer, but I did not find it until I had asked a number who didn't know. Finally, one man was found who did know and his story was briefly this.

The missionaries had come to Hawaii in 1820. They were received kindly and were always a great influence for good on the islands. King Kamehameka II learned from these missionaries that there were other interesting lands in the world besides the land of his nativity. He was told about the grandeurs of European industrial, commercial, architectural and art development and he concluded he wanted to see it.

The English were at that time strong on the islands and the king decided that he wanted to go to England and so he and his queen packed their belongings and shipped toward the far east to see the world. In England they contracted the measles and died, each without the knowledge that the other was gone, the deaths occurring some eight days apart. In Britain the king and queen had been received at the royal palace as royal people and were accorded all the honors usually extended in favor of royalty. Their bodies were returned in state and they are now buried here with the other kings and queens whose monarchies have long since met the inevitable fate of all other mortal things

We find among the pictures, too, the interesting painting of Kamehameka I the king who conquered Oahu and in so doing completed the conquest of all the islands and joined them under a monarchy. That union has never ceased, although the form of government has changed. Kamehameka I reigned from 1782

to 1819, but he did not succeed in making the islands one government until in 1795.

At this governor's reception one was struck by the great number of nationalities represented in the throne room. There were English, French, Portuguese, native Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, Norwegians, Koreans, people from the states, New Zealand, Canada, etc., etc. They mingled in pleasant harmony. There was an entire absence of formality, just a "general good time" as we say when writing up an Iowa social function.

In the evening at the Moana hotel a dinner was given to the delegates to the congress and their friends by the Honolulu committee. This was the first formal gathering of the Congress and friends in Honolulu. It was a full dress affair on the part of those who had such articles, but fortunately the announcement had said that such a form of dress was optional, so those of us who had no full dress went just the same. All the society of the island of Oahu was present and here we discovered that many of our ship friends had smuggled fine clothes in with them for they appeared all dressed and undressed in regular society form.

This writer and a few others felt quite commonplace mixed in with the splendidly arrayed, vast majority of those in attendance, but we didn't permit that to scare us out. I remembered that at a Masonic gathering in Washington, Iowa, some few weeks ago a number of us had gone in "regular" clothes while a few others such as Will Bowers, Leigh Wallace, Alex Miller, Jim Glasgow, Ellitt Grayson, Ralph Shannon, Col. Wilson, et al., had rented dress clothes and were present in all the radiant glory and comfort of people who wear rented clothes that don't fit them and know that other people

know it. Certainly, I thought, I cannot look any worse at this Honolulu banquet arrayed in my "ordinaries" than the above named felt at the Masonic event above referred to.

In the great hotel lobby the two hundred people assembled prior to going to the dining room made a beautiful picture. It was all the more beautiful because of the cosmopolitan character of the guests. All the society folk of Honolulu were there, including among them, Chinese, Japanese, native Hawaiians and those from the states and elsewhere who had chosen Hawaii as their home. I was standing in a rather lonesome manner looking over the exhibits "A," "B," "C," etc., and wondering what it was necessary for me to do to show to various of the fully dressed and undressed folks that I wasn't proud, and would talk to any of them when a nice looking Chinese man came up to me and extending his hand said: "I am Mr. ——." Well, I think he said "Chang," or "Lang," or "Whang," or "Bang," or "Fang," or something. At any rate his name rhymes with "gang," and he wound up his self-introduction with: "and, what is your name."

I told him my name, where I was from, how long I expected to stay in Honolulu and engaging in a still further conversation with him learned that he is a graduate of the dental department of Northwestern College, Chicago. A dainty little oriental creature arrayed in native Chinese silks approached us and I was introduced to Mrs. "Chang," or "Lang," or "Gang"—at any rate it rhymes with "sang" having a very definite "ang" at the end of it. Both, I learned were born in Hawaii, so they are Chinese native Hawaiians. I asked the almond eyed little woman if she had ever been in America and she informed me that she had

never been out of Hawaii, the island of Oahu. I attempted to tell her something about the wonders of our country and was on the point of asking her and her husband to come up and camp with us some year during chautauqua when the dinner call was sounded.

I was seated with an Iowan on one side and a Hawaiian newspaper man on the other and did not lack for entertainment during the evening. The Honolulu newspaper man is a reporter on the morning paper in this city and he told me many interesting stories about his interviews with notables who pass this way. I had not thought about it before, but instead of being isolated Honolulu is very much the opposite.

Few big vessels plying between San Francisco and the orient fail to touch at Honolulu, and on every big vessel there are generally some big men, or big women. It is the mission of this reporter to see them all, chat with them, get interviews, and he admitted that that is not hard to do. By the time they get to Honolulu from either east or west they are ready to talk, and they will talk to anybody who approaches them tactfully and avoids delicate topics.

He told me that some leading Japanese statesmen were to pass through today en route to Washington and this afternoon, as we were driving through town, I noticed that there was a Japanese steamer, an immense one, docked in the harbor.

Not long since Admiral Jellico, of the British navy passed this way; General Wood and party; Japanese and Chinese officials are very common and Australian notables coming by way of the states or Canada never fail to dock a few hours at Honolulu. Once in a while a super-

attraction, such as a Jack Johnson, or a movie star of great fame stops at the islands and then all Hawaii is agog.

The conclusion of the dinner and the opening of the formal program interrupted the very interesting part of the reporter's story in which he was telling me about Hawaii's experience with the big German vessel marooned in Honolulu harbor during the war. There was a brush between a German vessel and Japanese warships just outside the three mile limit, to the east of Oahu, and with that success in favor of the Japanese and the internment of one German war vessel in Honolulu harbor the German fleet passed off the Pacific. These rather thrilling Pacific activities gave the Hawaiians a taste of the excitement of real war, long before we in the states had gotten into it.

LETTER XVII.

The First Day on Shore

(Continued)

Honolulu, October 11, 1921

The speaking program, after the dinner referred to in the preceding letter was something unique in international history, I believe. No doubt there have been some religious and some political assemblies so international in character as to include such a variety of speakers as appeared at this dinner, but they have been few and far between. There were speakers from China, from the Philippines, from New Zealand, from Australia, from England, from Japan, from Spain, from Cuba, from Canada, from Korea, from Greece, from Norway, from Hawaii, from the United States, and perhaps I have overlooked a few others.

The splendid showing of the British empire was the subject of wide remark. Delegates from all parts of the empire were on hand and in their addresses they evidenced a sincere sympathy with any movement that would tend to bring the nations of the world together in a better understanding of each other and in that manner make for the perpetuation of cordial relations.

Governor General Wallace R. Farrington presided and made an address in opening the program which was a revelation to many of the visitors from the states in those particular features which had to do with Hawaii and its conglomerate population. One striking thing brought out by Gov. Farrington, which many

of us had never thought about before, was the success with which the island authorities control the mixed population of the islands. In fact there is little need for control. They behave. They live together in peace and happiness.

While the United States as a nation has long been looked upon as the melting pot of the world, yet Hawaii stands as an example of melting pot utility that registers a very much higher percentage of net results than does the United States proper. Here in the islands of Hawaii, as our readers will gather from other parts of this correspondence, is such a mixture of population as no other United States territory of like total population has, and I doubt if any other country in the world has such a complexity of racial inhabitants, in so narrow a space.

The native Hawaiians are as a race, gentle, companionable, social, kind, company-loving people. They are not warriors; they are not pugnacious; they are not aggressive. They are kindly. I am told that the stranger entering the native Hawaiian gates is made welcome always and he is asked to come in and break bread, stay a while, stay longer, stay even longer. That prompts the speculation as to whether it may not be possible that that spirit of the natives has had its salubrious effect upon all the races here gathered together in a common home.

While we know that there are racial antagonisms here, yet we do not feel that they are of that violent type that manifests itself on sometimes rather slight provocation in the United States proper. Certainly we of the states can well wonder how they do it in Honolulu. How do they get along so well; how is it that in this city of Honolulu there is less crime than in any

other city of its size in the world? That is the record which the mayor of the city claims for Honolulu. We met the mayor, Mr. John H. Wilson. He is half Hawaiian and half American, a graduate of Stanford University, and I have it on the authority of those who know that he is a good mayor, a fine, conscientious officer and a gentleman.

The Hawaiian's word of welcome is "Aloha," a word of greeting, of good cheer, of welcome, of goodbye. It means all that is sincere in hospitality. It is a benediction. Here I might well mention the fact that there are but twelve letters in the Hawaiian alphabet. They include all the vowels. Consonants are not needed. The few that are used are used under protest.

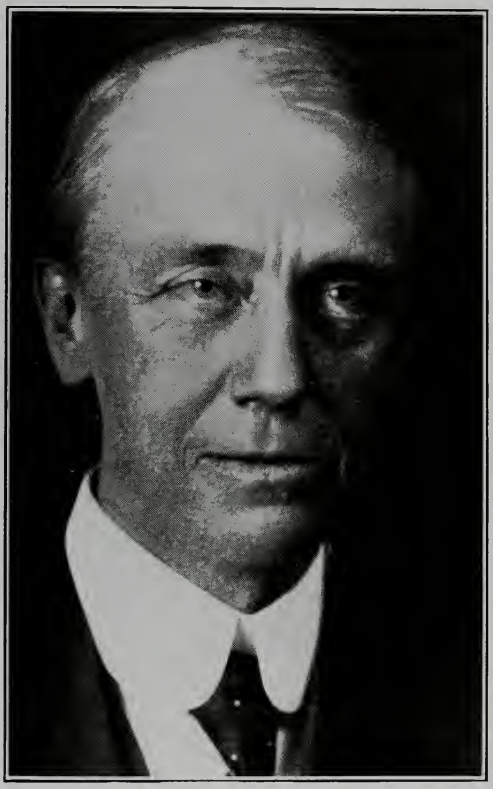
Governor Farrington extended a warm word of welcome to the visitors from the states and the one outstanding point that he brought out in his direct address to newspaper people was that the sensible limitation of armaments in the world could best be accomplished by the disarmament of the press of the world. The discouragement of jingoism, by the press, with a greater effort to make the people of the different nations of the world one in high ideals, and more intimate in their racial understandings, are essential to the furtherance of more pacific conditions in the world.

Governor Farrington was followed by the mayor of Honolulu who deplored the fact that he could not offer the keys of the city to the visitors, simply because there are no keys to the city. Everything is left open in Honolulu. They don't need keys.

Following the mayor came an address of welcome by the president of the local press club; then the president of the chamber of commerce

spoke and after him came addresses from the different countries represented. Is it any wonder that it was well past midnight when the festivities of this occasion were concluded. The whole assemblage in perspective was picturesque, very picturesque; a sight never seen in the United States, unless under conditions which may sometimes develop in Washington, D. C., when the various foreign representations join with our representatives in an official function.

The music of the evening was furnished by native Hawaiians, whose orchestral numbers were interspersed with those plaintive native songs which always appeal so tenderly. It was a wonderful meeting, deep in its inspirations, stupendous in its broadening effect. We were in the presence of the whole world; we got flitting glances of the orient and the occident from different angles. There was good will in superabundant quantities and I, for one, turned away from this scene listening to the still, small voice which echoed and re-echoed the sentiment of one of the foreign speakers who insisted that this is not a world in which to "live and let live," but a world in which to "live and help live."



WALTER WILLIAMS

Columbia, Missouri, U. S. A.

Light in corporeal equipment, but heavy in brain.
The worthily popular president of the
World's Press Congress

LETTER XVIII

First Session of Congress

At Sea. En Route to Hilo, Oct. 12, 1921

We are at sea again. Early this morning at three o'clock we put out from Honolulu, for a five days' visit of the islands. The first meeting of the World Press Congress was held yesterday morning at the hotel headquarters at 10:00 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by President Williams. The first significant incident of the congress was the reading of a message from President Harding, honorary president of the congress, by Governor General Farrington. After the reading of the message Ed Medary, of Waukon, leaned over to me and said: "That's a world message." Indeed it was a significant, a common sense message, one which we are going to publish in this connection, so that our readers, if they have not already read it may do so now. It was as follows:

President Harding's Message

The White House, Washington, D. C.,
September 10, 1921.

My Dear Governor Farrington:

At one time I dared to hope that it might be possible for me to come to Honolulu at the opening of the Press Congress of the World, and say in person some of the things that I think would be appropriate to so notable an occasion. I find it impossible for me to be away from Washington at that time, and therefore am asking you to extend in my behalf the greetings of our government to the delegates, and to assure them of the great importance we attach to this world gathering of representatives of the press.

I hope the fact that I chance to have been most of my life a newspaper man will not have distorted my judgment so far as to cause me to overrate the importance of journalism in the present-day world. Not only have the World war and the events transpiring since the armistice, impressed us all anew with the use and value of the public press, but they have demonstrated the possible danger which resides in a press too freely employed for mere propaganda. In the overwhelming emergency of the war, propaganda became a well nigh universal habit, I might almost say a code, among journalists. It was, of course, intended to be the propaganda of patriotism, of devout nationalism, of well-intended aspiration for the salvation of the best in human society; but it was not always extremely fair, judicial or discreet. On the whole, it served a splendid purpose in the circumstances of war-time, but we newspaper men could indulge ourselves in no more grievous error than to assume that propaganda is the first or even a leading aim of a properly conducted press.

Your own letter, which has just come to hand, concerning the educational conference of this summer at Honolulu, suggests to my mind the idea that might well dominate an ideally conducted press. I cannot but feel that the primary purpose of the press, as a social institution, is the opening of men's minds, rather than the closing of them. Propaganda aims primarily at shutting up the mind against other conclusions than those which the propagandist designs to implant. Education on the contrary, aims to open the mind, to prepare it, to make it receptive, and to urge it to formulate its own conclusions. Propaganda would at last mean intellectual paralysis; education is, when properly employed, intellectual stimulus. It is better that men should think than that they should accept conclusions formulated by other men for them.

We have need in these times that men should think deeply, that they should realize the necessity of settling their own problems.

The world has well-nigh become a great aggregation of democracies. No democracy will rise far above the level of its average thinking capacity, and no aggregation of democracies will rise very far above the average intellectual ability of its members. In short,

democracy has come to its great trial, and the verdict will depend largely on its capacity to make men think. It is not enough to say that other systems, by their very nature, discourage men from thinking, because they aim to provide organizations at the top to do their thinking for them. That may be true, but it is no answer to my proposition that if democracy is to succeed it must deserve success by proving that it can inspire the race of common men to serious, continuous effective consideration of the problems of common men.

In this work of education no single force or influence of which we now know can be expected to exert so great a potency as the press. Perhaps the press never confronted so great an opportunity to demonstrate its adequacy to this task, as now.

You peoples of the Pacific have invited the Press of the World to be your guests, to consider the problems of our time and our race. You are meeting in a day when the world is looking forward to the gathering of the nations to consider limitations of armament and the maintenance of world peace. If your deliberations shall inspire a larger, a better, a more humane view of the elements which enter into the problem of peace and at least a measurable disarmament; if you can encourage the ideal of a world permanently at peace, then you will have given a vast impetus to the efforts of statesmen who are presently to consider these problems in Washington.

We have heard much in recent years about the problem of the Pacific, whatever that may be. I take it to be merely a phase of the universal problem of the race, of men and nations, wherever they are.

It is hard to imagine justifications in this day and age, especially in view of the world's late unhappy experiences, for armed conflict among civilized peoples anywhere and especially among peoples so widely separated as those on opposite borders of the Pacific. They represent different races, social organizations, political systems and modes of thought. Between them and their widely varying systems, there may well be an amicable competition to determine which community possesses the better and more effective ideas for human advancement. But that there should be conflict; that warfare and controversy should interfere

with this worth-while demonstration of the value of different modes of progress, is almost unthinkable. The Pacific ought to be the seat of a generous, free, open-minded competition between the best ideals of eastern and western life; between the aspirations and endeavors of the oldest and the newest forms of human society.

You are meeting at the cross-roads of the Pacific, amid all the glamour and romance and glory which have always surrounded the very name of the South Sea. You have an opportunity to do a work for humanity, and I believe you have met at a peculiarly auspicious time. I could express no greater hope, no more earnest wish for your congress than that it might prove the precursor of an understanding which in our day, in our very tomorrow, I may say, would insure the peace of the world, the proximate end of the frightful waste of competing armaments, and the establishment of peace on earth, good will toward men.

Very sincerely yours,

WARREN G. HARDING.

Hon. Wallace R. Farrington,
Executive Chamber,
Honolulu, T. H.

Following President Harding's address, President Williams of the Congress delivered his address which was a masterful effort, and I can best convey to our readers a definite idea of the ideals toward which Mr. Williams aspires by quoting briefly from his address as follows:

From Walter Williams' Address

A League of Journalists—keeping open and free the avenues of world communication and speaking just and fair may do even more to preserve sacred institutions of society, to promote and maintain world peace, to give larger life to all, than even the most skillfully balanced league or association of nations. In the last analysis, Public Opinion rules. Recorded, crystallized, interpreted, expressed by journalism it is supreme. Ideas, not navies, rule the sea. Ideas, not armies, dominate the land. Let us disarm the typewriters of the jingo press in every land and limitation of—

nay abandonment of armaments even without the Washington conference is an accomplished fact. Without the press' aid, whatever the wise men at Washington may determine, there is no peace; disarmament is an iridescent dream. Increase the avenues of communication between nations and free news sources from the poison of interested propaganda and we thereby help to make a sick world well. Permit these avenues to be clogged, congested and corrupted and the fever of war returns apace. Open the door of the Washington Conference and to all conferences that involve international relations to the press of the world and there is great gain thereby. Debate and decide the destinies of people in secret and behind closed doors and whatever the good decision, its effect is weakened by the suspicion created by the very secrecy. The war dogs are unleashed behind closed doors, not when men talk with frankness at a conference table while the world looks on.

Our meeting in this city suggests that no longer are the nations separate. No longer may they be unconcerned, the one with the welfare of the other, for all nations and all peoples everywhere are bound up in the sure bundle of the world's life. To serve the life of the world and not to do dis-service to those who live next door is the high mission of the journalism of today.

Impossible, you say, the accomplishment of such a mission. Nay, nothing is impossible to those whose hearts are young, whose faith is sure, and who have ever before them the vision splendid of the profession of journalism—journalism, the great unfinished, fascinating, new adventure.

Aside from the appointment of committees there was little more done at this first meeting. The Press Congress was presented with a large silver loving cup and a symbolical arch design in solid silver, both beautiful creations, the gift of the officials of the government of China to the Press Congress. The Chinese representative, Mr. Tong, made the presentation address. The representative from Spain urged that the next Congress be held in that city. The Philippine

representative asked that it be held in Manila. There were other invitations, I believe, all duly filed.

Not the least important part of the program was the taking of moving pictures of the meeting. President Williams, Gov. Farrington, Mr. Tong and other officers were duly posed and then the movie man turned his camera on the common herd and they were filmed, too. The movie man advised us this morning that the films are already on the way to the states. He has promised to show the pictures to the Congress with all others taken by him, before we leave. When the Congress adjourned, it adjourned to meet the 17th, after the tour of the islands has been made. That trip includes visits to Maui and Hawaii. The latter named is the largest of the group of islands, larger than all the others combined.

LETTER XIX.

Touring the Islands

En Route, October 12, 1921

We boarded our steamer again last evening, sleeping on the steamer as it was to leave at three o'clock this morning in order that we might get into Hilo, Hawaii, before six o'clock this evening, when the festivities begin on that island. Also, the scenery was to begin at about 7 o'clock and we are having scenery all day; scenery for breakfast, dinner and supper. The course taken by the steamer on this occasion is an unusual one, the deviation being made for the sake of the party. Ordinarily the ships make the whole trip at night, going by the lee side of the islands. This time the trip is being made by day on the windward, the scenic side, of the islands.

Our course lies to the north of Molokai and Maui and around the coast of Hawaii. When we awoke this morning Molokai was in sight and soon we were drifting along a "rock bound" shore, the cliffs rising sheer from the water, sometimes a hundred, maybe five hundred feet. Farther back were higher mountains covered with tropical greenery, while here and there canyons broke the coast line and occasional evidences of life were seen. Over the shore walls, too, frequent little streams tumble rollickingly down into the ocean. We passed near enough to the leper colony to see the buildings of the settlement and the steamer whistled a cordial signal to the some six hundred patients there.

There are quite a number of citizens of Hon-

Group of World's Press Delegates on Matsonia—President Williams with his back in the foreground

olulu on the boat and we do not lack for information as to what there is to see and where to look for it. The leper colony is nestled on a pretty little point in a valley breaking out thru the coast line. It is so pretty we are informed that many patients do not want to leave, even after they are cured, so attached do they become to the beautiful spot.

We were surprised, too, at the suggestion that lepers are cured. They are, or, at least, the germ of the disease is eliminated from the system and the progress of the disease is arrested to such an extent that the patients are safely discharged from isolation. The medicine used is known as "Dean's Derivative." It was worked out by Dr. A. L. Dean, President of the University of Hawaii, in the laboratory of the university. The basis is the oil of the chaulmoogra nut, long known as a very efficacious curative.

Where there were some two thousand patients at the Molokai leper colonies some twenty years ago there are now about six hundred, and that number is gradually being reduced, by the treatment above referred to. Within sight of our boat as we skirted this coast were a number of fine large buildings erected by our federal government a few years ago, to supplement the provisions already made for caring for lepers. So rapidly did the need for the accommodations decline that the government has never yet been called upon to use the buildings, and in all probability never will. They stand there idle now, in charge of a keeper, who has a lonesome job.

At the main colony, the one above referred to, there are some 86 helpers, nurses, caretakers, etc., with Dr. Goodhew in charge. The little town, Kalaupapa by name, has its general store, its church, its moving picture show and all the comforts of home. Everything possible is done

to make the lot of the lepers as comfortable and as happy as possible, and the scenic surroundings are as beautiful as a pleasant dream.

There is a small second colony, some few miles away from the main colony. At this second place the incurables and the far advanced are kept. Those include the patients who have begun losing fingers, toes, are blind, etc. This part of the colony is in charge of Brother Joseph Dutton, now over eighty years of age, and he has not been away from the place, not even to the adjoining colony for thirty years. This is a life of sacrifice but there are always those who are willing to make the sacrifice. "Greater love hath no man."

There is good fishing and bathing at the leper settlements and the patients have little garden tracts which they cultivate. On this side of the island there is an abundance of rain and they are therefore relieved of the need of irrigation, the system that has to be employed just a few miles over the mountains on the other side.

Passing Molokai, we were in sight of the island of Hawaii toward the capital city of which, Hilo, we are driving our course today. The attractions at Hilo and other parts of the island are a ride through the sugar plantations, a night stay at the active volcano Kilauea, with various drives out into lava infested districts where nature has cut up in an amazing way. Hawaii is the island that carries the most modern things in the volcanic line. The one we are to see is the only one in the world, I believe, where one can go right up and wash his hands in molten lava and live to tell the story to his friends. Mauna Loa, a mountain almost 14,000 feet high is on this island. This mountain, too, is a volcano, active frequently, and when it be-

comes active, those in the immediate vicinity move, temporarily at least, for it has a large flow of lava and an unbroken course to pursue when it breaks loose.

Mauna Kea, another mountain, not actively volcanic, has been in sight all day. It has snow on it, indicating that its summit does invade the chilly realms of the higher air in faithful accordance with the claims of the informed residents of this community. Here as in our western country in the United States it is sometimes hard to believe that distances are as great, or heights as sublime, as it is claimed for them. They don't look it.

The city of Hilo and Hilo bay are now in sight. Here we are to disembark and attend a reception given by the Hilo yacht club this evening. The boat is slow about docking, since the water is shallow. On the dock the Hawaiian county band is playing lively airs of welcome. There is a great crowd awaiting our arrival and the outlook for lively entertainment is good. Hawaii is the largest of all the islands and the amount of land under cultivation is greater than that on any of the other islands. Hilo is the principal city and the one city that has docking accommodations for vessels as large as the Matsonia, or in other words, ocean going vessels. Inter-island boats, much smaller, touch at various smaller places around the island.

On this island Captain Cook, who rediscovered the islands in 1779 was killed by the natives, at a point now covered by the village of Jealakekua. Perhaps I have mentioned before that the islands were originally discovered from the east by a Spanish explorer, Juan Gaetano, in 1555. In 1557 a Spanish vessel was lost off the Hawaiian coast and it seems to have carried the leading spirits in the explorations for at

that point Spain dropped out of the limelight in connection with Hawiian development and Captain Cook next came on the scene. From the time of Captain Cook Hawaii again became a part of the known world.

Well, we are getting nearer and nearer to the shore. The mobs at the wharf are cheering lustily; the band still plays with careless abandon as to whatever else is happening. It is evident that there is to be something doing here. We will therefore stop right here, for the time being, and give closer attention to the immediate details of the program prepared by the Hilo people.

LETTER XX.

An Evening at Hilo

Honolulu, October 18, 1921

The activities of the inter-island tour made the writing of letters during that period an impossibility if one was to keep up with the pace set by the entertainers; so, here we are back in Honolulu with the task of making a feeble effort to describe some of the wonders seen and the courtesies enjoyed on Hawaii still undone. The last word written, if I remember correctly, was at the point where we were about to disembark at Hilo, the capital city of the island of Hawaii.

Yes, I mentioned that the band was playing, and that there was a great crowd at the dock and that people were yelling and singing and having a gay time generally. I might add that Hilo is a city of 10,000 population, is beautifully situated on a deep bay, and a great breakwater which cost about $3,000,000.00 in the building, gives the city a splendidly sheltered deep water port.

Before going farther here I will mention, too, that I watched with very great interest, on one or two occasions, while in this port, the loading and unloading of freight from our vessel. The wharf at Hilo is an immense structure and, observing the piles of merchandise scattered around, we assumed at once that there must be considerable shipping at Hilo. Certainly, there is. Great boxes and bundles of merchandise were lifted from the hold of the Matsonia for hours interminable, it seemed. Always when we came back to the boat we found the "der-

A HILO BEAUTY

She did not go to the World's Press Congress;
the Congress went to her

ricks'' at work. Great rope baskets were let down through the hatchways and loaded and then lifted up and swung out over the wharf and let down to the men below, who in all instances were Japanese, Chinese, native Hawaiians, or some other foreign nationality.

I have no way of knowing just what the men were unloading from our ship. I take it though that in most part it was merchandise from the states. Since it was in boxes and sacks, and crates, I could not well tell just what the contents were. There was one shipment which I did recognize though. Glancing forward at one time I noticed a ''Ford'' dangling in the air. It had just been swung up from the hold of the vessel and was when I observed it moving gently down toward the floor of the dock, preparatory to taking out its Hawaiian naturalization papers. Cables from the four corners of the Ford held it gently as it dropped to the floor below. There was not just a single Ford in this shipment, though. There were some eight or nine of them. A full family it seems had emigrated in this ship to the Paradise of the Pacific. So gently were they handled by the men unloading the vessel that not one of the little birds was hurt and the last I saw of them they were being whirled gaily up street, three in a row, drawn by a fully naturalized Ford driven by a smiling faced brown boy. One hundred thirty thousand bags of sugar were loaded on our ship while it stood at Hilo awaiting our return.

But we are far from the subject. As soon as we were docked a reception committee from Hilo came aboard and the usual formalities of such occasions were observed. There were speeches and more speeches and ladies bedecked the visitors with the emblem of welcome in

this country, collars of flowers, or of fancifully designed paper. Then at 7:15 o'clock we all disembarked and were driven in automobiles to the Hilo Yacht Club, on Hilo Bay, where there was a general reception and a concert by the Haili Church All-Hawaiian Choir. This choir received the first honors this year in the contests between singing groups from all parts of the islands. The singing is typically Hawaiian, of the best type.

It is difficult to find words with which to describe the beauty of the scene that greeted us at the Hilo Yacht Club grounds. There we had as almost everywhere else tropical trees and plants in glorious profusion, with the added touch of designedly artistic arrangements. There were the cocoanut palms, the royal palms, the banyan tree, great speary plants and beflowered hedges. To this was added an electrical illumination which made the scene entrancing. An out door natural auditorium was seated for the accommodation of the visitors. After a brief address of welcome by the president of the chamber of commerce, supplemented by an address of welcome delivered by the pastor of the Hawaiian church in the Hawaiian tongue, we listened to the concert. There were some twenty male and female voices in the choir, middle aged and young. It would be idle to say that never was such singing heard before, but to our delegation from the far north, suddenly dropped down into this strangely alluring tropical scene and listening to splendidly harmonizing voices singing plaintive songs in a sweet, simple language, under soft skies with tender sea breezes gently fanning our faces, the music did seem unspeakably sweet.

It is needless to admit that here we spent a most delightful evening, enjoying the singing

and the situation. The closing part of the program was unique in its appeal, too. It was a tableau, put on by the Hawaiians illustrating certain official honors that were paid to the Hawaiian rulers in ancient times. The Hawaiian minister announced the performance and explained in detail the several parts of the ceremony. He explained, too, that one feature of the ceremony was the hula-hula dance; which in this instance would be put on in a refined manner by a little girl.

The only criticism of the evening's entertainment which I heard was made by one of the hard boiled members of our delegation who objected to the hula-hula in its "refined" form. Always in a crowd of this kind and size you will find some one to take exception to the way things are done. As for the most of us we liked the hula-hula in its refined form as well as we would had it been presented by the unrefined. The little brown girl, arrayed in the grass skirt common to the original Hawaiians put on a beautiful little dance while the other scenes of the ceremony were so primitive in their stage settings and appearance as to carry us all away back in our thoughts to that time before Captain Cook had been used as a pin cushion by the peeved natives who took exception to some of the doings of their visitors from a distance.

It must be said in explanation here, though, that as we understand it, the native Hawaiians were never savage, never vicious. We have explained elsewhere that they were always a gentle, peace loving hospitable people. Of course, they could stand so much, no more, and under certain provocations they sometimes rebelled and would have revenge. Really, the story of their experience is a sad one. So-called civilization has been their undoing as a race. When

the islands were discovered there were about 200,000 natives, as nearly as could be estimated. Now there are about 25,000.

Civilization has dissipated them. When discovered they were a healthy people. The discoverers brought disease to the islands; brought diseases that made rapid inroads into their numbers. Naturally a somewhat careless people, easy going, trustful, they easily fell the victims of debauchery and during that period when it was often said that there was no God in the Pacific, thousands and tens of thousands of natives of the Pacific islands were burned upon the altar of sensual sacrifice.

LETTER XXI.

Along the Coast of Hawaii

Honolulu, October 18, 1921

I forgot to mention in the preceding letter that after the concert by the Hawaiian choir, and the tableau, there was dancing in the club house to Hawaiian music. Several of us having left our dancing pumps at home did not participate in those festivities, but wandered about through the grounds, looked out upon the glistening sea and thought of home and dear ones, once in awhile, too. What we needed most of all to perfect the evening was the presence of those dear to us to join in drinking of the beauty and fragrance and tropical sweetness so inexhaustibly served by nature on this occasion in this place.

Free automobiles took us back to our ship and early the next morning a special train, carrying open faced cars, drawn by an engine fired by oil, thus insuring the absence of cinder showers on our trip, drew up to the wharf and we were off for a ride up the coast over what is known as the Laupahoehoe line. Well, this was a beautiful trip, too. I do not think that we were out of sight of the sea at any time excepting when we went through a couple of tunnels and occasionally when we were in a deep cut. The tunnels and cuts were made through volcanic rocks, so there was no danger of slides, and the cuts often rose sheer above us some thirty to forty feet.

The road extends up through great sugar plantations across many deep ravines on high bridges. These bridges, some of them were over two hundred feet high, one was 220 feet

high, and some were as long as 1000 feet. For the accommodation of the photographers—we had two professionals with us, one movie man representing the Pathe people—the train was frequently stopped on the high bridges. That gave the photographers the opportunity to get particularly striking pictures and also permitted the other passengers of the train to speculate on the possible damage to rolling stock in the event the train should jump the track, when it started up, and plunge to the bottom of the ravine. I might also explain that other portions of this track runs along the tops and faces of high bluffs from which one may look straight down into the blue waters of the Pacific. We were informed by our guides that some of these precipices around which we merrily spun were only two hundred feet high. Of course, a train dropping off the track at one of those points and splashing down into the sea would rudely disturb the fish.

We passed through several villages, saw a number of sugar mills and were interested in the system of cane floats which are built all across that part of the country. There is no way of transporting the cane from the fields to the mills excepting by floating it down through flumes, some large, some small. That is, that has been discovered to be the most practical, most economical way to transport the cut cane. The result is that everywhere one sees the little flumes, far below, high above, the cane floating down toward the mill hidden away somewhere in the distance. At one place we saw where the flume carried the cane to the bottom of a valley and then an elevator system carried it up over the intervening hill and no doubt dropped it into another flume on the other side for a continued water trip to the mill.

The sugar cane fields do not look inviting as places to work. Thereby hangs a tale, of course; the tale of the labor situation in Hawaii. This labor can be done only by the yellow race, it appears. The whites cannot stand the work; the Filipinos do not take to it; only the Japs and the Chinese can do it. They are therefore essential to the industry. Is it any wonder that, gaining intelligence, through education, they show some signs of taking advantage of their advantage?

This trip gave the best view of sugar plantations that we have yet had; it combined with that, too, rare opportunities to see the beauties of the scenery along this side of the Hawaiian coast. And, indeed it was beautiful, much more beautiful in perspective, than otherwise, for the closer inspection of the beautiful cane fields always showed a density of growth that suggests a man-killing job working in it. There is heat and humidity there in sufficient quantities to satisfy the whims of the most enthusiastic votary of the steam bath as a means of relieving human ills.

This trip was made in about four hours and on our return to Hilo we were taken to the Hilo hotel where a dinner was served to the members of the press party by the people of Hilo. This was a delightful repast, free from prolonged or sleep producing speech making and was a very happy termination to that part of the program with which the people of Hilo had immediate connection at that time. Our next trip was to be to one of Hawaii's greatest of wonders, the active volcano Kilauea. This I might add, is one of the wonders of the world. It is one of the things that has made Hawaii famous in a world wide manner. The fame is not misplaced in the opinion of the members of the press party.

LETTER XXII.

The Volcano Kilauea

Honolulu, October 18, 1921

The only tame volcano in the world. The only active volcano that you can walk right up to and pat on the head and say, "Be a nice little volcano now and don't act up violently, until we have time to get away;" and, it never does. Always, it gives people time to get out of the danger zone before it belches up its millions of tons of red hot lava and starts to rolling it beyond its regular, immediate bounds. That is the volcano "Kilauea," meaning in the language of the Hawaiians, "Beware."

And it was to see this volcano that we left the dinner given in our honor at the Hilo hotel rather early and taking automobiles started from sea level for a drive of about thirty miles, up to an elevation of a little over four thousand feet to Crater hotel, on the edge of the volcano above named. The drive was at first through cane fields, later through little forests of scrubby pines, and still later through fern lanes, the ferns being ten to fifteen feet high, literally fern forests.

Some cattle grazed on the hills. There was no other show of life excepting at a few small settlements, some of them on the railroad that runs to within a few miles of the volcano, and others to accommodate the various families who summer at the higher elevations to escape the heat below. There is a good road out to the volcano. For several miles out of Hilo it is concrete, and I think the plan is to complete a concrete road out to the hotel. At worst, however-

This is a picture of Halemaumau (the house of everlasting fire.) The view shows the lake of lava as nearer to the surface of the crater than it was when we visited the volcano. The crater of Kilauea covers 2,650 acres, and Halemaumau is the center of the volcanic activity at present. On the occasion of the visit of the World's Press Congress delegates to the crater, two great crags occupied a part of the lava lake here shown. All about the foot of the crags the molten lava followed a tumultous course. There was noisy activity at all times; here and there and everywhere in the pit the lava hissed and roared and rushed; the scene being made all the more exciting in its effects by the frequent splash of undermined portions of the crater into the floods of protesting lava. The pit of Halemaumau is about 2000 feet wide. The smoke and steam in this picture obscures the view of the farther side of the pit. A shack built on the edge a year ago is now 100 feet under lava.

the road is not bad, since the region is volcanic and immediately below the thin soil is the lava, a good hard road foundation.

The drive to the volcano is steadily up, although one is hardly conscious of the rise, so regular is it. The automobile shows the effect of the climb, though, and ours, before we got to the end of the drive, was almost a volcano in itself, so vigorous was the expulsion of steam from the radiator.

There is nothing about the appearance of things as one approaches the universal destination of all visiting travelers here to indicate that one is in a part of the country especially distinguished from any other of the many interesting parts. Suddenly, though, we come to a little more thickly populated part. There are some rather neatly kept cottages; and an occasional smiling face greets us from a nearby cottage veranda, such a face as prompts the perfectly natural surmise that some one is planted there for a special, transitory purpose. It may have been the face of an Iowa school teacher that smiled to us at one point, but we didn't stop to investigate. We drove on.

Soon we came in sight of a rather roomily spread building. "The hotel," our brown driver commented, and, incidentally, we might mention that he was a man of few words and far between. But, we were nearing our destination and diplomacy dictated that he should begin to show a little interest in us. That show of concern might prompt us to slip him a coin or two in appreciation of his consideration.

Yes, we were soon at the hotel. I stepped out of the car. From the wall at the left a slight smoke was issuing. I placed my hand over it and immediately the hand broke into a sweat. The smoke was steam. On every hand, far and

near, at short distances apart, smoke and steam was oozing from the ground. I looked down to the left over the shrub covered hill and beyond a certain line of clear demarkation there spread a solid, rolling black plain of "vegetationless" ground, or stone. It was lava, some of it so recent a deposit as within the past five months. This great field of lava covers 2,650 acres. The sides about it are from 100 to 700 feet high and the whole is about eight miles in circumference.

The first view of the volcano is rather disappointing for when we speak of a volcano, we expect to see a mountain, with a smoke stack on top of it from which an occasional outbreak results in a great stream of lava belching from the top of the inverted cone and running like mad down the side of the mountain and extending on and on, threatening villages and everything else devourable.

We have explained though that this is a tame volcano. It is not built exactly as some other volcanoes are built. It has a way all its own and as a result it is all the more interesting. Away across the black field of lava, apparently beyond the center of the broad expanse, we notice at one point a segregated smoke center. From that point there is a constant rise of rather dense smoke and steam. That is the center of the whole commotion. It is the crater, called in the language of the Hawaiians "Halemaumau," the "House of Everlasting Fire."

(Later—At the above point, gentle reader, I was interrupted. The telephone bell in my room in the hotel rang and answering it I was greeted with the inquiry: "Is there a typewriter operating in your room?" To that charge I had to admit guilt and I was then informed that a complaint had come from adjoining rooms to

the hotel office to the effect that the sleep of the occupants of the rooms was being disturbed, by the above mentioned typewriter. The considerate voice over the line suggested that if I would close the transoms of my room, maybe I could get by with the noise awhile longer. I assured the voice that I would "cut off' for the night, and all was well. Glancing at my watch I was surprised to note that we were just upon the threshold of midnight, an early hour for anyone to want to sleep in such a night-beautiful world as this. But I went to bed and tried to sleep. Below I heard the pounding of waters and I was moved to go to the telephone myself and bombard the clerk below with some such query as: "Isn't there an ocean, or something down there in the back yard? It won't let me sleep. Can't you ask it to put down its transoms?" But I didn't. I listened to the incessant beat of the surf against the shore below until it became a sort of a soothing lullaby that in the end hurried me off to sleep, I think. This morning the surf is still beating upon the shore; it has been doing the same thing ever since we came. It is presumed that it did the same thing steadily for several thousand years before we came and that it will go on doing so without pausing for breath for thousands of years more. I'm sorry the night clerk interrupted me last night for I was just getting a good second vision of the volcano when that bell rang. I don't know if I can conjure up the details of the experience so well this morning, or not, but in the next installment of these epistles I will try.)

LETTER XXIII.

The Volcano Kilauea

(Continued)

Honolulu, October 19, 1921, Daylight

Where was it I left off? Oh, yes, just after I mentioned the name of the inner crater: "Halemaumau," the "House of Everlasting Fire." We had just glanced across the field of lava toward that center of interest, but were not to go that way yet. We had to register at the hotel and it was not very long until dinner time (supper at our house), so we would have to delay our excursion to the heart of the scene until a little later. In the meantime there was an opportunity to walk about in the nearer vicinity of the hotel and explore those parts. Just a short distance away, perhaps a hundred yards, was an interesting group of sulphur pits. These were deep holes emitting sulphur fumes in streams of hot smoke. One approached them with considerable timidity for they smelt and looked so like something so nearly connected with things infernal as to give us pause.

We were warned not to invade the shrub grown parts of the ground thereabouts, for there are hidden crevasses, in the thick growths of vines and small trees into which one might slip and in doing so he would in all probability suffer severe burns before he could be rescued from his plight.

There is a well marked trail from the Volcano house down over the two hundred foot wall, which leads to the main crater. This trail leads under low growing "lehua trees and by many sturdy little yellow-green sandalwood

On edge of pit of Halemaumau—lava, lava everywhere. Thales Coutoupis, Athens, front—right

trees'' and directly to the shore of the lava field. There is a path, too, across this lava field leading to the crater. A bridge or two over large fissures in the lava are all that is required beyond the natural lava footing. At intervals all over this lava field are spots from which hot steam arises and there is no doubt but that a very few feet down there is intense heat. The surface though is cool and perfectly safe for navigation, by pedestrians.

Only one instance is recorded in modern times in which visitors across the lava field to the inner crater came near to disaster by reason of the misbehavior of the volcano. This party had walked across the upper crater over the lava to the inner crater and charmed by the strange scenes they had stayed on and on until far into the night. Returning by lantern light across the path which they had traversed in their approach to the crater they suddenly found their way blocked by a large crack in the old lava, through which red hot lava was oozing. This situation was enough to startle the most fearless of explorers, and indeed it is faithfully recorded that this little party felt the usual sensations of tragic consternation when they saw the plight they were in; but, they picked their ways cautiously along the crevasse until they came to a narrow point where they were able by stepping upon a ledge to jump across the newly flowing lava and then, they hurried home.

We did not try the foot path to the inner crater. There is an automobile road that traverses some seven miles in reaching a near approach to this crater and since we had little time to stay and wanted to make the best of our time it was decided that when we went we would all go in cars. Dinner at the hotel was

served at six o'clock and it was the plan that we would all drive over after dinner in order to see the crater for the first time at night. When I stepped out from the dining room after this dinner it was already getting dark and across the lava fields I noted that the centralized smoke of the afternoon had now deepened into a centralized glow of light, varying frequently in its intensity, but so strong in its effects as to assure one that there was a real fire as the basis of the smoke which had so enslaved our curiosity during the earlier part of the evening.

In automobiles we were whirled through a densely foliaged road up hills and down, around sharp corners, through narrow gorges, getting occasional glimpses of the crater. The road has been dubbed by some the "path to Hell" and like the alleged path to "Hell" it is not a hard road to travel. In general it is smooth, not dangerously narrow and the scenery by the side is fine. The only appalling thing in the night is the occasional glimpses of deep, dark pits, baby craters, we were informed, which we were to have a better chance to inspect the next morning; but as for this trip, its dominant object was to see the "House of Everlasting Fire" by night.

"You have to walk," our driver briefly advised us, breaking another long period of silence as we came to the outer edge of the crater and found a bare road, free from growths of all kinds and directly across the lava toward the pit. And, sure enough, soon we came to great obstacles in the road. They were huge chunks of lava piled hit and miss across our pathway. But a few months ago this road led almost flush up to the edge of the inner crater, but, the volcano going on a sudden rampage

threw out sufficient floods of lava to block the road some half mile back from the pit and therefore we had to walk and climb over the lava toward Halemaumau. The pathway was marked, one side of it, by streams of some white substance that clearly led the way. Occasionally we would pass a point from which a hot breath of air would break from the lava bed and startle us as it hit us in the face. Getting nearer, the sulphur fumes threatened to strangle us; but we worked around toward the windward side of the crater in order that the fumes might go the other way.

Soon we were within sound of the crater. There was a continuous hissing noise of escaping steam; now low, now so high as to suggest that a dozen railway engines were vying in their efforts to out-hiss each other. We come now, so near to the edge of the crater that we can look into part of it.

(I don't know whether I like this or not. Somewhere, not far from here, they are firing big gun salutes to something or somebody this morning, and just now, one of them exploding shook our hotel to the sixth story, where I reside, while a puff of air, the direct result of the explosive impact, mussed up my desk supplies in a disconcerting manner. What I object to, though, is this top-rocking of the hotel in which I sit. There goes another—I'm going down stairs until they quit this foolishness—I prefer volcanoes to twelve inch guns.

Later—Well, I did. Stepping out into the hallway I asked the Japanese "chamberman:" "What's all the shooting about?—it shakes the house." He grinned an un-understandable grin while he looked at me, and then he said "Packi" or something like that. I looked at him and thought with all the thinking power I

had. What did "Packi" mean. Suddenly it dawned upon me that he meant to say "practice" and I surmised that the naval boys were shooting at marks far across the bay. "Practice?" I asked. "Yez—yez" the Japanese boy said and pointed across the bay. I went on down stairs and stepping out of the elevator and over into the smoking room adjunct to the lobby of the hotel I stood face to face with Frank Buckley of my own home town, Washington, Iowa, just arrived this morning from the orient, and headed states-ward. "Be sure your sins will find you out." Neither knew the other was within four thousand miles. If the big gun shooting hadn't driven me down stairs I fancy Frank would have passed through Honolulu without either of us knowing that we were so near to each other. He was just starting out with a party over town so I did not get a chance to visit with him then. I hope to see him again before his boat goes on tomorrow. Now let's return in proper manner to the consideration again of the "House of Everlasting Fire." If Washington people will cease interruptions and the navy will refrain from further "packi" for a while, we may get through next time.)

LETTER XXIV.

The Volcano Kilauea

(Continued)

Honolulu, October 19, 1921

When the naval practice shooting and Frank Buckley interrupted our story we had just crossed the main crater of the volcano Kilauea and were approaching the inner crater Halemaumau, the "House of Everlasting Fire." We had traversed the "Road to Hell" in automobiles and had picked our way over the heat breathing lava paths to the edge of Halemaumau. Yes, we had come to the point where we could look over the edge and see down into the pit and we had listened with considerable trepidation, as we approached, to the loud hissing in the lower confines of the crater.

This inner crater of the volcano is about 2000 feet across and its precipitous sides lead down sometimes to a depth of some 700 feet. That is when the lava has sunk to its lowest depth recorded in recent years. The evening we visited the crater, the lava was some 200 feet up in it, covering several acres, and rearing themselves from the molten lava were two rather large hills of hardened lava rocks, etc., while all around about and under the miniature mountains bubbled the molten lava.

We peered down into the pit under a spell of strange fascination. I remember I thought that all that was needed in addition to the scene below to perfect one of my childish conceptions of the real inferno to which bad boys were eventually destined was the moving figure of a tall, slender, dark "complected" gentleman

with horns, a tail with a knot in it, and a two pronged pitchfork in his hands. Certainly, yes, we expected him to have a sort of a sardonic expression on his face and to be constantly welcoming various of our unloved acquaintances into his realms.

Halemaumau is nature's proudest illustration of an inferno. It is Hades modernized, brought up to date, furnished free of charge to all comers. It is a strange, thrilling, awe inspiring experience to stand on the side of a mountain, look down into an enormous pit and see great masses of boiling lava, hear the noises of escaping steam, and witness great chunks of stone and rock drop with a wild plunge into the lava, throwing it up in great yellowish red splashes and columns. Then, too, there were pools of lava, great wide pools that were in constant rolling motion, bursting frequently up into big bubbles, as the gases forced their way through. There were recurring bursts of noisy steam escapements followed often by the collapse of certain portions of the little mountains. Moving around the pit farther, each new position diversified the strange scene. The lights of the volcano dispelled all other lights. There was nothing else in the world to see save this deep, boiling pit, of bubbling and flowing lava, the helpless mountains in the midst and the precipitous walls over which we hung and watched and watched and watched.

There is a fascination about this volcano that makes people want to go back again and yet again and again. It is the only place that I have seen on this trip that I would be more than delighted to go back and see right away again. It grows upon one, I think, because of the constant change. Then, too, we know that tomorrow the lava may be three hundred feet

PEGGY AND "BILL"

"Bill" is a native Hawaiian guide to the various wonder points in the actively volcanic parts of the island of Hawaii. It is said of him, that in the absence of other food he can live for several days on Kilauea lava. He never lost a chance to help World Press Delegates in their effort to see and understand. What he doesn't know about the crater and the surroundings hasn't been found out yet. Thank you "Bill" for many courtesies.

deep instead of two hundred feet deep and the next day it may be still deeper while in a few more days it may fill the whole pit to the top and be leaking out over the sides. Only a few months ago it did all that and incidentally destroyed a full half mile of perfectly good road that had been built right up to the edge of the crater.

This is a volcano of many moods, but fortunately they are not dangerously threatening moods. Nature has built a large house for the overflow of this crater and it is so arranged that even when the flow is on, and floods of lava are spreading, people may come right up close to the lava and walk away from it as it works its way across the big outer crater. It has a wide spread and before it has traveled far, it is moving slowly, for it does not drop precipitously.

It is not so with the still live volcano of Mauna Loa joining Kilauea and towering some ten thousand feet higher. Mauna Loa, when it breaks out, frequently pours floods of lava down the mountain side at the rate of thirty miles an hour. In recent years it traced its way several miles to the sea and on one occasion lava came to within a mile of Hilo.

Kilauea is indeed a tame volcano. It affords the best opportunity for volcanic study of any volcano in the world. It keeps open house all the while. One can walk right up and visit with it. Even the inner crater is not inaccessible. Scientists have gone down into that part of the crater to a nearer approach to the molten lava. Extreme care must be taken of course. The path has to be picked, the fumes must be avoided, and one must be supported against the danger of collapsing crusts, for the boiling floods below are constantly undermining the

solids that are so close to the immediate fiery fluids.

Adjectives fail in an effort to describe the full vision of this inner crater. It is a nature-built cauldron in which mountains are consumed by fire; into the flame of which rocks drop and like flakes of snow upon the breast of the brook melt away in an instant. There are rivers of molten fire lashing themselves into constant fury and hissing with a thousand tongues their message of destruction. All this happens in an area confined to a few acres, deep enough in the earth to be securely observed, and yet near enough to be awe-fully suggestive. We sought out high points and stood in the glare of the ghostly yellow light and looked long and deep. Yes, one man's panama hat was lifted from his head and floated over, and down, down, down. We never saw it again—a sacrifice offered to Pele, the goddess of this pit to whom the natives long years ago used to toss fruits and beautiful flowers in an effort to appease her wrath. And, it is sometimes claimed, that under great emergencies the chiefs used to make even sterner sacrifices to this goddess in order to bring success to their arms.

On the evening of this press congress visit, Pele must have looked with amazed surprise upon the number of visitors paying her homage. All around the crater, excepting on the "fume" side, ghostly figures, stood and sat and looked, and talked and wondered. The fiery spectacle held them spellbound. Did she show off? Not in the quantity of molten lava displayed in her lashings; but in her hissings she was unusually noisy we learn. One man familiar with the scene and the emotions of the volcano remarked to me: "Something is going to happen around here soon."

"How long?" I asked.

"It may be a month, a week, an hour," he replied. "That hissing means that the gas pressure is increasing rapidly. Something has to give way."

I stepped back a few feet. He laughed.

"There is no danger," he said.

Was my informant correct in his surmise? Here is what I clipped from the Honolulu Star-Bulletin this morning:

> HILO, Hawaii, Oct. 19.—There was a sharp earthquake shock at the Volcano of Kilauea at 10:30 o'clock last night and at 5:30 this morning the fire pit went down 26 feet in one drop. The mammoth crags tilted over and there was great activity with 15 or 20 pools fountaining vigorously and the lava lakes flowing toward the Kau side of the crater. A slight earthquake was felt this morning in Hilo.

All of which means that the mountains which we had seen in the middle of the inner crater, either of them as big as a half dozen 10 story buildings, toppled over into the molten lava and created such a commotion as goes far beyond the most liberal imaginations of one who has never seen the workings of nature in this house of everlasting fire.

And now I come to a feature of the earthly, or unearthly, conditions in the vicinity of this crater that is even more surprising, or startling, rather, than those about which I have already written. Stepping back a few feet, perhaps two or three rods, from the edge of the crater, I suddenly felt a rather warm breath of air striking me and looking down I discovered that I was on the edge of a crack in the lava, and within two or three inches of the top upon which I was standing I could see that down in the crack the lava wall was red hot. It was flam-

ing red, and to test the reality of the thing, I took a little folder from my pocket and held the edge of it down into the crack. So terrific was the heat that I thought my hand would burn; but, I scorched the paper and sent it back to the folks at home with the story of how I had stood over a lake of red hot lava and prepared the unique souvenir for them.

On farther, and still farther away from the crater, I came to another place where a slight opening in the top of the lava revealed a red hot pit below. How deep it was, how far it extended, how broad it became, there was no way of knowing. But we looked deep down into a pit of fire, upon the crust of which we stood in apparent safety.

I got no chance to make inquiry as to the scientific cause for such a condition; but I am not inclined to think that underneath all that broad expanse of cooled surface lava, red hot lava, is to be found. I am rather of the opinion that at those particular places that we examined, the crevices in the lava still retained air connections with the molten pit below and that the red hot heat shown was a local manifestation rather than a general condition. Certain it is, though, some extreme heat is found at many different points all over the 2650 acres covered by the lava deposits of many eruptions.

That is in brief a feeble effort to tell the night story of Halemaumau (pronounced Hallie-mow-mow—sounding the "ow" as in "how.") It is a sight never to be forgotten. Naturally we think of volcanoes and earthquakes as nature's most violent physical manifestations. They are things of terror, generally, for we know not what they may do or, when they may do it. They come as a thief in the night. They belch up out of the earth or

over the earth, with a power that overwhelms man and all of man's creations. In the presence of an insecure earth we consign ourselves to fate. If the ground upon which we tread falls away from us, we are indeed lost. If an erstwhile friendly hill from the sides of which girls have picked flowers and upon which little children have played in safety for centuries—if such a hill suddenly spits from its top great torrents of smothering ashes and rocks and millions of tons of all consuming and all covering molten lava, is that not enough to make people look upon volcanoes and earthquakes with some considerable awe and respect. As the little boy at our house remarks once in a while: "I'll say so."

LETTER XXV.

Volcanic Pranks

Honolulu, October 19, 1921

Did anybody in the audience think that we are through talking about volcanoes? We trust not, for there are yet a few things that we want to tell our readers about Kileau, Halemaumau, Mauna Loa, and certain of their pranks in the vicinity that they have selected for their respective fields of operation.

First, though, let me state that I had a nice visit with Frank Buckley this morning. He will continue his trip tomorrow evening at five toward the states, having arrived from Yokahama yesterday morning on the "Hawkeye State." He has made an extensive tour of Europe and Asia and is chuck full of information of all kinds plucked first hand from the trees of knowledge that bordered his path of travel.

And now, back to the volcanoes and to the volcanic pranks. Early the morning following our night visit to the crater of Kilauea we started out again in our cars, to see all we could see, including a daylight visit to the inner crater Halemaumau. First we were driven to see the tree molds. These were not the least interesting of the things we have seen on our trip.

And what is a tree mold? We all wondered until we got into the presence of the tree molds and then we didn't wonder any more. Let us suppose that once there was a great forest standing near a quiet, peaceable mountain. That the forest had stood there for years and years and years; the trees gradually growing larger and larger until some of them were one hundred

feet tall and one, two, three, even six feet in diameter. Then let's suppose farther. Let's suppose that all of a sudden the top blew off that heretofore peace-loving mountain and an ocean of molten lava poured out inundating the forest tract, in a few moments, to a depth of fifteen, twenty, thirty feet.

What happened? So rapidly did the lava flow, and so quickly did it cool, that it surrounded the trees and solidified. The trees were of course killed, set afire and burned to death, but the heat of a burning tree was not sufficient to keep the lava in the liquid state and the result was that the lava "froze" about the trunk of the tree, just as it was when the inundation occurred and now we have in the tree molds big and little wells, the exact size of the tree trunks that once occupied the space now occupied by the holes.

The tree molds are holes in the ground surrounded by hardened lava that shows on the face of it the grain of the tree that the lava destroyed, probably thousands of years ago. It must have been long, long ago, for there is a new soil over the old lava now; a soil deep enough to nourish another forest which has grown upon the site of the old; but here and there and all about are those deep tombs of the great trees, the trunks of which were surmerged and incinerated long, long ago by the petulant whim of a fire-belching mountain.

It was probably Mauna Loa that was guilty of this indecency toward the lumber trust. All about are ruins of her spiteful work. She has never been dependable, while Kilauea, has very seldom been otherwise, so far as history shows. Yes, once in 1790 it is claimed that Kilauea, in a sudden burst of anger, threw stones and ashes so far that a band of native soldiers was caught

and several smothered under the far flung debris. That is the only comparatively modern record of dire destruction attributed to this generally docile and well behaved creature.

Leaving the scene of the tree molds our automobiles again turned toward the road that led to the craters and, by daylight, we had the privilege of again traversing that interesting path. There were several miles of travel through most interesting tropical foliage, the most striking of which were the specimens of tree ferns, but there were other interesting growths such as the ohelo bushes which yield a refreshing fruit, berries the size of a small grape and bluish in color when ripe.

Along this road by daylight, too, we had the opportunity to view more understandingly some of the smaller extinct craters which abound hereabouts. One, "Little Kilauea," is particularly interesting. It is about a half mile across and some seven hundred feet deep, the bottom being as smooth as a ball room floor, apparently. The walls are very precipitous and the formation perfectly conical, the cone inverted There is no break in the walls. Our driver again released his tongue long enough to explain that three men and a Ford had gone over the walls and hurried to the bottom, never to ride in a Ford in these realms again. Such a thing was possible, we could readily observe, but not at all necessary, since there was plenty of road room without crowding the crater and even to get to the edge of the decline one must climb a small ridge.

"How did it happen?" we asked.

"Drunk!" was the brief response. In a daring, drunken, uncaring, unthinking frenzy the driver had wiggled his machine a little too closely to the edge, and over it went carrying

with it three maudlin human beings all unfit at that time to face St. Peter at the pearly gates.

There were two or three of those roadside craters, baby craters, and then we came suddenly to a signboard that pointed the way to the lava "tubes." Here we left our cars and treading our way through the dense brush we came after a short while to the edge of a deeply foliaged, steep decline. Standing on the edge of it and looking about we could see that it, too, was a crater, but evidently a crater of long standing. It was tree-grown all up and down the sides and in the bottom. The trees were tall, gangling. There were great masses of vines, and other obstructing shrubbery, the whole taking on the aspect of age, age, age and more age. A steep trail of short zig zags led down into this damp declivity. Water dripped from the trees, the hand-built wooden steps over which we passed were soft to the feet as a cushioned path. Down and down and still down we went until we finally touched the bottom, perhaps six hundred feet below the starting point. It was but a short distance across the bottom and then we climbed up a few feet until we came in sight of a wooden bridge, a stairway across a dark crevice and, in the wall above, a great dark hole.

We walked rather carefully over that slender bridge and we hung closely to the railings as we climbed the dripping stairway and then we stepped with a little hesitation into the great tunnel. This was the lava tube. We had no lanterns but flash lights supplied by the guides, carried our closely huddled group on into the tube. Occasionally some one would shriek for more light. I remember that we clung to each other closely. I kept my fingers lightly touching the dress of a woman in front of me while

a sudden flash of light revealed the fact that she was clinging tenaciously to the hand of one of the Chinese members of our party. A woman behind clawed intermittently up and down my coat.

On we went through that deep, dark tunnel for a quarter of a mile. There was no danger, no pits, the highway had been established by an engineer who created no hazards. We finally came to the end, out into the light again, on a side hill and we had traversed a highway which perhaps a hundred thousand years ago had been the tunnel through which a roaring volcano had discharged its lava product out upon the face of the earth. By some means it had established a path that way, and that path is still there, good as it was long before Adam pitched horse shoes in the garden of Eden while Eve played the ukelele under a banyan tree.

This lava tunnel was, I should say about 15 feet in diameter. At one place it narrowed down to a point where I could just touch the ceiling, but in general it maintained its full rounded form. One could easily imagine the flood of lava pouring through the tube, and the size of it prompted the further surmise that such a quantity was carried as filled full a deep hole in the sea and raised the level of the adjacent territory rapidly. The wonder is that at the finish the tube was not left full of lava; but it wasn't. Nature had left another wonderful thing for men to speculate about.

Some looked upon this natural curiosity as one of the most amazing of all in this vicinity of wonders. This tube had just been discovered in recent years, we learn. Two boys prowling through the jungles, dared to climb down into the crater and while nosing around through the bottom caught a glimpse of the great dark

hole in the wall above. I was told by one of the guides that at one point in the tube another breaks away to the left and goes on, indefinitely, some surmising that it leads so great a distance as thirty miles, to the sea. No one cares to explore it. There were no volunteers in our party.

LETTER XXVI.

Kilauea in Daylight

Honolulu, October 20, 1921

Leaving the lava tube we drove directly to the crater, Kilauea again. The inspection of the crater is not complete, no difference how often it is visited, but it is far from complete if it is not seen in both daylight and dark. We had seen it the night before; now we were to see it by daylight, at a time when all the details of the wall formations could be observed and when the lava beds could be more closely inspected. Indeed the old lava beds present a large field for exploration in themselves. There are caverns and tunnels and other odd formations at many points in the 2650 acres covered and one might wander for days and weeks over that broad expanse finding something new and interesting to look at every few moments. Of course, there is danger in such adventures and great care must be taken.

The daylight view of Halemaumau is not so vivid in its suggestion of infernal things, but it is vivid enough. The redhot, molten lava still boils in the pit and the escaping steam still makes its threatening noise. The walls, the cracks, the crevices, the swirling pools, the steam, all combine to make the daylight view a thing to produce unmeasured astonishment. We saw it when the lava level was comparatively low. Sometimes, as stated before, it rises almost flush to the top and under such conditions the lake is many times larger than it was when we saw it and the extreme heat prevents people from going so near to it as we could, on

our visit. We could go right up to the edge and hang over.

This daylight visit was the occasion for much picture taking. The two movie men were there and one invaded the lower realms getting a "close-up" of the lower parts of the crater. At one point one can climb down quite a distance into the inner crater when the lava is low. Above we examined in a bigger way the confines of the house of fire and enjoyed, too, the view of the field of lava, glistening in many variegated shades of black and bronze in the bright sunlight.

Dr. T. A. Jagger, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is in charge of the observatory on the edge of the volcano. He makes daily observations and is devoting his whole time to the study of the phenomena in connection with this volcano. He delivered a short lecture to our assembled group, after he had invited the rather extensive crowd to come a little farther away from the edge, observing that he didn't think it best to have too much weight so close to the fiery depths. Such a suggestion coming from him was quite reassuring, our readers will surmise.

He explained that the heat required to melt the lava in this volcano seemed to be about 1750 degrees Fahrenheit, a temperature below the usual heat required in other volcanoes. That, he stated, was the reason that the volcanic action was not more explosive. The gases escape without great pressure and Kilauea is therefore not so threatening as many others of the active volcanoes. He explained, also that this volcano, and all others, are merely surface manifestations. The theory that the lava comes from deep down in an earth, the center of which is fire and liquid, is not tenable. We

do not live on an earth that is in danger of collapse by reason of internal weakness. The earth in general is a solid ball, rigid as steel, heavy as iron. Volcanoes and such external manifestations are but little pimples on the face of mother earth, occasioned by gaseous combinations which become inflammable the moment they connect. Science has demonstrated these facts definitely. They are demonstrable.

Earthquakes are but the settling of the surface crust over some points disturbed by volcanic eruptions. A great loss of earth substance by volcanic eruption at one point weakens the crust at that point and the surface seeks balance by shifting. But, the great round earth itself is as sound as a ball of solid steel.

The possibility of the utilization of volcanic heat is now coming in for some consideration. The heat may eventually be used in electric storage processes. Prof. Jagger's observations are principally for the general satisfaction of the scientific world and it is hoped that by keeping an exact record of the behavior of Kilauea they may be able to get the cycle of performances and by that means make such deductions looking toward practical use as are possible.

In the course of their explorations Prof. Jagger and his helpers found the bones of a woman, in sitting posture, facing the volcano through the opening in a rock cave on the side of an adjoining mountain. Around the bones of the woman were certain objects, evidently put there by human hands, leading to the belief that the woman's body was placed that way purposely after death, her tomb being the cave facing the pit of fire. In another place they found bare footprints of human beings set in lava sand which must have been at least 130

to 150 years of age. These studies naturally make a strong appeal to certain types of mind and Prof. Jagger's mind is of that type.

To those of us, used to solid earth, and unused to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, the thought of living in such a country is not appealing. The people of Hawaii seem to have no fear. Even though Hilo has been threatened a couple of times, the residents do not seem to look upon their position as particularly dangerous. The lava flows slowly by the time it gets down as far as they live. They will have time to climb a hill or get out into the sea. The rancher on the uplands, it is stated, is always careful to build on the hillside, instead of in the depressions, realizing that the lava will naturally seek the depressions first and, "while he knows that he may awake any morning and find the greater part of his farm crusted over with hard, sterile, black rock," yet he realizes, also, that eventually, in the course of a few thousand years, that rock will melt down again into good, productive soil, so he doesn't worry. Should we?

We turned away from the House of Everlasting Fire, reluctantly. We wanted to stay longer. Pele's bluster is fascinating. She sings a song of many tones. They are strangely appealing, and she is beautiful in her way. We do not know if we shall ever see her again, but certain it is, she has rarely had as devoted an audience as she had on this occasion when the group of press people gathered about her throne of fire and made obeisance to her flaming majesty.

Leaving the volcano we went immediately to the Volcano hotel and had luncheon, (dinner at our house) and then were driven back to Hilo, where a special function was in prepara-

tion for the evening, and at midnight we were to sail for Maui, where there were to be a series of other festivities, put on by the people of that amazingly rich little island.

As we drove back toward Hilo the thoughtfulness and care of our driver was illustrated by the sudden discovery that we had run out of gasoline, while yet but about half way to our destination. While we were waiting for gasoline to be brought to us, from a station, fortunately not far away, a delegate from Quebec and this writer walked on until we came to a village and turned up into the school yard where Japanese boys aged from eight to twelve were playing ball. A great host of little girls were playing in another part of the yard and my companion, Oswald Mayrand, sought to take their pictures. They fled into the school house, but later ventured out, under their teacher's encouragement, and permitted the picture to be taken. There were some one hundred fifty pupils in the school. The principal was a Japanese man and his assistant a Japanese girl, who was arrayed in Japanese costume, wore sandals, a many colored kimono with a cushion at the back and had a short body with a big head and face with a great bulk of jet black hair.

We visited with the teachers and the children, had our pictures taken enmasse, and all in all were very glad that our Hawaiian driver had been so careless as to run out of gasoline. Finally the gasoline came, and on the second attempt we made the grade. We had turned our backs upon the road to "hell;" had deserted the "House of Everlasting Fire" and we were to have nothing more to do, at that time, with the spitfire goddess Pele, although we all still confess to the enslaving quality of her charms.

LETTER XXVII.

Mr. Kawasaki Talks

Honolulu, October 20, 1921

From the volcanoes we returned to Hilo and prepared for a dinner to be given by the Hilo Yacht Club and later to attend a special entertainment to be put on in the Japanese theater for the benefit of the visitors to the city.

It is hardly necessary to say much about that Yacht club dinner. Will it not be sufficient to just print the menu and let it go at that? A study of the menu by our readers will demonstrate to them at once that Iowa people don't know anything about high living at all. Out here in the Hawaiian islands we hit the high spots only when it comes to eating. Well, here is that menu. Read it and see what you missed:

Kai-Helo O Ka Hie — Inai Barena Mikomiko
Oliva O Italia — Akaakai Onaona
Mau'u Hilo
Ia Lawalu O Kanakea
Uwala Mahikihiki
Puaa Kalua — Waiono O Ka Apala
Uwala Uwai O Puna
Maia O Ka E-A — Na Ulu O Weli
Luau O Waipio — He Ono Kaohi Puu
Koele-Palau
Hau Huihui O Mauna Kea
Na Meaono
Kope O Kona — Pua Ka Uwahi O Kilauea

All this was served on beautifully decorated tables, gorgeous yellow and red flowers being used in an abundant profusion, while streamers of big leaved greenery were everywhere in evidence. There were a number of special dignitaries present at this dinner, among them General Charles Summerall, in command at

Schofield Barracks, U. S. Army Department of Hawaii; Admiral Simpson, in command of the naval forces with headquarters at Pearl Harbor; Japanese Consul General Yadda; Senator John Wise; Mayor John Wilson and others.

The most interesting part of the dinner to this writer, though, and the part that will be most interesting to our readers, if they are at all interested, was the preparation of "Puaa Kalua." That we watched and it was interesting because it was prepared in the old Hawaiian method. The "Puaa Kalua" was roast pig, and it was roasted out in the front yard, in a hole in the ground. Native Hawaiians presided over the operation and it was accomplished by the use of hot stones, upon which the dressed pig was laid in a pit and, not satisfied with making the pig lie upon a bed of red hot rocks they also stuffed his "innards" with the same material. He was wrapped then in big leaves, called ti (tee) leaves, and sweet potatoes and bananas were also snugly tucked round about him and he was left in tropic comfort for some two or three hours.

I watched the disinterment. The dusky colored cook would bathe his hand in cold water, grab a rock from the pig's interior, take another hand bath and drag out another rock until the naked pig was in shape to be lifted in fragments from the grimy looking pit. The scene was not conducive to the development of a good appetite for roast pig, or anything else, and the pig served was not nearly as tasty as are the portions of roast pork that are dished up after they have gone through the modern cooking processes at home; but, this was done for the novelty of the thing, and no doubt, as a novelty, we ought to be able to stand for it at least once.

After the dinner, which was concluded as above noted with "pua ka uwahi o kilauea," which in this particular instance was intended to mean "smokes," there was a program of speaking as usual and then the guests were driven to the local Japanese theater where a special show was to be given in honor of the press delegates by the Japanese of the city.

The Japanese population of Hilo had made great preparation for this performance and it was a splendid entertainment. Not the least interesting part of the show to the visitors was the Japanese audience. Special seats had been left for the press delegates but all others were occupied by the Japanese residents of Hilo. There were hundreds of them, all sizes, shapes and forms; all in good humor, smiling, happy. This was their night!

There was, of course, deliberately on the part of the Japanese, a strong flavor of Americanism throughout the most of the program. It opened with the singing of America by some fifty or sixty little Japanese girls and boys prettily grouped upon the stage and waving U. S. flags. Following that came the first "insinuating" part of the program, an address of welcome by little Miss Higuchi, a cute little Japanese miss of about fifteen years of age; one who spoke unbroken English, and one who, had it not been for the almond turn to her eyes and the little deeper than usual dark to her complexion might have passed very easily for a bright student of an Iowa high school.

I question if she wrote her address all herself. There were some adroit references to the race problem made and there was a delicate undercurrent of appeal for sympathy for the Japanese. There was nothing objectionable about the little talk, but there was a transparency in

it that did not escape detection on the part of the members of the press company present. In a very gentle way the little girl urged upon her hearers the claim that the Japanese children here are won to American customs and institutions; irrevocably devoted to them, and the final thought left with the audience had to do with the fact, that, since these children, born of Japanese parents in the United States, had been reared under advanced institutions fostered by the Americans it would be impossible for them to be anything but Americans. Reared in our schools, under our flag, taught our way of living, it would be impossible for the children of the common Japanese living in the United States to go back to Japan and exist as they have to exist in Japan. In other words, unless they are allowed to stay in America they will be homeless. The little girl made a hit, despite her daring, but at that she wasn't a marker to what followed later in the evening.

Following this address of welcome there was a very pretty exercise by little Japanese girls, probably five to eight years of age. Special instrumental numbers on the "koto" and flute by the Misses "Uyemoto," "Hiratsuka" and "Shimamura" and Messrs. "Maruhashi" and "Takuchi." Then there were more exercises; the song "Aloha;" an exercise "Yamato-Sakura;" a beautiful Japanese dance given by two of the young women in Japanese costume and following that a very spectacular, brilliant and all together novel parade of ancient Japanese characters. These were supposed to represent legendary characters and some somewhat obscure historical characters, no doubt. The spectacle was a very novel and beautiful thing.

Following that came the second sensation of

the evening. Mr. K. Kawasaki was billed for an address, and he was "there with the goods." As has been stated before: this was Japanese evening. Mr. Kawasaki had prepared for it. He opened his address with the most extravagant words of respect in favor of his audience of "illustrious" people representing the "most powerful influence in the world" and deplored his unworthiness to presume to address them in a fitting manner; but, he did his best! And, he launched into a bold, unequivocating discussion of the race question; challenging the charge that the Japanese are not loyal to the United States and hesitating not a minute to discuss any phase of the controversy from A to Z.

Mr. Kawasaki is a graduate of one of our eastern colleges; speaks perfect English; is a ready orator and his arguments were made in about the same manner that is used by professional debaters. He was as logical as could be expected, fairly convincing in many of his assertions and claims, but his address just about confirmed the suspicion already gaining ground in the minds of many that the Japanese had staged this show just for the purpose of getting in one good shot at the press people; feeling that unless they did so, the press people, in the hands always of the Americans would go away entirely too prejudiced against the Japs.

I can hardly say that the members of the press party were provoked when they learned that they had been sort of double crossed by the Japanese. Some were amused. Some excused them. Others scolded because a good show had been interrupted by too much propaganda effort. C. Yada, the Japanese consul at Honolulu, was present and the day after the incident he apologized to the president of the press congress for the "nerve" of the Jap ora-

tor, and all was forgiven. To the credit, too, of the Japanese chairman of the evening, it must be stated that he began to feel that the orator was getting too long winded, so he called him down by advising him that there was still considerable "show" left, it was getting late and the "illustrious visitors" were billed to sail from the island of Hawaii at 11 o'clock that night.

Mr. Kawasaki quit rather abruptly. He had imposed good naturedly upon good nature. There was no particular harm done. The Japanese of Hilo had prepared for the Press Congress visitors such a show as few of them had ever seen before; none might ever see again. The event was all the more interesting because of the Kawasaki event. This was something strikingly different; typical, perhaps. It gave the "illustrious visitors" another view of the Japanese, and we were out for "views." Many were seeking knowledge. This came at an unexpected moment. It came in a way that was a little annoying to the one who was seeking after entertainment only, but to those who like to see into the depths of things this incident was a real happy occurrence.

Next came some demonstrations of ju-jitsu by Japanese athletes and this part of the program made a never to be forgotten hit. Few of those present had ever seen anything like it before, and the performance was really marvelous in its illustration of Japanese skill in the art above named. It was so interesting because it was so different. The finale of this part of the program was not as pleasant as the wrestling demonstrations. One of the muscular Jap boys ran a few long pins, they looked like hair pins, through the muscles of his right arm and let them stay there quite a while, while several in

the audience joined this writer in shivering.

The final feature of the show was the most spectacular thing of the evening; a wordless play, entitled "The Spirit of Spider." This was so splendidly oriental in all its features as to be a rare treat to all. The acting was brilliant; the costumes gorgeously Japanese in every particular.

Thus ended Japanese evening in Hilo. The events in connection were sufficiently significant to get large press notice, but no one was hurt and the press people got a chance to hear most of Mr. Kawasaki's carefully prepared address, in which the Jap cause was interestingly and cleverly defended.

LETTER XXVIII.

"The House Built By the Sun"

Honolulu, October 24, 1921

We left Hilo the evening of October 14th, bound for Kahului, island of Maui, where we arrived the morning of the 15th and were received by the people of Kahului in the cordial way common to all the people of the Hawaiian islands. There was a county fair on and immediately after the boat had docked, as nearly as it could at this shallow water port, and the visitors had been taken ashore by small boats, they were transported in automobiles to the fair grounds where they had a fine opportunity to see, not only the products of the island representing modern forms of things agricultural, but very many uniquely interesting creations, the work of native Hawaiians who still do clever weaving, etc., out of native grasses. Also there was on display very many relics of ancient Hawaii.

Aside from the purely native features, typifying early Hawaii, the fair was not much different from an Iowa fair, in its exhibits and its entertainments. They had their grain, fruit and floral exhibits; their fancywork booths, their stock show, their automobile and implement exhibits, etc. Then, too, they had the merry-go-round, the baby rack, the cane racks, the ferris wheel, fruit stands, "hot dog" sandwiches (or something that smelt like scorched dog,) ice cream cones, candies, balloons, etc., etc.

The "different" thing about it all though was the conglomerate crowd: the Chinese, the Japanese, the Portuguese, the Filipinos, the na-

tive Hawaiians, the Koreans, the four or five other nationalities conspicuously in evidence, big and little, roaming about over the grounds, eating cones, licking all-day suckers, smoking cigarettes, laughing, chattering in many tongues and having a regular "county fair" of a time.

There were boys of fifty-seven different varieties, it appeared, and of as many sizes. Not an uncommon sight was that of Japanese mothers, dressed in native costume; short little women, with big heads, big bundles of hair on the summit, wearing kimonos and sandals and shuffling along over the grounds leading a baby or two, with three or four or five straggling along behind. There were the Hawaiian matrons and misses, too. They run to corpulency rather freely and they dress a great deal like the women of the United States dress, although the short skirt has not engaged the attention of the Hawaiian women yet. They still wear long skirts and seem to favor the train. On a little stage at the end of one of the exhibit halls little Hawaiian girls in grass skirts danced the hula hula to rather crude music made by an ancient Hawaiian dame on a very simply formed stringed instrument which may have been intended for a ukelele.

The most interesting girls we saw were Chinese girls, young ladies about sixteen to nineteen years of age. They dressed in silk or sateen pantaloons and coat, the pantaloons loosely hanging, the coat in some instances a sort of a cut-away, rather long. They wore dainty American shoes, no hats and their hair was either in a braid down the back, or in two coils at the back of the head, the coils held up by pretty white ornaments, made of ivory, or bone. A group of those dainty little creatures

moving about, neatly though uniquely dressed, never failed to attract the admiring attention of the visitors from abroad. No one could fail to be impressed by the common sense simplicity of the garments and there was an entire absence from the attire of anything that might be regarded as suggestive or daring. It takes our own American girls to pull that kind of stuff.

I don't remember whether I explained before that the Hawaiian islands are all volcanic. They extend from the southeast to the northwest, some 1600 miles. There are about thirty of them, but only a few of the larger ones are large enough to be usefully inhabited. The one of those farthermost southeast is Hawaii, and it is the newest in volcanic formation. It is not finished yet. Its volcanoes are still at work, some of them as heretofore described.

The island of Maui, next northwest, is the next youngest island. It has no live volcanoes on it, but it has the biggest dead one in the world, it is claimed. That is, the biggest extinct crater. It is called Mt. Haleakala—"The House Built by the Sun." Arrangements had been made to care for those of our party who wanted to make the ascent of Haleakala to the number of thirty, there being night accommodations for about that number at the summit. Some forty-five of our party had expressed a wish to make the ascent, but in the final analysis but twenty-six lined up for the trip. This writer was one of that number and in consequence the twenty-six left the rest of the party at noon and started for the summit of the mountain, the object being to get there before sunset.

Haleakala is a little over 10,000 feet high, and in making the ascent we started at sea level. It is not like our western mountains, al-

ready six, seven, eight thousand feet high before they start to go higher. Here you start clear at the bottom and go clear to the top. For that reason the trip is not an easy one. It means a very great change of temperature in a short while, as well as a sudden change from heavy sea level atmosphere to an exceedingly more rarified brand of ozone.

We went as far as we could in the automobiles and then changed to horses for the last eight miles of the trip and the final climb of between five and six thousand feet. The north side of Haleakala edges on a narrow strip of the island of Maui and shortly after the ascent begins the ocean can be seen on both sides of this narrow, low strip while the mountainous country beyond contributes a fascinating element to the scenery. With each increasing rise of a few hundred feet new beauties come in view and at any time during the upward journey, if one will just stop and look, he can get such a breath of delightful scenery as will fill him full to overflowing with poetical thoughts.

Of course, though, poetical thoughts and rocky mountain paths over which one rides on a somewhat reluctant horse, or mule, do not always blend into a perfectly harmonious combination. One sometimes has difficulties in adjusting his mental self to that nicety of balance that will permit him to forget the rather precipitous declines at his side, ignore the ever present thought of what might happen if his horse would stumble and fall, and persist in fixing his mind and thoughts upon the sweeping landscape beyond, the green towering mountains in the distance, the soft bed of sea waving into pretty little bays, and the gentle horizon of blue wrapping its tender arms around the whole scene.

We could not look at scenery all the while as we picked our deliberate way up the rough and rugged path heavenward. True, some ten guides and other local companions watched carefully that there were no accidents and that no one wandered from the path, or lagged too far behind, but with all those safeguards each rider had his own important duties to perform in saving himself from possible embarrassment.

Most of us, as on previous occasions, trusted to our mounts, hung on to our saddles, and, of course, glanced outward once in a while, just often enough to make it appear that we were not helplessly afraid. We added frequently to our bold attitude the testimony of such an exclamation as "Isn't that perfectly wonderful." And it always was, so we were safe at all times in extravagant comments whether they were heart-prompted or not.

We reached the top of the mountain before sundown and we stood upon the rim of Haleakala in broad daylight and looked down into the immense crater before the shades of night had begun to darken the depths. We saw the shades finally come, the rim of sunlight slowly creep up along the walls, and the deep of the crater take on an unspeaking darkness.

Before night had come we had distinguished the thirteen little craters within the big one, tiny cones, from 700 to 1000 feet high insignificantly dotting the great bed of the crater proper. We could detect, too, at a depth of about 3000 feet evidences of some vegetable life on the floor of the crater. The ages have built a floor of soil over a part of the crater bottom and on that has grown up trees and other greenery and in this comparatively safe zone wild goats make merry as the centuries come and go.

The ragged rim of this crater is 20 miles in circumference. The mountain emptied its flow of lava out through an opening that reaches to the sea but the greatest depth within the crater is 5000 feet. Some have pronounced the grandeur of Haleakala more impressive than that of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. As for this writer, I prefer to remain neutral in the controversy. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado illustrates the work of erosion. The flow of many waters during hundreds of centuries has torn great gaps through the mountains and left on the exposed walls such marvelous colorings on such wide stretches of rock canvas as make all men marvel. At Halekala another nature force wrought its wonderful picture. Fire in a blatant mood stirred up such a commotion in the heart of this mountain as resulted in an explosion that threw an ocean of flames and lava floods through the top of the mountain and left the poor old mountain with its heart exposed to the changing weathers of countless centuries. Approaching the summit, one would expect to find the usual top of a mountain, another side moving off toward the distant sea. Instead, one comes suddenly to a ragged rim and looks down into a hole in the mountain top; a deep, uninviting, yet wonderfully beautiful cavity, large enough, someone has said, to bury all of the buildings of new New York City within and still have room enough to dump the buildings of Chicago on top, leaving still more volcanic space as a dumping ground for other cast off materials.

We have made no verification of the figures above quoted. We do not confirm them. All we do know is that we have stood upon the edge of the "House Built by the Sun" and we have decided that the sun is some artisan, some

builder of world wonders. There is a legend in Hawaiian history which says that while the sun was building the house in Haleakala he fell in love with a beautiful princess of the reigning house of the Hawaiians and told the princess that whatever she asked she might have. The princess asked that the terrible heat of Maui might be modified so that the people of the island would not in the future suffer so much from it. The sun therefore caused a gentle, cooling breeze to mark its perpetual course across the low lands of Maui and thus bring to the people of that land the cooling comfort so much needed. Ever since, the breeze has been there. It was there when we arrived; it was there when we left. The natives have faith that it will be there for ever and ever.

Up at the top of Haleakala the breeze is never needed, but its always there, too. It is a cold breeze at that elevation; very cold. Just as soon as the sun went down, and darkness came on, and it comes very quickly after sundown there, the cold became rather bitterly penetrating, and the guests at the summit hastened to put on sweaters and hunted the breezeless corners under the protection of the walls of the stone house. By the way, the summit house is a one story, one roomed house, and we found upon counting noses that in all there were forty-two people to eat and sleep in the one room of that one roomed house that night. The guides, who were much like cowboys in their appearance and demeanor, seemed perfectly at ease under such circumstances. They were of several different nationalities but all a happy go lucky lot of chaps and it fell to their lot to do all the cooking, serve the evening dinner, etc. One short little Chinaman was the cook in the interior of the summit house where he

was preparing in what looked like an old lard can, a mixture which he described to curious investigators as a "stew." Outside, on the lee side of the building another cook, a Hawaiian, was preparing the coffee, over an improvised grate which balanced threateningly at all times on the ragged edge of collapse.

It was a good supper though; there was plenty of stew and plenty of coffee. No one asked what the stew was made of, and unchewable fragments of rags, etc., were pleasantly expectorated upon the floor by those who happened to discover them, and the merry music of lapping up the soup went on. The coffee, too, was hot, and heat was the primary thing in demand. The diners dined in installments and then after all had eaten, the most of the party got out on the lee side of the summit house and danced and sang and yelled, "just to pass the time away."

The crater of Haleakala shows dark by night, very dark, black. The thing terrifies in its utter depths of dark, but off toward the course of our afternoon's journey upward, great banks of silver clouds rolled. They were perhaps about three thousand feet below us, and the full moonlight gave them their silver sheen. There was an ocean of these clouds filling all the valleys about us to the north, and even the lights of the towns below were shut off from us. This was a spectacular cloud exhibit which had not been billed as a part of the regular program.

We slept as best we could that night. I think the extent of disrobing consisted of taking off the shoes, only. I know that was all I took off, and that was enough. I awoke early, too; and I got up just as soon as I could get out from under the various parts of five or six

other mountain climbers who had spread themselves sort of indiscriminately around over the large but sufficiently numerous bunks upon which the guests were supposed to lie. A cowboy was sitting up smoking a cigarette. I asked him the time. It was 3:30.

Wrapping a blanket about myself, over all my other clothes, I went out to look for the southern cross. I didn't find it. I am not sure there is such a thing, or, if there is, if it is worth looking for. The clouds had broken, however, and away below us I could see the lights of Kahului, Wailuku and Puu Hele. After a little while, though, a cool, damp cloud settled down over the top of our mountain and I was driven in for a time. Later in the morning the clouds drifted away, the sun came up radiantly bright, the crater was again an open book and we looked once more upon its myriad beautiful colorings and marveled again over the magnitude of the spectacle.

The ascent of the Haleakala is worth while. The biggest extinct crater in the world is a deeply impressive thing to look upon. One who sees it will never forget it; will always remember it with strange emotions, and often, no doubt, try to tell about it. But, it is "untellable," just as are so many other things which one may see and may feel in one's heart. Haleakala marks one of the most stupendous volcanic upheavals that nature carries any open record of. Here one may see the pit from which flowed oceans of lava and from which were thrown up immeasurable quantities of ashes, flames, rocks, etc. The marvel of it all is though that the pit is left so perfectly formed, such an unbroken outline of the scene of Haleakala's one time activities.

Our trip down the mountain was uneventful,

excepting in so far as the appropriation of mountain dirt and dust by the travelers contributed toward the sensational. None of our party having washed, or combed, or changed their clothes since we left sea level the day before, it is not strange that the order of the "dirty dozen" with full membership and waiting list, was organized as we wended our ways to the foot of the hills.

Ex-Senator Frank P. Glass of Birmingham, Alabama, was made president of the new order; Reginald Ortcuff, of Brooklyn, N. Y., vice president, and J. Zerby, of Pottsville, Pa., secretary and treasurer. "J" was honored by being chosen treasurer because he seemed to be the one who excelled in the quantity of dirt accumulated.

At a half way point at the foot of the steeper part of the mountain we were turned aside up a little road and to the residence of one of the wealthy plantation owners of the island where we were permitted to "clean up" a bit and then were ushered into the presence of a turkey sandwich luncheon which will not be forgotten much sooner than Haleakala's wonders.

After the luncheon we took our deliberate time in driving back to Kahului where after an hour's wait on the dock we were finally gathered up by our ship's motor boat and taken out to the Matsonia. Soon the other members of our party came drifting in from a trip around the island, telling us about the wonderful things they had seen and the splendid treatment which had been accorded them everywhere they went. We feel though that we had the best of the bargain even if we did come back from the mountain top tired. Some of our party admitted a few days later that the trip had been

a severe one on them. It had left them, as one man said, "depressed." I am of the opinion that the wide spread in altitude, with the attending spread in temperature, all accomplished in so short a time, was a sort of physical shock, like the sudden plunge into cold water, excepting that the exhilarating effect of the cold water plunge was not felt after the descent from the somewhat frigid temperature of the summit of Haleakala.

The evening's entertainment was a swimming exhibition in a local pool. Duke Kahanamoku, world sprint champion, Warren and Pua Kealcha, Marie Wehselau and Helen Moses of the American Olympic team were there and of course put on some show. They were assisted by some fifteen other of the swiftest swimmers of the islands. Of course the small boy swimmer was there, chuck full of what the announcer called "nut" stunts. We left Kahului at midnight and arrived at Honolulu by breakfast time the next morning.

LETTER XXIX.

The World's Press Congress

Honolulu, October 27, 1921

The return from Maui to Honolulu marked the end of the inter-island tours. Henceforth, our stay in the Hawaiian islands was to be centered on the island of Oahu, city of Honolulu.

The World's Press Congress convened in this city the morning of Oct. 17th for its regular program, to cover four full days with a fifth day to be given over to the meeting of what is known as the Pan-Pacific Union Press. I shall not enter into an extended report of the meetings of this congress. Many addresses and papers as delivered and read were not clearly "understandable" to me, or to a very great number of the other people in attendance. They will all come out in English in the official report of the proceedings, some day, and then, those of us who attended the meetings will be able to find out what was said.

While English was the official language of the Congress and while it was presumably used throughout all the meetings, yet it came in such broken form in so many instances that it was not possible to follow the speakers. There were addresses by Spanish, Greek, French, Korean, Chinese, Japanese, Norwegian, etc., etc.

Most of the representatives in the Congress were from the United States. Many of those from the states belong to the same class as does this writer. We came, not because we could be of any considerable use to the Congress, but because the opportunity for travel, at a minimum cost with maximum advantages

was offered us, and because we are in hearty sympathy with any movement which looks toward the improvement of international conditions and feel that a better understanding among the publishers of papers in the different countries of the world will tend to establish a better feeling generally between the different peoples of the world.

Many of the papers of the United States represented at the World's Press Congress are not papers of large international importance. The publishers did not so pretend; but they are in all instances papers of considerable local importance somewhere. It takes only a grouping of local fields to make a national field and a grouping of national fields to make an international field. There was not a paper honestly represented from any part of the earth at this congress that was not of some helpful importance in the great convention.

The president of the World Press Congress is Walter Williams, head of the School of Journalism, Columbia, Missouri, the first school of Journalism ever established in the world. The World Press Congress is largely the idea of President Williams. It is as yet an idea that has not expanded to the point where it has gained the attention of the most important papers in the world, to the extent to be desired. I do not mean by that that the effort is insignificant. It is widely significant, but there is much room yet for expansion. There are a great many newspapers in the world that are sort of sufficient unto themselves. They are aristocrats. They are big and prosperous and self reliant, and, in a sense so headless, or with so many different heads, that it takes quite a splash to attract their attention.

The bigger papers of the United States were

not nearly all represented here. Europe was well represented from Great Britain, but from the mainland there was not enough representation, although Greece, Norway and Spain were present in good force. The next Press Congress will perhaps be held in Europe and in that event, continental Europe will no doubt come into very much more active life. But, if the newspapers of the country were not all here, we had good "movie" representation at all times, and that will help some. Wherever we went, there was the Pathe man; a general man who supplies all weeklies; and still another movie man who took everything he could get. And, there were "still" photographers by the score, at times.

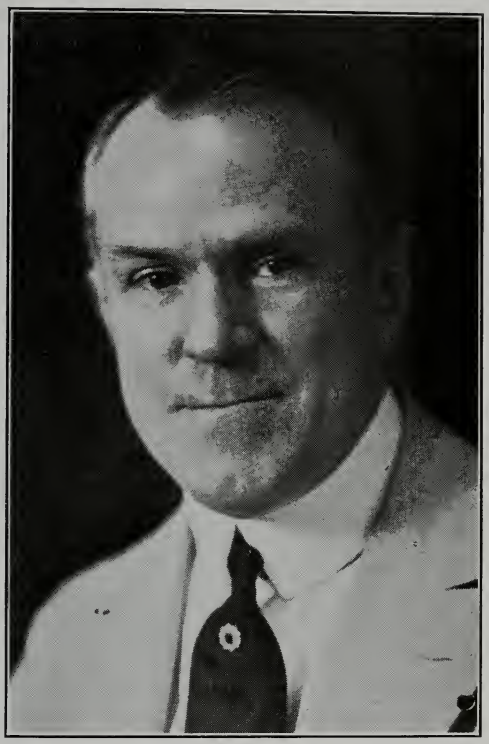
As I have stated before, the object of the World Press Congress is to establish "World Press Understanding." We all know that "newspaper talk" is sometimes the cause of trouble. We all know that "newspaper gossip," like small town gossip, is often unintentionally malicious, and frequently the basis for quarrels that ought to have been avoided and are very often the continuing cause of resentment between people or nations. President William's ideal is to reduce world news to the lowest possible minimum of unreliability. It is doubtful if he "will get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas," but his ambition is to help get them out and in that movement substantial headway has been made in the meetings here.

As a presiding officer President Williams is all that might be desired. He is at all times master of the situations developed in the regular course of the proceedings. He has a keen sense of humor that helps to carry him through painfully threatening periods of monotony. He

has nerve sufficient to "call" the self important individual who has an uncontrollable desire to hear his own voice long and frequently. He did not let things drag; he hurried and he urged others to hurry. He made friends on every hand because he was friendly; is friendly, naturally. He is not impressive in appearance. He wins by sheer force of mental domination. He is not pugnaciously aggressive. He insinuates himself gently, but effectively into the heart of things and so, there was no drag in the World's Press Congress proceedings.

James Wright Brown, the secretary-treasurer of the Congress, is Publisher of the Editor & Publisher, New York City. He was usefully conspicuous in the Honolulu meetings at all times. He is a man of high journalistic ideals; like President Williams, a fine Christian gentleman, and the contagion of his personality built friends for him on every hand. Under such officer leadership the World's Press Congress should radiate peace, justice, good will, charity in quantities sufficient to rapidly permeate the world which was never before in a more receptive mood for such influences than it is now. If officership will insure the success of this Congress we have won!

One could not fail to be pleasantly impressed by the splendid feeling shown between the delegates from the different countries. Japanese, Chinese and Koreans fraternized, apparently, in the most cordial manner. They treated each other with the most considerate courtesy, and each country was well represented. There was a grand old man here from New Zealand, Mark Cohen, by name. He, too, radiated good will and peace on earth at all times. In his addresses he would lose himself frequently in gentle eloquence. Australia with three or four



JAMES WRIGHT BROWN

Secretary-Treasurer elect World's Press Congress

Mr. Brown is editor of "The Editor and Publisher," New York City. He is one of the most enthusiastic and able votaries of the "World's Press Congress" idea. We'll say he's a fine gentleman! He was always busy.

representatives, too, assumed a conspicuous part, always, in those debates that had to do with anything that presumably sought to bring the people of the world into a closer understanding of the different problems that face each, individually.

All in all, we can sum up the object of the World's Press Congress about as above outlined. It is simply a get-together organization; starting in a small way, receiving splendid treatment on every hand, and recording "success" as the verdict passed upon the results attained at this meeting, and a success I believe which really goes beyond what might have reasonably been hoped for prior to the meeting. The outlook at first was a little discouraging. The attendance from the United States was a little short of expectations; but it was sufficient, when augmented by the delegations from the orient and from the southern lands, to make a good big convention.

Mr. Williams was re-elected president of the Congress with James Wright Brown as Vice President, as above noted. A more compact organization has been perfected; there is wider and deeper interest in the movement than before and the future of the organization as a means of world usefulness is not at all unpromising. In fact, it is one of those organizations from which the negatives seem to be banished. It must either do good, or be neutral in its effect. There is little possibility of any harm emanating from a movement which has as its object good, only, and which appeals only to the unselfish impulses of those who are interested in it.

In caring for the delegates to the congress Honolulu has done herself proud. Numerous round-the-island excursions have been given the

delegates, special shows have been staged, lectures on subjects of particular Hawaiian interest have been delivered, tours of inspection to points of special interest in and near the city have been made, and all has been free from expense to the visitors.

One evening there was a special open air exhibition given by the native Hawaiians in which historical scenes of Hawaiian history were reproduced and Hawaiian singers in solos and in concert entertained in a way peculiar to themselves. Today was public school day; tomorrow will be a visit to the penitentiary and to the leprosarium; next day it is a trip to the navy yard and Friday night the Chinese in the city are staging a special production: "The Yellow Jacket" to which the delegates are admitted complimentary. Saturday night there are prize fights and Sunday there are special services in two of the churches and a football game in the afternoon for those who care to go. Monday free automobiles will carry us out into the mountains and show us the beauty heights of the country immediately around Honolulu, while earlier in the week we were taken in an automobile trip clear around the island and at that the half has hardly been told, for we have been to a pineapple plantation and cannery, out over a sugar cane plantation and through a mill, to say nothing of a special luncheon put on by the Ad Club and a swimming party staged by the "Out-rigger Club." Our readers will readily note that there are certain expenseless advantages that go with a trip of this kind that are not common to one when he tours alone.

Native Hawaiians enjoying the swimming at Waikiki Beach, Honolulu. With surf boards and outrigger canoes they ride the most boisterous waves, getting such a thrill as is common to no other experience. You would greatly enjoy it, too.

LETTER XXX.

Seventeen Varieties

Honolulu, October 28, 1921

Last evening we heard an illustrated lecture on the active volcanoes on the island of Hawaii and it filled us so full of "lava" again that I was tempted to write something more about the great volcanoes of Mauna Loa and Kilauea, but this morning we went out to visit the penitentiary and later on to the Kalihi Leprosarium and we saw so much of peculiar interest at these places that this little sketch will be a weak effort to describe something of what we saw and heard today.

At the penitentiary we were met by the High Sheriff, Wm. Jarrett, who took us all through the institution and explained the system under which they operate. Their method of operation is not particularly different from that under which many of our state penitentiaries are operated, so it is not necessary to touch upon that feature of the work. The prisoners are housed in a fire proof building and the interior showed that it is well kept at all times. Good beds, good clean food and dining rooms and plenty of bathing facilities, in the most modern fashion, indicates that these prisoners have all the comforts of home, so far as those essentials go.

It was interesting to know that the authorities have to provide three different kinds of food for their prisoners. There are people of seventeen different nationalities in this penitentiary and it so happens that they are so widely different in racial customs that what is

food for one is not food for some of the others. The orientals, who contribute a liberal part of the jail population have to have rice, etc.; the Hawaiians have to have poi and fish, while the whites and other nationalities not above taken care of require such food as you and I want. The result is, they set three tables in this prison.

Maybe, our readers will be interested in knowing that the Filipino is the most regular attendant in the penitentiary on these islands. Out of 642 all told in the prison, 209 are Filipinos, almost a third of the total number, while the population of Filipinos on the islands is probably not more than one-tenth of the total population. The Hawaiians, with perhaps about twice the number on the islands have but 133 in prison, while the Japanese and Chinese with still larger populations have a less number of their people in prison.

The Filipino is not much admired here. He has done nothing to win admiration. As a worker he is rated low, as a criminal he is rated high. That is, he is long on "evil doing." I happened to have a chance to talk a few moments with one of the heads of the Boy Scout movement here. He has been here eight years and has put in a great deal of time assisting in the athletic and other helpful work in the prison and he confirmed the common report that the Filipinos are not in general measuring up to the average standard of our modern civilization.

"The Filipino is unnecessarily brutal," my informant explained. "He will hold up a man, and then kill him, even when there is no necessity for murder, but evidently for the sheer delight that he gets out of the kill."

They are remorseless, too, and unconcerned

about consequences. As an example of their bravado this Boy Scout worker told the story of the execution of two of them for murder some months ago. The night before they died they danced jigs to music made by fellow prisoners and at the execution, my friend, who witnessed it, said that just before they pulled the black cap down over the head of one of the boys he caught the Scout worker's eye and grinningly winked at him.

"What kind of stuff are they made of?" I asked. "Certainly they are not even indirectly connected with the Hawaiians, are they?"

"They seem to have the brutal instincts of the Turk, and I think that perhaps their close association with Mohammedans—many Filipinos are Mohammedans—may have contributed elements to their character that make for a careless regard for human life and property," my friend explained, and added, "No, they are not remotely like the Hawaiians, excepting in color."

I am inclined to think that many long years under Spanish rule, suffering the brutal treatment that Spain meted out to her savage and semi-civilized colonial holdings had the effect of innoculating the Filipinos with some of the most vicious of the Spanish spirit. Certain it is the Filipino in Hawaii has done little to win the esteem of the people of these islands. He does not recommend himself for self-government and any recommendation for self-government, immediately, for the Filipino prompts the surmise here that he who recommends such a course does not have the good of the Filipino at heart, and, where the recommendation comes from outside the Philippine islands and outside of continental U. S. the inference is that

he who makes the recommendation has something in view for himself.

"Any 'lifers' here?" a gentleman asked one of the guards as we stood looking out at a bunch of prisoners in the prison yard.

"That one right over there, soldier—just came in—here for life," explained the guard pointing to a young white man, perhaps twenty to twenty-two years of age. "Killed the auto driver rather than pay the fare charges. Hit him over the head with a wrench. That fellow's brother," the guard added, pointing to a husky young Hawaiian, who was with us as one of the drivers of the cars we had come out in. The brother's eyes were full of tears. Out in the yard the murderer had caught our curious glances and was enjoying the situation immensely, apparently.

He and a boy companion had been in the city for the evening and at about two o'clock in the morning had called a taxi to take them out to Scofield barracks. They had no money, but this young man had tucked a wrench under his coat and when they came to the end of the ride he calmly hit the driver a blow over the head with the heavy wrench and there was no longer any demand for fare. The driver was silenced forever in this life. The soldier boys could go on in to their bunks and sleep in peace. The chauffeur would trouble them no more.

"How long you here for?" we asked a Chinaman who was trying to sell us cuff buttons which he had made during his odd hours.

"Me here long time," Chinaman advised, "killee wife."

We didn't buy any cuff buttons. If "John" is in for a long, long time he doesn't need the money and if he killed his wife, she doesn't need it, so we passed on to where a couple of

Honolulu stenographers were trying to inveigle a young Korean delegate into buying them ivory necklaces "just to remember you by." Mr. Korean didn't fall for it though. Maybe he didn't care to be remembered. At any rate the bold manners and the artificially colored cheeks didn't seem to impress him to the extent of loosening his purse strings, noticeably.

But, talking about the Philippine islands, there was a party of congressmen here some months ago, 60 in number. They landed at Hilo first, evidently, for while they were driving out to the volcano one of the congressmen got sore at the driver of their car because he was unable to tell them how far it was to Manila where he wanted to go to spend the night. He had a "friend there." My informant stated that the congressional ignorance concerning the Hawaiian islands was something pitiful. The congressman above referred to thought Hawaii was a part of the Philippine islands and that when he was on the island he was but a few miles from Manila; while in fact he was nearer to Yokohama than he was to Manila and was about 4000 miles of sea away from where he thought he was.

From the penitentiary we went to the Kalihi Leprosarium, where an entertainment had been prepared for us by the patients in the institution. Both the penitentiary and leper hospital are on the outskirts of Honolulu, beautifully located, surrounded by much tropical vegetation, with plenty of nature's other beauties near at hand to contribute to that demand of the human heart.

LETTER XXXI.

The "Leprosarium"

Honolulu, October 28, 1921

Before I knew it I had stretched the story about the Honolulu penitentiary out into a whole letter and it was hardly worth the space given to it, but the subject now, the Kalihi Leprosarium, is worth many stories, the only trouble is, it is very difficult, impossible in fact, to do it justice. I cannot. In this hospital there are 168 patients who have leprosy. We were met at the gate by Dr. Hasseltine, the physician in charge, and were conducted by him and his lady assistant through the various buildings and over the grounds that constitute the institution.

The first feature of the program was a physical culture exhibition by about one hundred of the patients. It was given out doors and was very like any regular athletic exhibition by school children.

"Are these lepers?" was the surprised inquiry of many.

"All lepers," admitted the lady who was leading us about at that time.

"Serious cases?"

"Some of them; others are about ready for parole."

After this exhibition we were led to a neat, one-story building which we were told was one of the boys' buildings. We glanced in at the doors as we walked by. There were pretty little white beds, little center tables, chairs, pictures on the walls, flowers, and in addition to those things were numberless other more real evi-

dences of boy life, such as pictures of movie actresses, ball bats, mitts, etc., etc.

"Each boy takes care of his own room, keeps it clean, makes the bed, sweeps and scrubs, etc., etc.," explained our proud lady guide, who was a fine looking, intelligent Hawaiian woman.

Next we came to the girls' quarters. If there was any difference in neatness and cleanliness it was in favor of the girls, but all departments were in "apple pie" order. On the veranda of this dormitory there were a number of little girls, smiling, curious, willing to speak to everybody with their welcoming "Aloha."

We walked down by the row of little girls and spoke to them, looking rather closely into their faces to see if we could see anything that suggested disease, and we could, in some instances, in others we could not. That is the nature of the disease, the doctor explained. It takes the microscope to detect it sometimes, but these all have it in some form, or other, but most of them we hope to cure.

We came next to a building upon the veranda of which some eight or ten women were standing. Here we were in the presence of real leprosy. One woman was sightless, her eyes sticking out as reddish balls, her nose was sunken in until there was only the outline of a nose on her face, her features were hideously disfigured.

"This case had progressed several years before we found it," the doctor explained. "She was found recently back in the mountains."

And, her daughter was there, too, and her grandmother, all victims of the disease who had been kept hidden from the authorities. The little girl might be saved; the mother helped; the grandmother would have to go to Molokai

and to that colony which cares for the hopelessly afflicted. On most of these patients leprosy had left conspicuous marks; disfigured faces, sightless eyes, twisted fingers and deformed feet.

Next we came to another dormitory where there were some twenty of the patients, all in gay regalia, carrying flags and flowers and wearing wreaths over their brows and shoulders. Most of them were smiling and apparently happy and we learned that they were ready and anxious to begin giving the program which they had been practicing a number of days in anticipation of our visit.

The guests all went out to a little grandstand that was used for the purpose of seating visitors on such occasions and the orchestra and choir, composed of patients, sang a beautiful number. In the meantime those who were to stage the exhibition were marching down from the dormitory and placing themselves in a group that was distinctly artistic and pretty.

At the head of the procession was an old lady carrying the Bible and on either hand and behind were others, men, women, boys, girls and three or four little children bearing flowers and many other decorations and carrying flags of many nations with Old Glory in the forefront. The scene reminded one, in some of its features, of a summer evening festival back in Iowa.

Peering deeply enough under the outside though one could see that amidst all that show of floral and beribboned glory there were some human beings who were in distress. Here was a man with no nose, with but one eye, a deeply sunken face, great wrinkles in his forehead, imperfect feet. The progress of the disease had

been stayed with him, but no treatment could give back to him the things that were gone before the treatment came. Here, too, was a girl who apparently had no fingers; and another woman's face showed great blotches, and wrinkles, and a sunken nose. There were others with minor disfigurations. There was misery here, but hope, too, and a spirit of make the best of it.

Suddenly the group of lepers started to sing. It was "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow." The singing was as sweet as any choir music; there were many good voices there, and the spirit of the song touched deeply, for I learned afterward that many others joined this writer in the operation of brushing away a tear or two as an accompaniment to the music. And after that, they repeated the Lord's prayer, and then an old woman prayed that the world might be freed from the scourge of leprosy and that the sufferers here might be "washed in the blood of the Lamb," and be made clean—"whiter than snow."

After the singing and the prayer there stepped into the foreground a nicely formed, young white woman, some eighteen years of age, I should say, light colored hair, a typical blonde, graceful in her movements, daintily attired in white with low necked gown. She made a short, elegantly prepared address of welcome and then just before she retired she announced the next number on the program.

This girl was a Caucasian of good birth, a native of Hawaii, and there was nothing about her appearance to indicate that she was a leper or that she was diseased excepting a slight evidence of reddish blotches under her eyes and across the upper part of her cheeks. She looked in her face much as does any white girl who

has exercised rather "strenuously on a hot day and then pantingly" stopped to rest. This girl is responding to treatment nicely, and will probably be cured. Her mother is also in the hospital, a more advanced case, and she asked to be excused from appearing in public. Her daughter though, added a splendid touch of grace and dignity to the exhibition.

The first number on the program was a song by a young man, a Hawaiian, a splendid specimen of physical manhood, with fine, even features, and I am pleased to say that we were advised by the doctor that he would be paroled as cured at once. He had escaped disfiguration. In his song he was accompanied on the guitar by another young man, more advanced in the disease, but not showing it, while, a toothless woman, with gnarled fingers and a slightly sunken face and crippled feet, and another showing leper marks not so plainly, but unmistakably, joined in the chorus of the young man's song.

A group of garlanded girls sang a tribute to the Hawaiian Princess Kalanianole who with a small party was in the audience. The calling of the islands in song brought to the fore little boys and girls, eight in number, each decorated with a lei and carrying other flowers and some other things to represent each of the inhabited islands of the Hawaiian group. This was a pretty little part of the program and gave the smaller boys and girls an opportunity to figure in a pleasantly conspicuous way in the program. There followed a pageant of the whole group of inmates to express in that way their appreciation of and their love for the United States Health Service which has done so much to alleviate the suffering of the patients of this institution.

The patients sang a song in honor of a former official of the hospital under whose direction the first successful use of the present methods of treating leprosy was made. During this song there came upon the scene a little procession of eleven people, representing eleven different nationalities, each carrying luggage and dressed to represent the way they appeared when they came to the hospital for treatment. These eleven people made a particularly striking appearance because of the individual differences in appearance. There were Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Porto Rican, Chilian, Hawaiian, Negro, Filipino, etc., etc. One was a big, stalwart white young man whose nationality I did not learn; he looked like a Russian. The Portuguese was a girl of about eighteen years, a very pretty girl, showing no external signs of the disease so far as we could see and she was dressed in street attire, wearing a dainty blue suit, sailor hat, daintily fitting modern shoes and looked very like she was just out for an afternoon stroll in the park.

The one part of the program, though, which illustrated the effects of leprosy upon human beings most graphically was that in which Dr. Hasseltine brought forward different lepers and showed to the audience just what this dread disease does when once it gets a hold on people. He presented first a man, who was apparently sightless; his nose had flattened into his face; there were great furrows across his brow and extending back over his forehead; his features were frightfully distorted in every particular. He did not look like a human being, and yet, the treatment used at Honolulu is staying the progress of leprosy in this case. The doctor showed two or three women whose hands were twisted, faces disfigured, joints refusing

to function, eyes affected, bones in nose decayed, etc., etc. They were not a pretty spectacle.

He presented two young Hawaiian women, girls of perhaps twenty years of age. They showed no signs of leprosy externally after a few weeks of treatment. They were apparently as clean and as perfect as any one, but in response to the bacteriological test they still showed that they have the disease. Otherwise they are just as whole as anyone else, the doctor explained. There came forward a little girl of about eight years. "This," stated the doctor, "is our prize case. After a few treatments she refused to show any further signs of leprosy at all. All tests failed. We could hardly believe it, but it's true. She will be paroled soon, now." Several other cases in various stages of development were shown.

Next there was a sort of a tableau presented, in which a nurse advanced to Dr. Hasseltine carrying a tray upon which were a number of vials. From this tray the doctor lifted in turn and held up before the audience the little vials that contained the chaulmoogra oil in the different forms through which it passes in its laboratorical developments into the specific form in which it is now used in treating leprosy.

In a former letter I think I explained that this specific as now used has lately been brought to its present state of useful effectiveness through the experiments of Dr. A. L. Dean, President of the Hawaiian University. The oil in its newly developed form is injected into the muscles of the patient and its curative effects are marvelous. Leprosy has for a long time baffled experimenters in many of their efforts to understand it. They think they have

isolated the bacteria, but there is no way of knowing positively, as this writer understands it, since the human being is the only animal that responds to the infection. They have discovered no other animal upon which to experiment and, therefore, such experiments as are made must be made upon human beings who offer themselves voluntarily for that purpose. In the Kalihi institution Mrs. Rosalie Blaisdell, a patient of Hawaiian nationality has offered herself as the medium for further experimentation looking toward still greater developments in the treatment of leprosy.

The lepers at this hospital have named their retreat "Mount Happy." A rather odd name for such a place, but it is an amazingly pretty place with a most delightful atmosphere about it, everything considered. In this institution there are few hopeless cases. The result is, of course, that all are looking forward to something better. There is a rainbow in the sky always for most of them. It costs $250,000.00 a year to maintain Mount Happy. It entertains people of all nationalities as the above indicates. Time was when it was a difficult thing to find lepers and to get them into the hospital. Now they come willingly. It is rarely necessary to send officers for them now. They know and understand that the institution will help them; will probably save their lives. The incubation period of leprosy is long, though. It may be in the system of a person for eight or ten years before showing itself. So, the leper problem is by no means solved yet. For years yet there will be new crops of lepers coming on. People have it now, all unaware of the fact. Some day it will develop. Then, if the case is promptly and properly diagnosed, the victim can be taken at once to a Leprosar-

ium and treated with a splendid chance to be cured.

The doctors, though, don't like to say yet that they cure leprosy. They discharge their patients on a parole, with the statement that the disease has been "arrested." In 1921 ninety-four patients have been discharged from this hospital and only four recalled from all previously discharged. In 1919 only a few were recalled for further treatment. Many are apparently cured, showing no signs of the disease after several years of release. In 1920 none were recalled. The disease is infectious, but not violently so. The doctors and nurses handle the patients without fear, although the infection is probably from personal contact. Cleanliness is a safeguard and an essential one.

An interesting thing about the treatment used now to cure the lepers is that the good effects of the oil have long been known, and it has been used for several years, but the oil in its original form is too strong for general practical use. The reaction from its use was so severe that in many cases the reaction itself was worse than the disease treated. It then became the study of investigators to see if the dross of the oil could be eliminated from it and the healing qualities retained. That has been accomplished.

What medical science has done in the handling of leprosy is one of the greatest of modern benefactions. For many centuries leprosy has been the most dreaded plague in many parts of the world. It was looked upon as absolutely fatal. The leper was an unclean thing, doomed to death and destruction. There was no hope. Not so now. The treatment of the disease has been perfected to the point where a leper in the earlier stages of the disease has a better

chance for life than do those afflicted with several other human contagions, the mastery of which has not yet been accomplished.

Those of us who visited this Leprosarium feel that we have had a rare opportunity to witness one of the most advanced pieces of medical accomplishment that the world has ever witnessed, but we witnessed more than that. We see again, in another form, another illustration of what our country has done for the helpless in the world. Leprosy has always been a devastating disease among the Hawaiians. "My people suffer most from it," our lady friend at the hospital informed us. Here in this institution Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos and all the afflicted of whatever color or race are cared for at the expense of the state. No one is allowed to suffer because of poverty. Here the people of all nationalities find a friend indeed. Uncle Sam takes them in his arms and cares for them. Lepers in this institution enjoy such comforts as they had never in the moments of their most extravagant primitive imaginations dreamed of having. I doubt if they have perceptions keen enough to appreciate in full what they receive. We can only hope that all these beneficient efforts will not be in vain.

LETTER XXXII.

Our Hawaiian Army

Honolulu, October 28, 1921

"Military Day" and "Naval Day" were great days for the World's Press Congress delegates. Special programs had been prepared at Camp Scofield and at Pearl Harbor. They were wonderful programs, too. To novices in the art of war the exhibitions were marvelous. There were in our party those to whom the scenes of the demonstration were not so new, for they had been in real war; had seen service on the European battle fronts. Most of the party though were unaccustomed to military doings on as large a scale as we were privileged to witness while in Hawaii.

Camp Scofield covers several thousand acres. It is a permanent camp, and there are about ten thousand soldiers stationed there now. All modern war equipment is in store there and the army is supported by fortifications and naval forces which make the people of Hawaii feel that they are well taken care of. The fortifications of Diamond head, covering the approach to Honolulu harbor and the opposite side of the island also are said to be second to Gibraltar in their capacity for trouble making for any contemplated invader.

We went out to Scofield barracks Saturday, October 22nd. Automobiles called for us at our hotels and we were taken directly to the barracks, some six miles out of the city. As each car entered the camp domains an officer stepped on the running board and directed the line of travel, and stayed with the car and its oc-

cupants until the final official ceremonies of the day were over. There are hundreds of large and small permanent buildings here to house the men and officers and in addition to that many large structures essential to the requirements of such a great camp.

One of the first things we saw as we approached the camp from around the hills was the great observation balloon hanging over the camp, and later towed about by a big army truck, while the balloon maintained its altitude of some fifteen hundred feet above our heads. We had hardly anticipated such a pretentious show as we were to see. After being driven all over the spacious camp grounds we were taken to a little grandstand where seats had been reserved for our party and such an extensive military program was given as we would never see again outside of war, we were told by our guide, a young lieutenant.

The guests of honor, occupying the reviewing stand were: the Governor of the Territory, Wallace R. Farrington; the Commander General of the Department Major General Charles P. Summerall; The Commandant 14th Naval District, Rear Admiral Edward Simpson, United States Navy; President Walter Williams of the World Press Congress. Even if it is a little long I am going to publish the full list of program events in order that our readers may have some idea of the variety of war activities which are cultivated in this great camp. Brigadier General Joseph E. Kuhn, U. S. A., was in command and the first feature of the program was the salute to his honor, the Governor, after which came the review of the Hawaiian Division and attached units of the Hawaiian C. A. District and the Air Service.

The Divisions and attached units passed in review in the following order:

Commanding General.

Division Headquarters.

21st Brigade: 27th Infty., 35th Infty., 44th Infty., 3rd Engineers; 11th Signal Corps.

11th Field Artillery Brigade: 13th Field Artillery, 8th Field Artillery, 11th Field Artillery, 11th Ammunition Train.

Division Trains: 11th Ordinance Company, 1st Battery Hawaiian Anti-Aircraft Regiment, 12th Search Lights, 1st Battery 55th Artillery G. P. F., 3rd Balloon Company, 59th Ambulance Co.

Music by massed bands 250 pieces, composed of the 27th, 35th and 44th Infantry and the 11th and 13th Artillery and the 3rd Engineers.

Our readers will gather from the reading of the above that to most of the members of this press party this review parade was a stupendous show. Ten thousand soldiers were involved and before us passed soldiers and soldiers and soldiers in such enormous quantities as made us all look on in amazement, and yet as our friendly lieutenant explained this was but a baby show to what the full manned army puts on when war is the order of the day.

Over us airplanes buzzed and from the captive balloon two soldier boys jumped and gracefully sank to the ground, a half mile away from us, the violent wind dragging one of the boys over the ground rather brutally before he could disentangle himself from his parachute. The bloody marks of his bruises showed rather plainly a few moments later when he and his companion were brought up and presented to the reviewing party.

Next came the special features of the pro-

gram demonstrating the activities of the different departments of the service here represented. First was air service illustrating aerial combat, bombing raid, radio communications, attack raid, followed by the passing in view of the 5th Group air service. As a part of this show, too, two fast planes engaged in mock battle, wireless operators communicated from plane commanding officers headquarters, photographer took pictures of the grounds and party from airplane and distributed proofs in less than an hour, airplanes raided position and destroyed ground targets, and finally a fleet of planes passed in review before the stand, first in V shaped formation and later in single file and flying low to salute.

Next came the infantry in demonstration of disciplinary drills, physical training with band music, massed boxing, recreational games. This was all very interesting, the exhibition revealing without further elaboration the reasons why soldier boys are in such fine physical trim while on active duty. They exercise, and they exercise for fair.

Following came the Infantry Combat; an infantry battalion demonstrating automatic rifles, machine guns, 37 milimeter guns in attack supported by light and heavy artillery. Here was noise a plenty with the distant targets suffering terribly from the gun fire directed their way and hitting with a painful regularity.

Next came Lighter Than Air Service, demonstrating the manipulation and operation of balloons and balloon observation for artillery practice.

And to wind it all up they blew the whole top off with demonstration of Anti-Aircraft firing, Light and Heavy Artillery firing, and a light and heavy artillery barrage. Some jump-

ed from their seats in the grand stand and rushed for the rear, so piercing did the noise become at times. Many of us had heeded the advice of an officer who told us to keep our mouths open so the sound could hit both sides of the ear drum and maybe that helped a little.

Anyway, it was a big show, and yet so small compared to what so many of our boys in the U. S. A. saw and experienced at a time when it all meant something sterner than did this exhibition! We turned away from these scenes with a better understanding of the science of war, realizing that the great expense that attends the maintenance of armies is an unavoidable expense, and few of us, after spending a few weeks in the Hawaiian islands, only ten per cent American, are ready to assert that we do not need quite a ready army and navy yet a while in the middle Pacific.

The practice with the big guns was noisily spectacular. They were across the field from us so far that the puff of smoke when the gun was fired showed some few seconds, it seemed, before we heard the report, and then, away over in the mountains, after such a "long while," we would see the dirt fly, a great cloud of smoke arise, and then after waiting another "real long while" we would hear the dull rumble of the echoing explosion. The anti-aircraft guns were stationed near us and when they broke loose to repel the oncoming enemy planes our ears split wide open.

The scene of the review, too, was especially impressive. Company after company passed by in such splendid marching form and behind came the field artillery, the guns and other munitions drawn by bright, clean caterpillar trucks moving in such amazing uniformity of action as was surprising to all. They were al-

most human in their precision of marching deportment.

It was a wonderful show, fully appreciated by the press party and the grandeur of the impressive scenes of the day will never be forgotten by those who saw them. The soldier boys, too, seemed to enjoy it. All entered into the spirit of the day with a thrilling enthusiasm. Nothing was left undone to give to the visitors of the day as big a peace time thrill as can be evolved from a great army camp. We got it.

LETTER XXXIII.

A Beautiful Temple

Honolulu, October 28, 1921

The big military exhibition closed at Scofield Barracks at about noon and our party then started on a drive around the island. The whole island cannot be encircled by automobile but something over a hundred miles can be made while the entire distance around the island by automobile road would probably be about one hundred forty miles. The southeast point of the island is too rough for circumnavigation by motor vehicle.

Leaving the barracks our road led out thru pineapple fields, some of the finest and most extensive of the islands being in that vicinity. There are in all in cultivation on the islands about 50,000 acres in pineapples. There are 15 canneries, 8 on the island of Oahu. The pineapple matures on the plant in about 18 to 20 months. The usual process of planting is by using the little knob at the top of the ripened fruit or by planting one of the many suckers that grow at the side of the plant. The pineapple seeds like many other seeds always run wild when planted. Each seed produces its own variety while the plants remain true to parental form.

The ripe fruit is delicious beyond description. It fairly "melts in your mouth" as sister says. That simply means that we do not get fruit that is fully ripened at harvest time in the states. It will not ship in that condition; has to be plucked green and shipped that way. The pineapple stalks, or plants, grow three to

four feet high. They are squatty. The leaves are spears, dagger-like, long, narrow, green, sharp-edged blades. The fruit grows in the center of the plant and a pineapple crop is an interesting appearing crop.

Lower down in the trip along the island we went through an immense cane field and then finally wound up at the little town of Waialua on the northwest corner of the island where there was a beautiful beach and a hotel, and there we had our mid-day meal.

From Waialua after our lunch we started up the windward side of the island along a beach so pretty that there is no use trying to say much about it. In general this side of the island is a scenic side. There are a few cultivated spots and some points connected with the other side of the island that make interchange of activities possible. There were some pineapple ranches stretching up along the mountain sides and a little cane, but very little compared to what there is in the other side. It must be remembered that the backbone of all these islands is a range of volcanic mountains that extend through all of them from northwest to southeast and the left hand side as we go southeast is the windward side. Against the face of the mountains leaning to the windward side the rains and the winds have beaten for centuries, leaving the walls precipitous and full of deep gullies over which hundreds of little streams make beautiful waterfalls in the rainy season.

This, too, is the rainy side of the mountains. It is a peculiar thing, but it is claimed that on the island of Kauai, just north of Oahu there are two points barely two miles apart at one of which there is the greatest rainfall known in any part of the world, while at the other the rainfall is as small as at any other recorded

point in the world. The reason is simple enough. The warm winds coming in from the sea, sweep up along the sides of the mountains striking the cooler atmosphere and immediately there is dampness. It is a dampness that goes no farther, though. It doesn't get over the mountain to that dry point two miles away, and the result is that they capture the water on the wet side of the mountain where there is little tillable soil and carry it by tunnel through to the other side of the mountains where there is no rain but lots of soil that needs only the water

Some shady nook, with a bunch of "Banyan tree" supplying the shade. Each tree is a grove all in itself.

applied in irrigation to make it wonderfully fruitful.

But, if our scenic side of the mountain isn't so very fruitful in the matter of vegetable growths it is certainly abundantly supplied with beautiful scenery. For some forty miles our road ran along with the tall mountains at the right, and a beautiful beach at the left, the ocean sweeping in over the lava points and the coral reefs in the most beautiful surfs imaginable. All along the coast we would see points where the spray leaped high, and the ocean

sang never ceasingly. Another of those dream pictures in which language proclaims its uselessness.

Such habitations as we saw on this side of the island were very crude in construction, generally excepting that at a few points there was a wider spread of low land with considerable tillable soil and better improvements. At one or two points, too, the mountain range backed over so far toward the other side of the island as to permit of rather extensive settlements on the windward side. The good road was one of the finest artificial things that we came in contact with in many miles.

We finally came to a little town by the name of Leai. It was not unusual in appearance. The buildings were squatty and the surroundings rather commonplace in all their features. The leader of our automobile caravan turned up one of the streets of the little village and we followed. We rolled along through narrow streets by the side of little homes, observing that there was rather more activity here than we had seen since we left Waialua. Suddenly we turned another corner and came face to face with one of the greatest surprises of our whole experience in the Hawaiian islands.

Before us on a little hill with its back to the mountains and its face out toward the Pacific was a cream white, gold trimmed, frieze decorated temple. It was approached by two broad stone walks, with frequent sets of five or six steps, the space between the walks being occupied with pools of beautiful water with fountains playing in them and all about the temple stretched a beautifully green lawn upon which were many large, decorative tropical plants, while at the rear of the temple and on either side, perhaps some one hundred and fifty

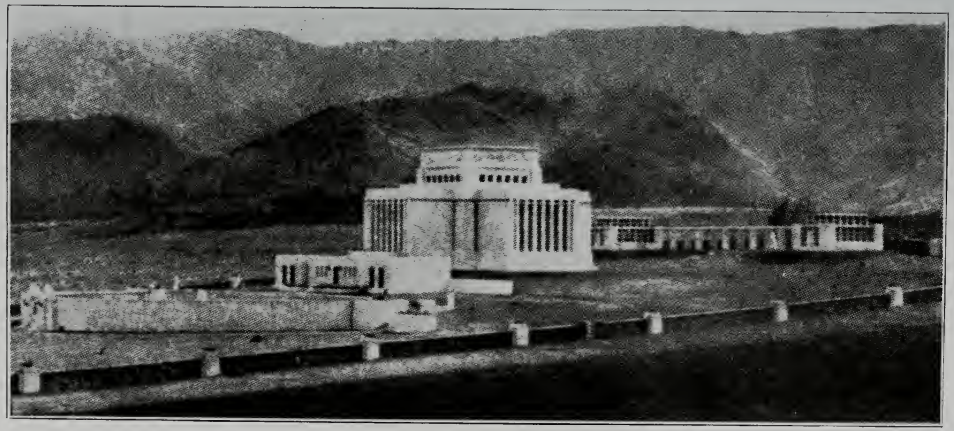
feet back were two artisically constructed fern houses connected by a stone walk bordering on the termination of the mountain edge of the lawn.

This whole scene burst upon us like a light out of darkness. Here men had taken advantage of the beautiful surroundings of nature and had gone the limit in an effort to attain to an artistic effect that would breath out something suggestive of the divine to all who looked upon it. It was and is a Mormon temple, built at a cost of $250,000; a near replica of the Salt Lake temple, only in smaller form. It stands as something startlingly, strangely, weirdly beautiful. One feels as if it might really be the "House of the Living God." The frieze work facing from the top of the four sides of the temple are reproductions of famous pictures of biblical scenes. The cornice stones at the corners of the upper parts of the building are tipped in gilt. The architectural style of the building proclaims its purpose without further explanation. The designers attained to their end in building it. The observer knows at once that the building was designed to be a sacred place.

There were men of the faith there to receive us and to show us about and to explain everything to us. Profane feet must not enter the temple so all we saw was on the outside. We asked many questions, many significant, others not so much so.

"Does your church still believe in and practice polygamy?" was the most interesting question propounded to our Mormon friend.

"Our church does not practice polygamy," the Mormon replied. "Polygamy is against the laws of this country and it is not practiced, or countenanced by our church. As a church we do not denounce the principle of polygamy.



THE MORMON TEMPLE

Laie, Oahu, Territory of Hawaii

Erected at a cost of $250,000.00, it is the center about which revolves the Mormon activities in the Hawaiian islands. The beautiful structure faces the pacific ocean with the mountain range immediately at the rear and the whole blends into an amazingly pretty scene. There is a colony of Hawaiian Mormons.

I am myself the son of a father who had eight wives and fifty-seven children. Polygamy was practiced by our people in accordance with a revelation authorizing it. Revelations we believe are just as necessary now as they ever were and God makes his revelations to us. It is one of the established principles of our faith to subject ourselves to the laws of the country in which we live. God authorizes that and we obey. We render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's."

"Who can enter the temple?"

"Only those who are known to be fit. They must be tried in the faith, true to our doctrines, clean. In one part of the temple we permit our young people to enter to be married. There they are sealed for eternity. The ordinance is sacred."

"You don't have divorces then?"

"Yes, we have special provisions for that, in case husband and wife find they have made a mistake."

I didn't quite get him there. Sealed for eternity, unsealed for eternity. The process seems bewildering, but what of it? The face of our Mormon friend had settled into an expression that brooked no equivocation. You and I have both seen them often and will see them again. That face that looks upon you proclaiming that "I am set in the eternal faith. My understanding is final. What I know, I know. There is 'no power under heaven given among men' that can change me. I am right, eternally right, all else is wrong, eternally wrong."

We purchased a picture card or two and then climbed into our automobiles meekly and wended our way up along the coast talking Mormonism, plural wives, big families, tariff,

pineapples, etc., etc., until all, of a sudden we came to another world wonder. Well, they said it was anyway. They say it is one of the biggest wireless stations in the world. Marconi himself came over and supervised its construction. It had great tall steel poles and wires enough for forty such stations as I had seen before. It covers acres and acres of ground. It stands on an island point far out in the ocean, in radio line with all the world. During the war it grabbed stuff from Germany, I was informed, etc., etc.

I must not get away without saying a little more about the Mormons and their Hawaiian people, though. A local man was my authority and he stated that the membership of the Mormon church in Hawaii is made up principally of Hawaiians and that they are the best behaved, the most prosperous, the most industrially useful Hawaiians on the islands. He thinks that it is the show of the thing that attracts them and that some features of the Mormon faith are like their old religion. Then, too, there is always something to strive for. They must be real good so that some day they will be permitted to get into that "Holy of Holies" and look around. The Mormon teachings insist upon clean, regular personal habits, no drinking, no chewing, no swearing, no other forms of unseemingly conduct. No wonder they are thrifty. They seem to have helped the Hawaiians.

LETTER XXXIV.

A Visit to Pearl Harbor

Honolulu, October 30, 1921

There is a wonderful naval base here, far back in narrowly approached but fine deep little bays on the Oahu coast. Our program said:

> Pearl Harbor is a deep inlet, extending some six miles inland, through a long, narrow, winding channel of river-like proportions. It is divided into three arms or locks, and has some 30 miles of deep water front and depth enough to float any vessel of the Navy.
>
> The United States government has deepened and straightened the entrance channel, constructed fuel oil and coaling stations, a first-class concrete drydock, construction and repair shops, flying field, hangars for both army and navy, submarine base, naval and marine barracks, and generally has made a naval station of the first class, which is being constantly added to and improved. Pearl Harbor is defended by a series of Coast Artillery forts. Plans for extension have been formulated.

We visited Pearl harbor October 29th. Special street cars took us from our hotels to the naval dock on Allan street at 9 o'clock in the morning and there we boarded mine sweepers that were to transport us to the naval base. The trip out however was not to be featureless. In fact, that was a large part of the show. Our transports were under escort, one destroyer, tw eagle boats and a seaplane being our protective companions as we steamed out from the dock at Honolulu.

We were well protected, for understand, there was danger of an attack from submarines, and Admiral Simpson himself in command, was determined that we should be guard-

ed on every hand and from above. Our transports, mine sweepers that had seen active war service in the Atlantic, were quite different in size and accommodations from the big ship that we had sailed into Honolulu on. We got a real taste of sea going on a war boat during this trip. The boats reacted to the swell of the sea readily and the result was considerable internal distress on the part of some of our party, but the ride was not a prolonged one, so there was not so much trouble of that kind as we would have had had the excursion carried us far out upon the more distant waves of the Pacific.

There was one interruption to the morning's program that was indeed interesting. We had just got nicely under headway, driving out into the sea, with our escorts all strung out in regular formation covering perhaps two and a half miles, when a decrepit old boat spitting out huge columns of smoke and ploughing awkwardly and deliberately through the waves, came in on our left, threatening to disrupt our formation, and mar the even tenor of our appointed way.

The Captain of our boat used language which we will not reproduce here. We all sympathized with him in his vocalizations, but that didn't help any. On came that dirty, measly old tramp steamer, headed for the orient, standing on her rights evidently, and she wasn't going to vary her plan of procedure for any other boat on the high seas. The water was as much hers as ours. We assumed at once that she was an oriental vessel whose captain and crew didn't give a tinkers "durn" for any thing or anybody.

It looked as if our whole plan of procedure was to be interrupted. Of course, we assumed that it was a Japanese freighter, and it was.

What did they care for us? We were all just ready to join the anti-Jap movement for all time to come; to enroll ourselves with the irreconcilables of our Pacific coast in a persistent and uncompromising crusade against the Jap wherever he might be. "Down with the Jap," we were ready to shout. "To Hades with the mikado." Yes, we were beginning to more fully appreciate the real danger to the civilized world of the "yellow peril" when something happened. The ragged old tramp steamer faltered a trifle in her course; she hesitated a moment or two, and then like a hog rooting in the garden she nosed her way around until she was headed due south and lumbered off through the great waves, giving us a semi-circle leeway more than abundant for the perfection of all our program maneuvers.

And, when all was said and done, we learned that the boat which has threatened our plans for the day, was, as above noted, a Japanese freighter; a slow going, deliberately inclined vessel that sort of drifted hither and thither as the exigencies of commerce encouraged her so to do. On this particular morning of our great "naval show" the Japanese freighter started westward for Yokahama, all unaware of the fact that the World's Press Congress party was being transported with elaborate escort out to Pearl harbor.

The captain of the Japanese boat soon observed, however, that there was something unusual doing in the waters and by wireless and signalling he was informed as to the character of the morning's exhibition and just as soon as he got that information he ordered his vessel to vary its course far enough to give us abundant room for the perfection of the scheduled program and on he went with his old tub lum-

bering through the mighty waves. And what about us who were just upon the verge of being converted to an uncompromising attitude toward the Japanese? We revised our conclusions, at least to the extent of admitting that this old Jap Cap. was a mighty decent sort of a fellow.

Later, when I went below in our boat, I discovered that one of the under officers on this U. S. A. mine sweeper was a Japanese boy. Was I horrified? Well, I was surprised. A Jap boy actually a part of our naval force! What might he not do against us? I voiced my misgivings to one of our own people, an officer on this same boat, and he didn't seem to be much concerned about it; simply called my attention to the fact that the particular Jap officer whom I had seen and many other Jap boys had served all through the World war side by side with regular "United States" boys on U. S. boats and all had served efficiently and patriotically. He admitted that he wasn't "scart a bit."

The discussion of the Japanese question was interrupted by the thrilling announcement that we were being attacked by submarines. Of course that threw us all into a panic of excitement. Periscopes were in sight all over the waters, on every hand. Most of them proved to be imaginary periscopes, though. Finally, we did see a real one, then another, then another. There were four subs right on our trail. And one of them fired a torpedo. We saw it leave the submarine and trace its rippling course out across the sea. Farther and farther it went, the line of its passage being clearly seen by the naked eye. Far, far out we saw it make a sudden lunge or two and then it floated on the surface of the sea and two launches which had been pursuing it, later drag-

ged it into dock where it was lifted back to its home on the submarine which had fired it.

Fortunately no torpedoes hit us. We escaped the attack without injury. Perhaps that was a part of the program. Anyway, the one torpedo which we saw fired was directed away from us. The subs submerged for our benefit, came to the surface, dropped down again and finally drifted away. In our lead a destroyer that had been quietly moving along making no especial display of herself suddenly began spitting out the hugest quantities of smoke we had ever seen coming from such a segregated center and we intuitively realized that said destroyer was putting on a smoke screen in order to demonstrate to us the manner in which transports are shielded from periscopic observation when there is real submarine danger.

Above us we heard the hornet like buzz of sea planes and then there came great explosions. Hastening to the opposite side of the boat we discovered that two sea planes were bombing a traget set in the sea. The bombs dropped from the plane, a half mile high, struck the water with great explosions that expressed themselves in the form of huge geysers in which the water seemed to spray up to a height of a couple of hundred feet.

Next, the sea planes appeared again, after a short withdrawal for change of properties, one plane towing a target which was attacked with great destructive ability by the other plane manned by a pilot and a sharp shooter. Before this exhibition was over the target was a sadly mutilated object.

After we were landed at the naval station we were taken to the great dry dock, sufficient in capacity to accommodate the largest of our war ships, and the dock was partially flooded

in order that we might see that process. We made a tour of the radio station, visited the submarine stations and inspected the submarines at short range. One of them dipped under the water as we stood within a few feet of it. A deep sea diver, weighted down with all the necessary paraphenalia in making a voyage to the bottom of the sea, climbed over the rail of a vessel and took the plunge. To wind it all up there was a reception in the "Reception Hall" where we had the chance to shake hands with the admirals and the captains and such like, including their wives and other illustrious citizens of the Pearl Harbor station. Mess was served in Mess Hall, the banquet provided by the officers of the station, and it was a very nice mess, thank you; plenty to eat, good in quality, ample in quantity and the speech making was short and to the point. Admiral Simpson, who was at all times the perfection of cordiality to all spoke briefly for the Navy department and Walter Williams responded in an equally brief manner.

Trains took us by land back to the city. The path lay through rice fields, taro patches, small sugar fields and the like. There was a little moisture in the air and it sprinkled frequently. Rainbows, radiantly bright in their colorings hovered around us all the while. This is a land of rainbows. They seem to make their headquarters in Hawaii. They come right up into the back yard and sit down. There is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow in this land of many strange beauties, either. We know because many and many a rainbow ended within a few feet of us in the fields as we traced our way back to Honolulu this day. They tell us, too, that they have lunar rainbows on the Hawaiian islands. I did not get to see one of those,

there were none of them out the nights I was out.

The rice fields were the most interesting fields we noticed from the train on this trip. Some of them were being flooded, but the unique features about the rice patches, was the scare crow exhibit. All over the fields but a few feet apart were scarecrows; human forms "effigied," rags dangling in the air, strange, uncouth, bedraggled figures whose purpose it was to frighten the rice birds away.

These birds we learned are especially destructive of the rice. They know a good thing when they meet it. They care for no other food as they care for the rice grain. They eat it alive without sugar, or cream or pungent condiment. Therefore, the Chinese and Japanese growers of rice hate the rice bird and the rice bird knows of that hatred. They know it to their sorrow. They know it so well that they fear the angry rice grower and they shy even from the wind swept rags that wave their fleshless arms about over the fields. The scarecrow gets the rice bird's goat.

The taro, like the rice, grows in the mud. We saw Chinese and Japanese farmers working in taro fields; following the plow drawn by the carabao, the water buffalo, domesticated here and used for work in the mud, because it loves mud. The field prospect was not alluring. It was hard for us to understand how one could endure plodding along behind a plow through the mud mush of a taro or rice field, but the Japanese and Chinese do it and seem to like it. They come in from the fields heavy with the murk of the rice or the taro patch, they bathe in a garden pool, or in the sea if it is near by, and then in the evening they take the wife and the children and go to the picture show, if there

is one near by. The picture show has reached its arms even over into the obscure little villages of the Hawaiian islands. There are Japanese and Chinese picture houses in which various of our American screen stars seem to be as well known as they are in the heart of the mainland of the United States.

Just one word here about the taro plant, the plant that has been the vegetable basis of the food for the native Hawaiians from time immemorial. It is a root food like our parsnip, or sweet potato.

From it the natives make "poi." Cooked poi looks like a ground wheat cereal but it tastes differently. It is put through a process of fermentation and the result is that the perfected food has a sour flavor. It is easy to learn to like it, but few like it at first. The natives used to soften the taro plant in hot water and then pound it into a dry powder in a great stone bowl, using a stone in the pounding process. The task of preparing the poi was no easy one, and that was the work of the old women of the tribes. The more thoroughly it was pounded the more delicate the texture of the finished product. The chiefs were always fed with the best, of course, and that evolved the official position of "chef" to the king, or to the chief, and his poi had to be real classy stuff.

The poi was eaten from the bowl in which it was cooked; the diners dipping their fingers into the food and then sucking it off. One way of determining the quality of the poi served by a host, or hostess, was by the quantity that one could lift on one finger. If one finger did not carry a sufficient quantity to make a good mouthful, then the guest used "two fingers," and if two fingers were not sufficient, the poi became "three finger" poi.

It has taken quite a while to get back into Honolulu by railway train from the naval station, hasn't it? But here we are at last—back to the great metropolis of the islands. There is the busy hum of commerce on every hand. Were it not for the conglomerate population we would hardly know that we are outside of the United States. There they go, deliberately moving Chinese, rather inclined to corpulency; quickly moving Japs, sturdy Hawaiians, naval officers, Jackies, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese children, an occasional white boy, street cars, Fords, Buicks, Studebakers, Packards, Pierce Arrows and a horse drawn vehicle, the horse a sorry equine specimen, having picked its way into the city from some outlying district under the encouraging influence of an unusual native who persistently scorns all the overtures of civilization. He sits stolidly on the seat of his sadly dilapidated cart and looks out upon the swirling crowds in contemptuous indifference. He swerves neither to the right, nor the left. Automobiles, pedestrians, street cars side track for him. He fears nothing. He is a fatalist.

LETTER XXXV.

A Friend at Court

Honolulu, October 30, 1921

It has been an advantage to me to meet in Honolulu a former resident of my own county in Iowa, Mr. C. R. Pringle. No one could have been more liberal with his time and gasoline than he has been in helping me to see all that could be seen in the brief time that the World's press delegation are spending in Honolulu. He it was who piloted us on our trip around the island and he it was who took me one day to visit his pineapple plantation on the top of a mountain in whose ascent we encountered more natural obstacles than one would encounter in fifty times the same distance in placid Iowa. The road led up the side of a mountain over rocks and tree stumps and ragged mountain points for some two or three miles and to a height of several hundred feet above the city of Honolulu. It twisted here and there at many points to make the grade and ever and anon we were coming to spots where dynamite had been used to blaze the way. Some way it was!

My host had explored all this afoot and had found on the top and side of this mountain a beshrubbed tract of some one hundred forty acres which, underneath its ragged, uncouth surface promised something if it were cleared off and planted in pineapples. Now, there is a good pineapple crop on the way on the top of this hill. This little pineapple plantation is one of the first cultivated points that comes in view as the boats round Diamond head, coming into Honolulu harbor. For several miles

one can discern the tract on the top of a ragged mountain, and it stands out in unfailing testimony that enterprising human hands are busy even on the mountain tops of the Hawaiian islands.

I went with my friend one day, too, to his little home in one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful valleys adjoining Honolulu. He has a valuable five acre tract upon which he has his fine little cottage home with orange trees, banana plants, papaia and other tropical vegetation in his back yard and some pretty floral foliage in the front. Yes, back in one corner of his tract, too, he has a real for sure chicken pen with some big white hens rusticating through the deep foliage. There was something familiar looking about those hens. They looked upon me with unconcealed interest, too. Had we met before?

Maybe we had never met before in person, but in spirit we were the same. All of us were from Iowa. These hens and one stalwart rooster of the same type had made the same trip I have so recently made. They had shipped from Washington county, Iowa, and are now residents of Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaiian islands. They do not seem to have learned the Hawaiian language yet, since they cackled in the same old familiar tones that I learned to understand in Iowa, and in manners they seem to have changed little for my friend had a row with one of them in my presence, the controversy being over whether the hen should be allowed to "set" or not. While the "man" seemed to master the situation while we were all together, yet I have no doubt that immediately we were gone the hen "squatted" again on the dried lemon which seemed to be the center of her attentions when we first came on the scene. We tried to

make a joke out of "lemonade" and "lemon-laid," etc., but we didn't get very far with it.

This home is high up in a little valley. Go just a little farther up, as we did, and one comes to the jumping off place; to the place where the valley becomes too narrow and the hills too steep for further vehicle navigation. On either side are great high, green mountains. The scenery is beautiful. I spent one delightful night in this valley home, out of sight and sound of the ocean and so far around the corner from Honolulu that its existence was not in evidence, although a short drive down a good road was all that was required to again bring us into stirring city activity.

One other day we drove from Honolulu across the island to the sea on the opposite side of the island. There were coral reefs over there, and glass bottomed boats from which to view the deep sea scenery. Of course we enjoyed it all. It was all amazingly beautiful. In the drive from Honolulu at sea level to the sea level at the opposite side of the island we went but about twelve miles in distance, but we reached an altitude of 1200 feet at the Pali, the mountain pass.

The Pali is the point where Kamehameha first won the final victory that made him ruler of the consolidated islands. Here there is a sheer precipice dropping to the windward side of the island several hundred feet. Up this point the king forced the enemy army and then rolled them over that precipice. The pass has been perfected now by the building of a road around the Pali. The path has been blasted out and cement walled at the outside. Through this little crack in the mountain range the passage is effected. So strong is the wind current through this gorge, opening out toward the

ocean on both sides that a steel wire is attached by heavy iron bolts to the walls of the mountain in order that pedestrians may cling to it as they pass around the point and not be flung by the sometimes terrific wind over the precipitous wall.

On the windward side of the decline, the more precipitous side, the road is protected on the outside by a heavy cement wall built about three feet high and two feet thick. This wall extends a distance of about three and one-half miles and the climb in that distance is about nine hundred feet.

I owe much to my friend too for information about Hawaii and Hawaiian history. He has spent thirty-one years on the islands and he knows them and knows their history.

The political history of the islands has been very interesting ever since their value to the world became apparent. We early recognized their strategical value to us; so did Japan. The English flag flew over them for awhile as did the Russian flag. There were insurrections and insurrections, but they were never very formidable in character, because of the fact that the larger powers would not permit it. War vessels and marines were always on hands and supervised the situation very closely.

Queen Liliuokalani early in her b r i e f career as queen clashed with the interests in Hawaii. The king preceding her had discovered that the king wasn't very much of a king any more and he had sought to gain back some of the lost power. The queen, too, set about to do the same thing, to proclaim a new constitution and to reorganize. Too late! The island had, we might say, fallen into other hands. Civilization, as we call it, was introducing democracy into the islands. There are those who

claim that the new democracy was really an autocracy founded upon the wish to exploit the resources of the islands. Be that as it may, the fact develops that Queen Lil was dethroned, the islands were made a republic and later on, as we all know, became a part of the United States. It is said that there are still living in Honolulu men, very prominent in the financial affairs of the islands upon whose heads Queen Lil had set a price and whose physical annihilation would have given her great joy. Some

NATIVE HAWAIIAN BOYS

Dressed up, all ready to go to Sunday School. The picture was taken late in the fall and the youngsters had their heavy clothes on. They are splendid singers.

in the islands still say she was right; that she and her people were greatly wronged.

We are not here to pronounce judgment. Much injustice has been wrought in the name of civilization. Does the end justify the sometimes imperfect and erring means? Which would be best for the good of the world in general: that 200,000 natives should live on the Hawaiian islands as they did prior to civilization's appearance thereon, or that 200,000 people should live there as they do today? Or,

does it make any particular difference how they live, since all must quit living so soon, anyway?

There seems but one answer, regardless of the possible imperfections of today. The terrible slavery of the subjects of savage, superstitious, sometimes brutal kings and chiefs is not for this day and age. The kings of the ancient Hawaiians were looked upon as almost divine. It was death to pass under the king's shadow, to stand in his presence, to remain standing at the mention of his name, to be near when food that he was to eat was being carried by one consecrated to that special service. He willed the death of any of his subjects at any time. The common people owned no property. They could be dispossessed at will and with each new chief, generally, the old land occupants were dispossessed and the followers of the new ruler were installed, in much the same manner as we pass out our postoffices today when a new chief takes charge of the White House in Washington, excepting that in the ancient Hawaiian system there was a greater flow of real blood, generally, with each change of administration.

The people were idol worshippers and they were held in a constant state of fear by the priests, or kahunas, who were supposed to be in communication with the gods and who possessed the power to pray people to death. Here the black arts were indulged to perfection and as usual the common people were the goats.

LETTER XXXVI.

The Plantations and "Old Hawaii"

Honolulu, October 31, 1921

In none of these letters have I told of our trip to the Hawaiian pineapple plantations, to the canneries, to the sugar mills and through the great cane fields. There is not so much to those incidents; not so much that is interesting in a novel way. We have canneries in the United States and we have cane fields, too.

The Hawaiian pineapple has the reputation of being the finest pineapple in the world. It justifies its reputation. It's a peach of a pineapple. They grow to weigh as high as twelve to fifteen pounds, here, and if I am not mistaken the market value in the field today is about $26.00 a ton. This fruit grows at a higher level than does the sugar cane; a little different climate is required. Cane and pineapples do not grow well, side by side. I am no authority on the subject but the pineapple seems to me to be an odd animal. Does it belong to the cacti tribe? The fruit itself is covered with stubby bristles and the blade of the plant is like a two edged sword. The men who work in the pineapple fields wear mittens, or gloves to resist the onslaughts of the pineapple spear. Yes it's a real cactus, but the most interesting species of them all. There is another wild cactus which bears an edible fruit, too, but the pineapple cactus has all others beat for real food value.

There is one unique feature in connection with the cultivation of pineapples here that occasions considerable comment when it is first observed by visitors. The growers in some

instances "paper" their fields. Rolls of paper are spread over the fields, holes cut in it to let the baby pineapple plants through and by that means the pernicious forms of vegetation are smothered out. It's a great idea, isn't it? When the naughty plants and the bugs get entirely the best of old Mr. "Man" they are going some. In this country a happy comparison is frequently

A PINEAPPLE FIELD

This is on the top of a mountain of lava; time having melted it into a soil fit to produce large quantities of one of the most delicious fruits that nature has put on her versatile menu.

made when the native says to his girl disporting her new grass skirt: "It fits like the paper on dad's pineapple patch."

Some rather steep inclines are utilized in pineapple growing. Wherever the soil is right pineapples are planted no difference how steep the incline of the patch. They tell the story of one Japanese meeting another, the latter all

torn and crippled, and when inquiry was made by Jap No. 1 as to the cause of Jap No. 2's dilapidated condition, Jap No. 2 admitted that he had fallen off his pineapple patch, and he stated further that that was the third time he had "fallen off that summer."

The Hawaiian Pineapple Co. took the press delegates out to their great cannery, the largest in the world, showed us all through, fed us on pineapple until it ran out of our ears, then topped off with a fine luncheon in their great dining room which is run in connection with the cannery works, for the accommodation of the workers, almost all of whom are Japanese and Chinese. The canning process is interesting. Not a "smell" of the pineapple is wasted, or not very many "smells" anyway. They are peeled, cored, centered, scraped, squeezed, and in several ways treated "rough." We saw the whole process from the picking of the fruit in fields to the boxing of the canned goods in the cannery. The pineapples are fed into the canning machinery whole and they don't stop until they are solidly under lock and key in half pound, pound, and various other sized tins.

The Sugar Plantations

Also, we spent a half day studying the Hawaiian Sugar Industry, as the guests of the Hawaiian Sugar Planter's Association. Here we drove through the cane fields and saw them strip the cane by the burning process. That is the simplest system yet. They set fire to the field and let it burn. The fire kills off the insects, burns the loose leaves and injures the cane none. At the mill we saw the cane dumped, from the little cars that haul it in from the fields, onto a conveyor and in it goes never stoping until it is poured out in the form of brown,

unrefined sugar into sacks, ready to be shipped to the refinery.

The plantation we visited was the Oahu Plantation, one of some forty-five on the Hawaiian islands. The average yield of these plantations annually is about 600,000 tons of sugar, enough to make a whole lot of taffy. What say you? The crop on the Hawaiian islands is about an eighteen months crop. That means that there are always three crops in the ground in process of development; the crop being harvested, the crop being planted and the crop being cultivated. This keeps the labor employed all the while.

The great complaint here now is shortage of labor. Because of the shortage of labor the cane is not being harvested as rapidly as it should. If it is not harvested at the right time, it depreciates some, and there is the double loss of both sugar yield and idle acreage. Efforts are being made now to get more labor to the islands. More oriental labor is what the planters want, for the orientals are the best possible kind of labor for this work.

After the inspection of the plantation and the mill the delegates were taken to the home of the plantation for luncheon. The luncheon was served on a canopied portion of the beautiful lawn. The manager's residence is a stately home in the midst of the plantation with great tropical trees and plants immediately surrounding the building. The scene here was another of those strangely different ones; an ocean of cane field, with a break in the center permitting the building of a beautiful home and with tropical surroundings of extravagant beauty suggestive of story pictures rather than of a reality. But it was real. We were there and we ate "hearty" and after that we lis-

tened to a few addresses and then we returned by automobile and train to Honolulu.

The Spirit of Hawaii

There was an evening spent in Memorial Park, Waikiki, while the Hawaiian Patriotic Societies presented "The Spirit of Hawaii, Past and Present" to the World Press Delegates. The presentation was outdoors, under the big trees of the park, the audience facing the sea while between them and the sea the players

HULA HULA DANCERS

appeared in their portrayal of ancient Hawaiian life and customs, music, dances, etc.

The spectacle was a wonderful one. There were weird ceremonies in which old men and women, native Hawaiians appeared, illustrating the customs of long ago. Dancers in grass skirts presented the hula hula in a most striking manner. There were plaintive incantations in which old women chanted in heart-tearing tones some tragic story of long-time-ago

Hawaiian history. The dark figures moved in and out from among the night wrapped trees, making a ghostlike appearance. The sweetest of all the Hawaiian singers sang in concert and in solos. There were reproductions of ceremonies in which royalty, presumably appeared, and the occupations of the ancient Hawaiians were illustrated in tableau.

Finally, an epochal period in Hawaiian history was shown by a select group of the Hawaiians. Legend has it that the first people from the outside world to reach the Hawaiian islands were some Spaniards. Their vessel was wrecked near one of the islands and two young people, a brother and sister, alone reached shore. They were received kindly by the natives, were taken into the family of one of the chiefs and eventually became a part of the royalty. The landing of this brother and sister on the island in the throes of physical exhaustion, their discovery by two little Hawaiian children, their kindly reception by the older people of the tribes, all was shown in a grapic manner.

There came next the reproduction of the scene when Kamehameha I made that great advanced step in methods of conquest and officially proclaimed the entirely new law that henceforth in battle the old men and the women and children should be spared. He had discovered a law in economics that had been overlooked by previous rulers of the tribes of the Hawaiians, for it had been their custom in conquest to spare none, excepting the fairest damsels.

The finale of the evening was a sea scene in which a fleet of Hawaiian canoes passed in review close to the Waikiki shore, the canoes and occupants showing as dim shadows under

the pale lights of the primitive torches carried by the Hawaiians who manned the boats. This was an evening in "old Hawaii," sure enough.

LETTER XXXVII.

A Rotary Meeting

Honolulu, October 31, 1921

They have all kinds of clubs in Hawaii, all kinds of organizations. In Honolulu they have a wonderfully active Ad Club and that organization entertained the World Press Delegates at an alleged luncheon one day at the Outrigger Club House. We say "alleged" luncheon, advisedly. The members of the club issued a bulletin shortly after the event fixing a stain of guilt upon the shoulders of a "Greek" caterer whom they charged with having "hornswoggled" them. It was alleged that he had failed miserably on the occasion of the above mentioned luncheon in his contract to fill the World's Press delegates full of certain definitely specified Hawaiian edibles, each to measure up to a well understood standard of quality. As will be surmised from the above, the members of the "Ad Club" feel that they didn't get their money's worth. As for us, the visitors, we got more than our money's worth, but we want to be just as amiable as possible so we are going to stand by the Ad Club in any of their pronouncements. If they want us to kick, we will kick. The Ad Club put on a nice program, plenty of good music, good speeches, good stunts, good time, goodbye!

I attended two Rotary Club meetings. The Rotarians in Honolulu are very like the Rotarians in the cities of our home country. They are "peppy." Hugh Powell of Coffeyville, Kansas, and I count ourselves lucky in that we happened to attend the regular meeting of the

Honolulu Rotary Club at noon, October the 27th. The speaker on that date was V. S. McClatchy, editor of "The Bee," Sacramento, California.

Mr. McClatchy spoke on the race question and what he didn't say about the Jap and the "Yellow Peril" isn't worth mentioning. He had facts and figures to stagger the natives, in which he showed that at the present rate of multiplication it would only be a few short years before the Japs would out number the whites in our western country and completely absorb everything, if something isn't done to check their progress, numerically and acquisitively. Mr. McClatchy affirms that the Japs are non-assimilable; that they are devoted to their own form of government and loyal to the emperor, first, last and forever; that Japan as a part of her "national policy to preserve the solidarity of the race, does not permit the assimilation of her citizens by other nations." The Sacramento editor urges the "absolute of exclusion" of all Japanese immigration into the United States or any of its possessions, in the future. He makes no exceptions. He bars them all.

In this address the speaker gave figures concerning the birth rate of the Japanese in California which indicate that they are multiplying about three times as fast as the whites. That is one of the "yellow perils;" they bear more fruit than we do; they are more thrifty in the propagation of human kind, and the Sacramento man doesn't like the kind. Honolulu evidence sort of supports Mr. McClatchy's testimony as to the child bearing proclivities of the Japanese. Everywhere we go, on the streets, or in the parks, there are flocks of Jap children. They hatch easily. The speaker called rather disturbing attention, also, to the

way the Japanese have of taking economic advantages whenever and wherever they can. They are absorbing a great deal of California land; they control the fisheries in Hawaii; they are seeking to control the cane and the pineapple plantations of Hawaii. But the most compelling point that the speaker emphasized was the thought that the race is an alien race; an impossible race. He feels that we are inherently different; that ages of devotion to different customs, religions, manners, etc., have made us so unchangeably antagonistic that we can't be reconciled. We are hopelessly apart; there is no use of trying to get together. Those are Mr. McClatchy's sentiments and he spoke them plainly in a territory in which the population is 40% Japanese and there was no attempt made to keep his sentiments secret. The address was published in full in the evening paper on the date that it was delivered. Of course there was discussion. There was no discussion at this Rotary meeting but the newspapers took it up; private citizens took it up; preachers and teachers took it up; the Hawaiian born Japanese took it up.

Briefly, the answer is: the Japanese are still more primitive than we are. The friend of the Japanese claims that as the Jap takes on the civilization of the occident he becomes more and more like the people who forced him to open the doors to the "Hermit Kingdom," of only a little over a half a century ago, and let the light in, As he takes on western culture he becomes westernized. As it costs more to keep children and educate them, there will be a less number born. When children are cheap, they are plentiful; when they become more expensive they will become less plentiful, even among the Japanese.

The immigrant Japanese beat us out economically. They live on nothing, or near nothing, in this country, even as they did in their native country. The second generation becomes Americanized to the extent of wanting to do like and live like his schoolmates do in the public school. They want to go to shows, eat ice cream cones, play base ball, sing in the choir, ride on the merry-go-round. It is all a matter of adjustment, the friend of the Hawaiian Jap says, and the adjustment will take care of itself as the influence of our enforced school training works out in the daily life of the developing oriental.

The plea of the Hawaiian born Japanese is that if they are not permitted to live in Hawaii there is no place left in the world for them to live in comfort, for they have been trained away from Japan. To go back to Japan and assume their native station there means serfdom. The culture of American institutions has enlarged their souls to the point where the coolie life of the parent country would crush them.

In writing in the Honolulu Advertiser Kengi Hamada, a Hawaiian born Japanese said in part, as follows:

> "I am here to tell Mr. McClatchy, or anyone else for that matter, that all this talk about racial characteristics, heridity and religion is tommyrot. He does not know the Hawaiian born Japanese. Turn the lining of the heart of the latter inside out and you will find out the truth. What is racial characteristics, what is heridity, what is religion when compared to the impregnable colossos of American environment and education? Do you think so lightly of the vast influence of your own civilzation as to yield for a moment to the belief that it cannot surmount the obstacles of an alien civilization? Study the psychology of the Hawaiian-born Japanese, his

> mental and moral attitude, his inclinations, his yearnings, his ambitions, his sense of loyalty, aye, and his sense of justice, and you will find that he is an American to the core. You will find that he cannot and will not be a Japanese in the true sense of the word."

Well, there you have it. There is room for argument and more argument. And, it is not a one sided question by any means. Anti-Japanese leaders frequently ask: "What would Japan do to immigrants who threatened to overrun her the way the Japanese threaten to overrun us?"

There is only one answer. Japan wouldn't stand for it.

On the other hand, Japan never invited occidental labor over into her domains to do her menial work as we invited the orientals over into our country to do work that our own people will not do. Japan never sought occidental labor in an effort to get a cheaper labor product than she was able to get from her own people. We, for many years, invited cheap labor to this country. We encouraged laborers to come. The Japanese and the Chinese came from the Pacific side of our domains; the central and southern Europeans from the Atlantic side. We have not been blameless. Now it's up to us to be square with the people whom we invited "to our party."

Apparently they don't let the race question bother them very much in Hawaii. They are all here together; living in comparative peace and plenty. They accept the situation as it is. They are so much better as they are than they might be that they are glad to make the best of their good thing. At an exhibition which we witnessed just Thursday of last week at the Royal school on Emma Street several thousand children participated and there were few white

faces to be seen in the whole vast assemblage. There were some of many colors though and the exhibition demonstrated conclusively that the Hawaiian government is making a splendidly effective effort to Americanize the different nationalities that are grouped in the schools of

GOVERNOR WALLACE R. FARRINGTON (Center)

His companions are members of the Australian delegation to the Congress. Australia and New Zealand were represented by an enthusiastic group of men and women.

the territory. The teachers like the orientals. They find them bright, responsive. They enter into all the school activities with a devoted abandon that wins the respect and admiration of their teachers.

As for us, first let's remember that the orientals are human beings; emanating from the

same original source as we. They came into the world in the same manner that we entered; they go out in the same way. They eat and drink and have pain and pleasure. We do no less, no more. But, we are different breeds. There are certain racial characteristics that separate us. Therefore, it is necessary that we draw a reasonable line of demarkation between us. We can't be a dumping ground for a surplus population from any part of the earth without sacrificing some of ourselves, and if the imported product curdles in the melting pot, then it will be best not to mix. The yellow and the white blend into a sour mixture, it is claimed. That being the case the issue does present itself in a different light. It is necessary that we handle this particular phase of the race problem in a manner different from the way it is handled where the mixtures do not result in a pernicious coagulation.

It is the duty of all good citizens to do all they can to see that we up build our stock rather than down build it. If the yellow and the white races need to be kept from mixing let's do it in an amiable manner; let's take the situation philosophically, agree upon our domains and fully respect each other's rights and deal in a manner entirely fair to those who are innocently enough somewhat awkwardly situated today.

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Yellow Jacket

Honolulu, October 31, 1921

The most spectacular stage production that the World's Press delegates have witnessed while in the Hawaiian islands was shown to us Friday evening, the 28th, in Mission Memorial Hall. The Chinese community of the Hawaiian islands entertained the delegates with a presentation of the comedy, "The Yellow Jacket," put on by the Chinese Student's Alliance of the islands.

We hardly expect much comedy from Chinese but here in this play we discovered that there is comedy in them. It is safe to say that none of the delegates who saw this play were in the least disappointed in it as an entertainment, and in addition to that they had the conclusive evidence that the Chinese can be westernized even to the extent of teaching them to interpret and appreciate the more delicate qualities of western humor.

"The Yellow Jacket" is cast for Chinese characters, but it was written by George Hazleton and Harry Benrimo. Prior to the presentation of the play a tall, fine looking Chinaman, in dress suit and with a most radiant smile on his face took the platform long enough to welcome the delegates for the Chinese Community. This gentleman was Mr. William F. K. Yap and in opening his brief address he said:

> "The Chinese here realize the importance and far-reaching effect of your work relative to the peace of the world and to the far east, and in appreciation of this fact we wish to en-

tertain you tonight by presenting a famous play. The cast is composed of Chinese young men and women, born and brought up here, all of whom are good American citizens. They have spared neither time nor effort in rehearsing this play, and are glad to be given the opportunity of presenting it to you."

We were glad of the opportunity to witness the play, too, and just to give our readers an idea of the characters of the play we intend to here present the cast in the order of their introduction to us upon the stage:

Property Man_____James Chun
Chorus _____Jen Fui Moo
Wu Sin Yin (Great Sound Language) Governor of the Province__Charles T. T.Yap
Due Jung Fah (Fuschia Flower), second wife of Wu Sin Yin_____Bertha Ing
Tso (Fancy Beauty) maid to Due Jung Fah _____Lucy Seong
Tai Fah Min (Great Painted Face), father of Due Jung Fah_____Hen Kong Ing
Assistant Property Men_____Ah Hung Ho James Zane, Yin Fo Mark, Joseph Ting
Chee Moo (Kind Mother) first wife of Wu Sin Yin_____Ah Hee Young
Suey Sin Fah (Lily Flower), wife of Lee Sin and maid for the first wife, Chee Moo _____Mary Li
Lee Sin (First Farmer)____Raphael A. C. Ai
Ling Won (Spirit)_____Ken Kiu Liu
Wu Hoo Git (Young Hero of the Wu Family) _____Lawrence Lit Lau
Wu Fah Din (Daffodil)_____Richard C. Tong
Yin Suey Gong (Purveyor of Hearts)____ _____Kong Fat Chun
See Quoe Fah (Four Season Flower)____ _____ Florence Chock
Mow Dan Fah (Peony) _____Hazel Dang
Kong Soo Kow (Hydrangea)____Jannie Luke
Chow Wan (Autumn Cloud)___Ngan Sin Loo
Moy Fah Loy (Plum Blossom) daughter Tai Char Shoong_____Beatrice Chong
See Noi (Nurse) in charge of Plum Blossom _____Ruth L. T. Yap
Tai Char Shoong (Purveyor of Tea to the Emperor) _____Yuk Jay
The Widow Ching_____Loi Tsin Chong
Maid _____Rebecca Young

Maun Gung (Blind Man)_____Daniel K. Low
Git Hok Gar (Philosopher and Scholar)
_____Wallace K. Y. Lee
Loy Gong (God of Thunder)___Robert Kahea
Kom Loi (Spider)_____Edward H. Leong
Nung Fu (Humble Farmer)__Jen Fong Moo
The Scene Represents the Stage of a Chinese Theatre
Music by Quon Lok Hin Society

Stage decorated by Henry Inn

Furniture and decorations loaned by Fong Inn Co.

Costumes are those used originally by the Chinese theatrical company known as Han Kow Sing, which played at the old Aala Theater until it disbanded several years ago.

Producing Committee

Jen Fui Moo, Chairman	James Chun
Mary L. S. Li	Hen Kong Ing
Lawrence Lit Lau	Peter Chang

Staff

Peter Chang_____Business Manager
Daniel K. Low____Assistant Business Manager
Yo Ken Mau _____Publicity
Hen Kong Ing_____Stage Manager
Linn Dtih _____Lights
Eleanor Moo _____Prompter

Does not that sound Chinese enough for anyone seeking more orientalism? It was Chinese in appearance and setting only. The English language was used, and as above mentioned the interpretation was English in that there was absolutely nothing obscure about the production. Its demand for artistic acting was met in full by these young Chinese people of the Hawaiian islands. They seemed to enter into the spirit of the piece with the fullest possible understanding of the demands of the comedy.

The "property man," James Chun, for example, never in three long scenes changed the expression of his face from that of a disgustingly bored manipulator of stage accessories. The properties were a part of the open stage

equipment and it was his professional duty to build mountains and bridges, create storms, represent trees, provide the utensils for tragedies, assist the departing spirits to make their get away by means of ladders, linger carelessly about while kings and queens stalked the stage in regal grandeur and complacently provide the long slim dagger with which a cruel old man was to remove an heir apparent from any apparent chance of gaining a kingdom.

Jim Chung took it all as a matter of course. He was unmoved by the dazzling beauty of "Moy Fah Loy." He nonchalently held the paper flower that she might in tense ecstasy breathe in its fragrance and when she had breathed and sighed, and sighed again he tossed the paper "gew gaw" carelessly into the property trunk and proceeded then to dig from the depths of the same enclosure the bag of confetti that was to form the basis of a rapidly approaching snow storm.

And the chorus, "Jen Fui Moo," that man of a thousand conceits and as many humble apologies to the "illustrious" audience. Were not his egotisms, his abnegations, his extravagances, his grotesque dignities sublimely ridiculous. "I bow, I bow, I bow," he said often and as often he bowed low and long, and craved a thousand pardons, as he told of what his "brothers of the pear tree garden" were preparing for the "illustrious" guests of the evening.

And then there was "Wu Sin Yin," mighty governor of the province who was bothered with an inconvenient first wife, whom he wished removed, but he did not want her removed in an "uncouth" manner; he wanted the deed done gently and delicately and so it was willed

that her brains should be battered out, at some convenient time in a not too public place.

And "Tai Fah Min," the father of the governor's second wife; he lent himself willingly to the governor's plans for disposing of the inconvenient first wife and encouraged him, in his moments of doubt, as to the practicability of the murder plan by calling attention to the glories of the spectacle that could be made "at the funeral and throughout the attending ceremonies." It had been a long time since they had had a "royal funeral;" the people of the province were "hungry for a funeral;" how proud Chee Moo's family, the parents and relatives of the first wife, would be when they saw the great funeral procession and realized that it was one of their own flesh and blood who was being buried in all such regal pomp.

It was so willed. "Chee Moo" was disposed of duly, but her little son still lived. And it was he, "Wu Hoo Git" who fought his way through many bewildering vicissitudes to the eventual high honor of coming into his own and donning the "Yellow Jacket." Certainly his path was not a rose bordered one; he had a usurper to overcome; and he had to safely side step the pitfalls that lie in the paths of all young men. There was wine, women and song, and plenty of each and all, but, first in the background, yet drawing nearer and nearer all the while was the beautiful, and chaste, and sympathetic and dutiful "Moy Fah Loy" (Plum Blossom.) She saved "Wu Hoo Git," for his people and for herself.

Ah, this was a beautiful play; staged in all the grandeur of a great Broadway success and offering in its cast of characters a whole host of Chinese performers entirely fit for Broadway recognition. This contribution of the

Chinese community to the entertainment of the World's Press delegates was one of the most interesting of the many good things that we saw and heard.

The Chinese of the Hawaiian islands are held in rather higher favor than the Japanese. They are credited with being more reliable; more easily Americanized; more nearly assimilable. There are many highly respected Chinese men of affairs on the islands, doing business in true western fashion. The Americanized Chinese business man generally impresses one as a good substantial individual. His bearing is non-obtrusive, gently dignified. But, I know enough of the other side of it to be equally safe in stating that there are some black sheep, even among the Chinese. There are evil minded Chinese; Chinese whose ways are dark; who deal in forbidden opiates and lend themselves very handily to the darker deviltries of the side streets. In other words, the Chinaman, too, is both human and inhuman.

I think they more readily surrender their whole selves to the Americanizing process because they want a home. Back in the native country there is no established government; all is chaos; all has been chaos for years. The whole cry of China; the appeal of the Chinese delegates to the congress is "help us." It is not strange that they take kindly to the offerings of Christianized America. They have found a heaven in Hawaii. Why should they complain? They don't, in Hawaii. They like to boast of their Americanization, most of them, and some of them do it with the unveiled insinuation that in their attitude they are much truer to America than are the hated Japanese.

I asked a member of the Hawaiian legislature, a Half Hawaiian, if there is any great dif-

ference between the Chinese and the Japanese. I sought to get his opinion as to what we might expect of the Chinese were they so dominant in any part of our country as the Japanese are in Hawaii. He thought a while and then he said: "Down in their hearts I don't think there is much difference between the Japanese and the Chinese. A Chinese child is the most cruel thing I know of in the world. I have had a peculiarly favorable opportunity to watch them."

I know nothing about the inherent traits common in Japanese and Chinese; but I do know that we have had sufficient evidence here to convince me that they can be modernized; that they can be converted to the use of the automobile, to the wearing of dress suits, to the extravagances of western culture, to indulgence in our sports, to our many and varied methods of increasing the individual's average expense. I have seen enough of them here to know that with very little tutoring they learn to spend money just like those who are a part of the "white peril," for, be it known that while we profess to fear a "yellow peril," the Japanese, especially, profess to an equally great fear of the "white peril."

LETTER XXXIX.

Incidentals

Honolulu, November 1, 1921

Here we are at the threshold of another "sailing" day again. Tomorrow we leave these islands, and strike for the shores of the United States. We have been filled to overflowing with eating and seeing and hearing. What more could we possibly ask for in so short a while. And there is much that we have seen and heard about which I have had neither the time nor the talent to write.

About Honolulu itself one might write many long letters. It is a city of myriad wonders, especially to the untraveled, such as are many of the visitors on this occasion of the World's Press Congress. Here in this city is blended the east and the west in such a way as to supply orientalism and occidentalism in satisfying quantities to any and all. You pay your money and take your choice.

In the matter of residences—Honolulu has its typically Japanese homes; its Chinese homes; its old English homes; its homes fashioned after the plans generally followed in southern Europe. It has its modern American homes; its old Hawaiian homes; its Buddhist, Catholic and Protestant churches and cemeteries; its Japanese and Chinese shops, into which you step to immediately get the pungent odor of incense and there comes to your service always, typical orientals who speak just enough of our native tongue to be able to understand what they want to understand and no more.

And the children—hundreds and hundreds

of children who all look alike to us. No doubt to the Chinese and the Japanese their offspring are as different as our own little ones in appearance and in deportment; but to us, the far east "tots" all look alike—as like as two peas in a pod.

The Japanese and the Filipinos seem to be the servants here. In our hotel, the "Moana," the service is entirely Japanese and it is good service. The bedroom "girls" are Japanese boys. You call for service from your room and a Japanese boy answers the call; understands enough to do your bidding and does it promptly and well. In the dining room the "waitresses" are all Japanese boys; the head "waitress" is a Japanese man. He receives you with a smile and directs you to your seat with all the grace necessary for your comfort. The waiters are not very communicative. I confess to a certain feeling of awe in their presence. I sometimes feel that perhaps some of them hold us in, at least mild contempt; but they take the tips just the same. And as for that attitude of contempt—I have never felt it so much since as I did once on a vessel that had for its state room attendants a crew of English men-servants. I think that in that instance the contempt was prompted by the fact that we treated them too nearly as equals. They had been accustomed to the aristocracy of England and they needed to be steadfastly ignored. Our uncouth manners together with a too familiar attitude toward them branded us as provincials in their eyes, at any rate those English "chambermen" made us feel very like inferior beings while we were in their presence.

But I shall tell you how I fell into the good graces of the Japanese boys in the Moana dining room. For several days I was but as one

of the many. I came and went to the meals, received the courteous, but not enthusiastic attention of the Jap boys in the dining room. They were stoical. I hardly knew if they could say more than "yes" and no" and brokenly mumble the titles of the offerings on the menu cards. They looked upon me I assumed with an interest that was prompted solely by their mental speculations as to how large a tip they might expect from me. There came a change.

In connection with the World's Press Congress meetings there were the Pan-Pacific Press meetings and on the first day of the Pan-Pacific meetings the World Press delegates were to be entertained at the noon hour by residents of Honolulu who received their guests into their homes, or took them to a hotel, or to a club for entertainment. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Ortcuff, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and this writer fell into the hands of C. Yadda, Japanese consul in Honolulu. It just so happened! And, it should be explained that C. Yadda is the biggest Japanese in point of influence and position in the Hawaiian Islands. He represents his majesty, the emperor, on the islands and because of the fact that the Hawaiian islands are looked upon as the center of things in the Pacific a man of high national standing was chosen for this place.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Yadda decided that they would take their guests to the Moana hotel for the luncheon so we were driven to the Moana hotel in the consul's elegant limousine and Mr. Yadda led us into the big dining room of the hotel with all the dignity naturally belonging to so great and so powerful a man as is Mr. Yadda. Well, well! didn't those Japanese waiters stand up and take notice when they saw us being ushered into the hotel under the leader-

ship of their very own "big gun" of the islands.

The head waiter was "Johnnie-on-the-spot." We were led to a beautifully appointed table looking out with the best possible advantage over the sea. "Service" was the first, last, and middle names of Japanese boys who waited upon us, and we discovered that almost all of them had a vocabulary of English very much more extended than I had ever heard from them before. Two stood about and waved big palm leaves over us, while others brought on the edibles. Our slightest wants were attended to with an alacrity that was astonishing. Whatever we needed, that we had just before we needed it. C. Yadda and his guests got such service on this occasion as was rarely rendered in this hotel, I am sure, and ever after that date I was an object of extremely cordial attention from those Jap boys whenever I drifted into the Moana dining room.

The city of Honolulu and all the surroundings are very picturesque. To the right, facing the city from the harbor, is Diamond Head, a mountain promitory bulging far out into the sea. Behind the city the hills rise rapidly into mountains, beautifully green, and checkered here and there with small plantations, country residences, public buildings, etc. The city extends up into a half dozen little valleys that are ridged sharply on the sides by precipitous hills that extend quickly to mountain heights. Diamond Head, I might add is an extinct volcano, and the crater which is large enough to be utilized as a drilling field for a few regiments of soldiers is also the background for the extensive fortifications of the point.

At the edge of the city just north is another extinct volcano, the "Punch Bowl," a crater

about five hundred feet high. From it one gets a most beautiful view of the city, the harbor, and the wide sweep of the Pacific to the south and west. The Nuuanno valley leads to the Pali, the mountain pass referred to in a recent letter. Instantly one is through the Pali, the

COL. AND MRS. EDWARD F. LAWSON, LONDON

Everybody liked them, because they made themselves likable and useful. The colonel was busy all the while. At home he is one of the proprietors of the London Daily Telegraph. "Good scouts" was the general verdict.

ocean on the northern side of the islands, comes into view. In a few moments driving from the city of Honolulu one can be hundreds of feet above the city and from those heights look out over scenery which baffles the tongue or pen to describe. There is a blending of city, sea,

mountains, valleys, unique seacoast formations, reefs, islands—such a variety of things as makes the whole vision one to satisfy the most exacting seeker after scenic excitement.

Fine roads back from Honolulu into the mountains make automobile travel a delight. With each added fifty and one hundred feet in the ascent the beauties are enhanced. There are ridge summits on some of the mountains along which roads have been built and the grandeur of the scenic perspective beggar description.

Within the city of Honolulu the vegetation beauties are fascinating to the visitor from the north. Such beautiful colors; such a variety of different foliages, plants, trees. There are flowering hedges and hedges in which the leaves are of soft, variegated colorings, brown, red, grey, and dainty yellows. There are flowering trees, that spread far and wide; great banyans, and palms; such wonderful palms! the king of them all being that great, white trunked, sky reaching royal palm. The cocoanut, the papaia, the bread fruit trees are everywhere to be found, as are the wild bananas and other fruit producing trees and plants. And the vines. We shall not forget them, for they too blend into the whole scene with a delicate, artistic finishing touch.

Yes, and there was the "Kapu" tree. Mr. Thales Coutoupis, our Greek friend, came upon a "Kapu" tree at the entrance to a beautiful residence and grounds on King street. The beauties of the great tree fascinated him. It towered high and mighty. It stretched its arms far and bore a burden of brightly leaved branches without a murmur. Mr. Coutoupis paused to take down the name of the "Kapu" tree and write a lengthy description of it. He had just completed his notes and was about to

move on when a local resident paused in passing to extend the courtesies of the day. Mr. Coutoupis remarked upon the beauties of the "Kapu" tree.

"Kapu?" queried the local man, and then glanced up at the sign on the tree "Kapu." He smiled. "Kapu," he explained to Mr. Coutoupis is the Hawaiian word for "keep out" and the "Kapu" sign on the big tree was to suggest to passers by that they pass on by and do not dare turn aside and invade the privacy of the sacred grounds defended by the "kapu" sign.

Mr. Coutoupis "kapu-ed" and he made a few erasures in his note book, too. Have I previously mentioned the fact that Mr. Coutoupis was a member of the deposed Venizelos' cabinet in Greece during the world war? Mr. Coutoupis is still faithful to his chief. In that he has the entire sympathy of all his new found friends in these parts. By the way, just tonight, at 10 o'clock, he and others of our party including Walter Williams, Bill Smith and ex-U. S. Senator F. B. Glass and son and their wives sail westward for a stay of a few weeks in Japan and China.

The patriarch of our party is Mr. Frank M. Mills, of Sioux Falls, So. Dakota. Mr. Mills is in his 91st year. You wouldn't think it. He's as much of a kid as any of the playful bunch. Born April 4th, 1831, in Indiana, a good state to leave, as George Ade has admitted, he left on his 25th birthday and went to Keokuk, Iowa. Of course, we Iowans are interested in him. And especially are the Iowa publishers interested in him, for he was one of us for forty-six years. He took such well known Iowa men as Lafe Young, Al Swalm, J. S. Clarkson and others from the mechanical departments of his

Des Moines property the old Register which he bought in 1866 and started them out hustling news, later helped start them in business and look where they are now. Mr. Mills was state printer for four terms and published fifty-six volumes of the Iowa Supreme Court records. Eventually he left Iowa and bought the Springfield News, Ill., which he sold to Frank B. Louden.

For the past seventeen years he has been head of the "Sioux City Traction System." He owns that system and evidently he is getting just as much joy out of the traction business as he used to get out of the publishing business.

Oh yes, here's another interesting thing about Mr. Mills: he received his Masters Degree from Wabash College, Indiana, after he had passed ninety years of age. And, yesterday afternoon, as I was ambling toward the bath houses at Waikiki beach, preparatory to taking a plunge, who should I meet coming out of the great wet, as capery as a kitten, but our dear friend Frank Mills, aged ninety, plus.

LETTER XXXX.

The Maui Sails

At Sea, November 3, 1921

We sailed yesterday at 10 a. m. on the trip homeward. It is sometimes claimed that passenger ship sailings for any part of the main lands from Honolulu are made more of than from any other port in the world. We are not prepared to testify with authority as to the justice of such a claim, but certainly in this instance the sailing was made most interesting and beautiful by the residents of Honolulu who simply followed, we are informed, the usual customs of the people of that city under like circumstances.

Friend Pringle called for me at the hotel at about eight o'clock and as we were leaving a Japanese steward hung a wreath of flowers over my neck with the remark: "This with our aloha." The wreath was a beautiful collection of lavender flowers, woven into a green background and estimating its value at about the figures that are usually put on such trinkets in our country we would have to admit that somebody had been set back about $10.00 in providing such a piece of harness for just one humble guest, and there were many others receiving the same treatment. Hawaii is a land of flowers, though, so why speculate on costs, particularly in a case like this, where the costs were not to be borne by us, or if they were borne by us the extraction was accomplished in such a surreptitious manner that we suffered no pain in the operation.

However, the wreath around my neck made

me feel as though I must look much like an over-collared mule. I felt that I was the most conspicuous thing in the village. Just as soon as I got out to the car with my baggage I took the wreath off and laid it on the back seat. At the wharf I was going to take it on the boat and leave it there, but my friend insisted not.

"Put it on," he said. "It's pretty." Since many others were wearing them, I put mine on again, reluctantly, and went up town to make a final arrangement or two before sailing, feeling all the while like the above mentioned mule might be supposed to feel.

Strangely enough, no one looked at me with amused, or critical eyes. Such a spectacle as I must have been seemed to be quite the thing on the streets of Honolulu. At every corner there were girls and women, most of them natives with these "leis" for sale. They had them in all sizes, colors, qualities, and very many people were wearing them. My friend bought two and threw them over my head. "This is our way of saying, good-bye, good luck, bon voyage, God bless you, etc., etc.," he said. At the dock a member of some Honolulu committee threw another yoke over my shoulders and soon another newly found friend reached the wharf to say good-bye to me, and he, too, carried with him a beautiful wreath of lilies which took its place with all the others as a floral neckpiece.

Had I been the only one so bedecked I think I would have jumped into the sea rather than have faced the multitude, but I was not the only one; there were hundreds of others, many of them literally buried in flowers and paper wreaths. Some had a dozen or so of the beautiful "leis" piled high upon their shoulders; they could barely see through them.

From the dock, the scene of the hundreds of

passengers leaning over the deck rail, each decorated with a great mass of flowers of myriad dainty colors must have been amazingly pretty. Below a band played stirring airs and from the deck, too, passengers threw out long streamers of thin, narrow paper in variegated colors and hundreds of those waved in the air and played into the faces of the friends on the dock below. At ten o'clock the gang plank dropped, the great boat started to swing gently out into the

MR. AND MRS. S. G. GOLDTHWAITE, BOONE, IOWA, AND FRIENDS

Mr. Goldthwaite standing, rear; Mrs. Goldthwaite, right. This illustrates the beautiful Hawaiian custom of bedecking their friends with collars of flower called "Leas"

water and, amid shouting and singing and band music and waving flags and streamers, we were away; off again toward home, leaving "the paradise of the Pacific" behind. Far out in the harbor we could still hear the sweet voices of the Hawaiians singing the tenderly beautiful "Aloha Oe" as their goodbye to us.

The ship we travel in this time is the "Maui," a sister ship of the Matsonia on which we came across. There are but two of us in our

cabin this time, my companion being a Mr. E. H. Childress, of Fairfield, Ill. Our bedroom steward is an Israelite by the name of McGoorty —J. McGoorty. He looks the part. When we first went down into our cabin the port was open and a nice cool breeze was coming into our room; later in the day we found the port tightly closed, and the air a little close in our compartment. However, we had traveled enough at sea to be a little careful about opening ports on our own responsibility, and sure enough, soon after, we heard a heavy splash and glancing up we noticed that the glass over the port was turning off a deluge of water.

A few moments later our Israelite friend passed by our way using old testatment language and carrying an armload of clothing, beautifully saturated. We hailed him long enough to gather the information that a "—— idiot" in a nearby cabin had opened his port with the result that a barrel or so of loose sea had come in through the opening, submerging a trunk full of clothing and a lower bunk in nice, juicy sea water. "And the —— —— is claimin' that he didn't open the port. I closed every —— —— of them," protested McGoorty. "Now he's got his clothes in a —— of a shape!" was McGoorty's parting comment on that topic.

"It's awfully wet out here," I thoughtfully observed, "roads never get dusty at all do they?"

"Never a bit," admitted McGoorty. "I've made eighty trips across here now, and no difference how many go over the road, or how fast they run, the dust never bothers any at all, wet weather or dry it don't make no difference."

"Out in Iowa where I come from, it gets pretty dusty sometimes along during the summer, when there is little rain," I explained.

"Io-way is a pretty dry state, I've hear-ed," Mr. McGoorty observed as he trudged on with his dripping burden in his arms.

The sea is running a little heavy again. This is winter weather. It is always a little rough in November and December one of the officers informed us. We were barely out into the open sea before people began to get sick. Some of them evidently decide that they have to be sick and "go to it" at once. The person I feel sorry

WE'RE FROM I-O-W-A
"Where the tall corn grows"

Ed Medary of Waukon and Hawaiian friends who trace their ancestry back to the Corn Belt District of Iowa.

for though is the one who discovers that he is sick too late and can't quite make the unloading port, but sort of spills himself along the deck, much to the amusement of the more fortunate and sometimes unsympathetic travelers. There is, it is true, something sort of ridiculously undignified about the attitude of a sea sick person. He fails to arouse sympathy. Better make the best of it; make a joke out of it if possible.

The comprehensive comment of one seasick person: "I raise all I eat down here," covers more than is shown on the surface of the remark.

My table companions are Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Powell, of Coffeyville, Kansas, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. McMaster of Galveston, Texas. Mr. McMaster and Mrs. Powell seem to be the two of our group who are having a little difficulty in "holding their own." Mr. McMaster confesses that he didn't last night. Mrs. Powell looks as if she had had equal success, but both face life bravely. Mr. McMaster says he believes in a hereafter and while Mrs. Powell admits that there has been a time or two when she didn't care whether there is or not, she believes that on the average her sentiments favor an after life, providing it doesn't "Rock on the billows of the deep."

The only thing that has had a tendency to make this writer sick is the way the ship turns around. I will go down stairs and travel around through the boat and then come up to find that it is going southwest instead of northeast; then I will walk across from one side of the boat to the other through a passageway and find that while I was making that trip the boat turned around and is once more headed the right way. Then some acquaintance will come along and we will walk a few steps, maybe up to the upper deck, or down stairs and come up again and find the boat headed back to Honolulu. Even now as I look out the port hole the boat seems to be headed toward the south pole and going farther and farther away from home instead of toward it. All I need to do though to get things right again is to go to the other side of the boat and climb a short flight of stairs and lo and behold the world will be straight again!

The ocean is wonderfully beautiful down

here and there is so much of it; east 2000 miles, west 3000 miles, north 3500 miles, south almost to the south pole without interruption. We thought we saw a whale yesterday, but we were mistaken. Two porpoise were driving tandem and they looked big enough to be a whale. Later we saw a group of three of the porpoise. They were big fellows and are the one big fish who seem to enjoy showing themselves above water. The ladies of our table say that they saw octopuses on sale in the fish market in Honolulu. With all our hatred of vested interests, Standard Oil, packers, sugar trust, steel trust, etc., who'd want to EAT an octopus? They do make a dainty dish, though, so they say.

I stood for about an hour at the aquarium out at Waikiki beach with Mr. and Mrs. Powell one afternoon and watched six live octopuses maneuver around through the water and the next morning I wondered what had come over the spirit of my dreams the night before that prompted them to persistently deal with snake subjects during the sad hours of that night. I saw snakes of all kinds and battled with them from every corner. They were filthy looking snakes, too, great and small wrigglers, always threatening me. The moral to this touching story is don't stand too long before the octupus cage when you go to the aquarium.

Well' I'd better quit right here. My roommate has just come in admitting that he is wrong amidships, that he feels a disturbance in his hatch, and that but a few moments ago while on deck he was forced to heave out a little breakfast ballast. By the way, this is what our boat is carrying this trip in addition to her nice list of passengers: 85,000 bags sugar; 70,000 cases pineapple; 4,000 bunches of bananas and 1,000 tons of molasses.

LETTER XXXXI.

A New World

At Sea, November 5, 1921

We are now three days out, a thousand miles from land and about half way between Honolulu and San Francisco. Since leaving Honolulu we have not seen anything excepting our boat and its occupants, the big blue sea, an occasional sea bird and the sky until just a little while ago when the Matsonia the boat on which we went to Honolulu, hove in sight and is now out of sight again. We spoke in passing. The Matsonia lowered a small boat and brought mail across to us, receiving mail also. In addition to that they handed over two stowaways, who had hidden themselves in the Matsonia at San Francisco and after a three days' voyage out are now headed back for another three days trip before being landed at the place they started from. All their dreams of wintering in the tropics have gone glimmering for the present and they are now diligently polishing up railings, scrubbing deck floors and doing other petty chores under the attentive command of a rather petulantly inclined seaman.

The sick seem to be getting better gradually. The sea is just waving pleasantly. I am inclined to think that this part of the Pacific is pacific. Talking to the ship barber yesterday I learned that he has been on this run for twelve years now, making every trip that his boat makes, which is one round trip every three weeks, and in all that time a dangerously severe storm has never been encountered by the boat. On two trips only has the ship been de-

layed by heavy seas. On those trips, he explained, the ship rolled all the way across. They had to run at half speed and the waves swept the decks most of the time, but he did not suggest that there was any particular danger. The delay and the unpleasantness of such travel was all he complained about.

If all goes well we should land in San Francisco early Tuesday morning. We have had orders to arrange to have all our baggage open for inspection by the horticultural authorities when we reach San Francisco. I have therefore begun arranging my soiled socks, handkerchiefs, shirts, pantaloons, etc., in convenient form so that they will have no difficulty in ascertaining that they are what they pretend to be. The horticultural authorities fear that we may smuggle some agricultural pests into the United States through the medium of transported plants, flowers, fruits, etc. So near as I can learn there is little to fear. Hawaii is no more infested with insect pests than is the mainland. In fact, to start with, Hawaii had no pests at all and what she has now were imported from other countries. She never was in the pest export business. The reason is simple enough. The islands of Hawaii are volcanic islands. They rose right up out of the sea without any advance notice to anybody. There were no bugs, no insects of any kind, no vegetation, no human beings on that lava nose that suddenly, one day, shoved itself up through the blue waters of the Pacific and took one first glance at the star speckled sky above.

Such an incident in world development looks like a new creation almost, doesn't it? Here was a new world to be built. A piece of lava and upon this lava there was to appear eventually vegetation and animal life. How was it going

to happen? It did happen and the process is simple enough after all. The new islands grew, more lava came up and spread out and the islands became larger and more numerous. The weather began its processes of manufacturing soil. It beat upon the lava with wind and rain and gradually melted the top into dust. The sea did its part, too. It carried the first vegetable seeds from the distant lands and planted them in the virgin soil of this new world of ours. The seeds grew into plants; the plants died down and rotted and made more soil and soil of a different kind, and so was built the foundation for agricultural activities on this point of lava which had so impudently crowded the ocean out of its way and taken a front seat in one of the most pleasantly situated spots on the earth, some hundreds of thousands, maybe a million years ago.

How came animal life on these islands? Much that is here has come since man came. Of course, birds established themselves long, long ago. Transportation is not so difficult for birds. Two thousand miles of sea travel is a long journey for a land bird, but who knows, maybe two hundred thousands of years ago there were other islands in existence that are not in existence now, and all those little birds had to do to get to Hawaii was to hop from one stone to another, from one little island to another until they finally got to Hawaii and finding in Hawaii the safest place for birds that they had ever known, they settled on those islands, built homes, reared families, established bird schools and churches and lived peacefully for many, many centuries.

They lived very peacefully in Hawaii because their land enemies were not there to bother them. There were no squirrels, no snakes of

any kind. There are no reptiles on any of the Hawaiian islands. A man would be drawn and quartered if he brought a snake into any of the island ports. The mongoose is now destructive of birds and their eggs. It is about the size of a rat, a native of India and may have been brought here by some one who kept them as pets, or may have arrived by boat as a stowaway.

When civilized man came to these islands there were no mosquitoes, no flies, none of those common little insects that so studiously apply themselves to making life unpleasant for us who live on the larger continents. The mosquitoes of Hawaii were imported They are a smaller variety than the Jersey brand, or even the Iowa brand, but they seem to bore just as deep and there is not much difference in the songs they sing as they go about their work. The flies in Hawaii are not so vivacious as are the flies of Iowa. They move more slowly, are not so light upon the wing. They do not seem to enter into life with that zest common to our Iowa fly product. They are lazy in action and they fall into the soup more deliberately, with less splash than do the flies that have been reared in the more invigorating climes of the north.

Was there a new creation of man, especially for the Hawaiian islands? No, it is not so assumed. The theory is that adventuresome islanders from the Samoan or Society groups south were the first to find Hawaii and that they found it only after vegetation and animal bird life had gotten well established on the newly found group of islands. Drift, too, from the far north and northeast frequently reaches the northeastern coast of the Hawaiian islands. Human beings out on the sea in

boats fishing might have been carried out and driven to the Hawaiian coasts. At any rate, when so-called civilized man discovered the Hawaiian islands he found other men there, and they were a race advanced in many ways beyond the savage stage.

History and legend tends to show that there were people of Tihiti, some two thousand miles from Hawaii, many centuries ago who were daring explorers. However, it is not known whether they were really native explorers, or whether they had reached Tihiti from Hawaii and then traveled back and forth in their little canoe fleets. Some choose to believe that the northern and eastern islands were inhabited first and the spread was made south and southeast in line with the prevailing winds and ocean currents. The inhabitants of all these islands are linked up in a common race parentage. The point of dispersement is placed, by some authorities, at Savaii, one of the Samoan group, two thousand miles south of Hawaii. The natives of New Zealand, (probably populated later than Hawaii,) of the Philippine Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, Society Islands, etc., etc., are all supposed to have originally proceeded from the common center above named.

The real facts concerning the above are not known. But, certain it is, eventually men got to Hawaii, after the lava had cooled and the vegetation had got a good start and there they settled and there they have been ever since. The history of Hawaiian life and rule under native chiefs seems to be the story of one tragedy after another; battle after battle between rival chiefs who sought to control. No quarter was given in battle and since they were battling all the time, there was butchery going on all the time, too. A captured chief was promptly

cooked, but not eaten. There are no records to show that the Hawaiians liked to eat each other, but they did like to roast each other, and the human sacrifice was one of their religious forms. Even so late as within comparatively modern times, since white men found the islands, the custom of human sacrifice was continued.

Some forty years after the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook in 1778, Queen Keopuolani, wife of King Kamehameha 1st, became ill and her condition was so serious that the king began offering human sacrifices in order to pacify the gods. He picked out ten nice, fat men for sacrifice but after three of them had been killed the queen began to show signs of improvement in health and the other seven men were released. The above named king solidified the islands into one group, under his kingship and it was during the later years of his reign that he began to comprehend that there were some defects in the religious practices of his people. He was led to that understanding by his contact with the outside world. At the age of 82, in the year 1819, one year before the missionaries reached Hawaii, this king died issuing on his death bed the order that the human sacrifice should not be made as a part of his obsequies. This was the beginning of a new epoch in Hawaiian history; an epoch sometimes beautiful, at other times not so pretty.

Once put under restraint the Hawaiian people showed themselves to be docile, submissive, hospitable, tender hearted and deeply responsive to the religious and other emotions. Some of those very qualities, however, tended the wrong way and led the people into snares, made them willing and delighted participants in debaucheries, and has helped materially to de-

plete their numbers. They cannot go the "pace" and survive. From a population of perhaps 200,000 when Captain Cook discovered the islands the number has shrunk to about 25,000 now. That does not include the mixed families. The Hawaiian people assimilate readily. They have intermarried with the Portuguese, the Chinese, the whites and with several other races, the product being of good grade.

The Hawaiian as he is today is splendidly treated in his native land. They are in no way looked down upon. They are gentle in manner, courteous, have been reared with the understanding that they are as good as other people and there is never any thought of anything different. One comes in contact with them on every hand in Honolulu, in public office, in positions of trust, as police officers, as street car and train conductors, etc., etc. They are a lovable people.

On the boat the first day out from Honolulu I noticed a young soldier boy in uniform. He didn't make himself very conspicuous; was generally at the rear of the boat in a secluded spot alone. There came an evening later when I was wandering around on the upper deck, and in the aimlessness of my meanderings I threaded my way through some boat paraphernalia to a seat well astern, hidden from the brutal gaze of disturbing passengers. Nay, not so! There was our soldier boy snugly crouched on a roll of rope looking out across sea that reflected a brilliant stream of light from the moon which was deliberately following us across the water.

I looked at the stream of light a while, then up to the moon, then across at the boy, out at the moon again and back at the boy and finally ventured the witty and original comment:

"It's a beautiful night on the sea, isn't it?"

"I'll say it is," the boy said, brightly, frankly, quickly, pleasantly, wistfully.

"I'll be glad enough to land, though," I continued, sparring for more opening, for I was curiously anxious to find out more about the boy.

"Maybe you think I won't," piped in our boy. "I'll be good and glad to get back to Iowa."

"Iowa? Why, I'm from Iowa, too. What part are you going to?"

"My home is near Miles, Iowa. My father owns a farm there."

"Going home on a furlough, I suppose."

"No, I'm discharged," the boy replied rather gleefully.

"Glad to get out of the army?" I suggested.

"You know it," he replied. "I've had two years and five months of it and I've seen enough. Father got my discharge for me."

"Were you in active service?"

"No, I didn't get over into France. I was too young, but just as soon as I was old enough I enlisted."

"Where have you been?"

"I was six months in Siberia, 2000 miles inland, in weather fifty to sixty degrees below zero part of the time and it was tough. It took us eight days to get in and twenty days to get out, in little freight cars that carried twenty-four men, crowded in like cattle in a car?"

"No fire?"

"Yes, we had a little stove in each car, and someone had to stay awake all the time and keep it going strong or we would have frozen. They jumped us down to Manila from away up there and when we got to Manila with no clothing excepting our Russian fur garments we made the natives look, I'll tell you. Then we

came over to Scofield and I've been there ever since."

"That's a nice place to be isn't it?"

"You might think so, but there is nothing doing. Same old thing over and over again. I'm glad I'm out of it. I've had enough travel, 11,000 miles sea in a few months and from the coldest part of the world to almost the warmest with no change of clothing."

"Back to the farm with you is it?"

"That's the program. Dad needs me. Soldiers ain't thought as much of as they used to be," he added rather plaintively.

"I guess that's so," I admitted. "In war time the soldier is the boy, but in times of peace much of the glamour is gone."

"On the island there, there ain't no girls, anyway," the boy continued. "One hundred privates and two or three officers to every girl in Honolulu."

"You'll find plenty of girls when you get back to Iowa," I commented encouragingly.

"You bet, and pretty ones, too," was the enthusiastic response.

"AFTER THE BALL WAS OVER"

Group of Delegates grabbed by the photographer at the Moana hotel just after the Press Congress of the World had adjourned sine die. Fine looking group, eh?

LETTER XXXXII.

On Land Again

En Train—Homeward, November 10, 1921

We fog horned into San Francisco the morning of the eighth. Away along in the night, or in the early morning, rather, perhaps at about four o'clock, many of us were awakened from our pleasant or unpleasant dreams as the case may have been, by the intermitten roar of the Maui's fog horn.

We had heard the whistle but once before, that was when on the afternoon of Sunday, the 6th, the crew had been called to fire drill by the shriek of the whistle. To be awakened rudely during the night by that same noise prompted the mental surmise that there might be a really for sure fire this time. A little meditation though supplemented by an attempted glance through the port hole to see what could be seen, cleared the mystery, or rather "mist"-ified the mystery, for one little attempt to see through the port hole showed that a curtain of heavy fog was enveloping all the great without.

From that moment we were perfectly satisfied to listen to that whistle. If it didn't ring forth its hoarse clarion pretty frequently we wondered why and were inclined to go "for'd" and stand on the deck in order to call to any on-coming boat that might threaten to bump us into kingdom come. The sound of a fog horn on another boat not far distant from us was not re-assuring but nothing serious happened. By the time daylight had come there were shrieks all around us. We were anchored in the harbor; had crawled through the Golden

Gate by some means and were idling on the quiet sea in the deep fog waiting for some one to find us. We couldn't go to dock until after the immigration officers had come aboard and looked us over.

Finally a small boat representing the steamship line found us and brought great joy to many of the passengers by bringing aboard the great mass of mail that had accumulated in the office during the six days that the Maui had been at sea. From the bridge an officer called down to the small boat:

"Tell the custom house that we've been swingin' out here in the smoke for two hours waitin' for 'em, an' be quick about it. We're tired of this!"

Out into the mist shot the little boat, squealing its warning as it went and in the course of an hour or so a larger boat flying a profusion of U. S. flags came alongside and we knew then that we were in the hands of the enemy. Such an impudent bunch of people you never saw; butting into our private affairs just as if they belonged to our respective families. Really, what business has an entire male stranger prowling around through a lady's touch-me-nots? But that's the way the customs officers do; hunting for opium, 25% hair oil, forbidden fruits and the likes. They didn't find any over per cent hair oil on our boat. It had all been disposed of the night before. Much as we dislike to admit it, yet it was a fact that the evening before we landed, there was evidence that some one had smuggled some wild cow's milk aboard.

At a dinner table not far from where our modest party sat we suddenly discovered that the hilarity was increasing by leaps and bounds. I had to turn around to see what was going on

but I did all that and the first thing I noticed was that a young woman with shoes and stockings and a minor article or two on was smoking a cigarette and trying to see if she could see clear across the table. Once in a while she would laugh, a wild, free, unrestrained laugh that temporarily did away with the need of any foghorn on the boat.

Also, a German gentleman by the name of McCarty seated at the same table seemed immensely pleased with himself; his eyes sparkled in merriment, he was evidently glad to be aboard with such a large and well behaved company. He arose to address the audience, but a friend considerately pulled him down and he didn't get on his feet again until he and his friends found it necessary to make a journey to their state rooms, or to whatever point there was on the boat that housed the supply for their thirst requirements.

It is a very great pleasure to be able to state that one of the gentlemen of this party had never yet seen the soil of America's main land. Three were Australians, two were from Hawaii and the wild woman was the wife of a tenor who had sung such a beautiful solo at a social gathering in social hall the evening before. The tenor's part in this evening's celebration did not extend beyond an effort to eat the paper cap with which one of his friends had decorated his cranium when he first came to dinner.

The customs officers were not such bad fellows after all. They were nice about it, and I have it on good authority that they were just as gentle with the belongings of the ladies as could reasonably be expected. At first I had thought what a shame that men are permitted to do all this inspecting of baggage, irrespective of whether it is man's belongings or woman's

belongings that are being gone through. Why not have woman inspectors? Why not be fair about it? And then, I remembered that the customs boat had come out early in the morning through a dense fog that the surroundings on the customs boat were rather bleak and bare, and that when the customs boat got to our boat a fifty foot ladder rope was thrown from our deck to the customs boat and one by one the customs officers climbed up that swinging ladder, holding on for dear life and then when each got to the railing he threw a leg up over the railing and struggled aboard. This is done to expedite the process of docking the big boat. A fog delays it some, but in fair weather, the customs boat aims to meet the big boat, and do the inspecting while the steamer docks.

The boat landing is very commonplace as compared to its sailing. There are no bands to meet it, excepting bands of taxi drivers, baggagemen and an occasional friend who has come down early and stood waiting for an hour; maybe two, maybe three for the boat to dock. Our newspaper party broke up. Hither and thither the people went, never all to be together again. All were agreed that the opportunities of the trip just ended had been unprecedented in the offering of interesting things to see and study. None of the party had ever had so much crowded into so short a time before. We had been a long distance away from our respective homes; had seen world wonders in super-abundance, had attended interesting meetings in which people from many different nations had participated; had dined with governors, generals, admirals, mayors, captains, consul generals, black people, white people, brown people, good natured people, grouchy people and many other kinds.

It had been a great voyage from many points of view; from the social, the entertaining and the educative. Of course there had been little annoyances. The party was the usual conglomerate party. There were those who liked this and those who liked that, and those who didn't like this and that, but there was none who didn't like something. There was no place on this excursion for the animal who never finds anything to his liking. There was something here for everybody, of whatever temperament.

I stayed in San Francisco just long enough to make arrangements for a direct passage home after making a short visit at Palo Alto, thirty miles out. It is but an hour's run out to this little city, on the Southern Pacific railway, by trolley car, or by motor bus. There are three methods of rapid transportation available here at any hour of the day. Good roads make motor travel a delight all times of the year. I chose the railway line for my path to Palo Alto, for with all the faults of the railway companies of the past "I love them still." There is too much of a tendency to "inter the good they have done with their bones."

Even as I write we are rolling across the country in a Santa Fe train and we have been so rolling for ten hours and will roll along for twenty more hours at a gait of about forty miles an hour through country stone covered, gray, dry, barren of all vegetation excepting some thin, struggling grass, sage brush and cacti. For hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of miles you see nothing that appeals to an Iowan as sufficient to justify human habitation. This was for many years the world acknowledged "Great American Desert," never in human history to be more than it was for many centuries before the new world was known! It was the

desperately dry, hot, cacti, prairie dog and rattle snake infested desert region of the United States. It took men of great vision to see clear across these once entirely barren plains, out into the more promising tributary valleys and over into a future that would link the east and the west into projects of industrial development

MR. AND MRS. FRANK C. EDGECOMBE
Geneva, Nebraska

Mr. Edgecombe does not admit that sightless eyes handicap him in his work as editor of one of Nebraska's brightest papers. He "saw" the sights of Hawaii through his wife's eyes. A bright pair of real "folks."

such as were undreamed of save by those daring men who laid the iron paths across the hopelessly dreary desert in order that the best might be made of nature's supplies. Foremost in their minds may have been personal gain, but it was a personal gain that did not always

work out, and when it did work out it carried with it a national expansion of resources and industrial development that no human being had ever anticipated.

Now comes the motor car. Just at my right out the window I see the Santa Fe trail and just as I wrote the above line another tourist whizzed on toward the perpetually summer climate of southern California. Five passengers who might have been railway passengers go motoring to the west. We pass them coming and going every few moments, every day. They follow the railway lines; thousands and thousands of them. The towns that the railroad built across the desert are the towns where the motorist stops at night, gets his edible and motor supplies and goes on his way rejoicing. If the railroad train were a jealous animal it would certainly hate the automobiles that go rollicking by, carrying erstwhile railway passengers. But, the railway train does not bite and kick at its new competitor. All it asks is that the motor car keep off the railway track when the train needs it and all will be well. The motor truck, too, all over the country where the highways permit is beginning to be a strong competitor of the railway in freight handling. The transportation problems of our country are changing, and pretty soon when we go hunting in politics we may have to load our pop guns with other ammunition besides anti-railroad thunder. Some day we may go gunning for jitneys.

At Home

Washington, Iowa, November 20, 1921

Here I am at home again; have been home for several days. The old town is just the same; so are the old folks. A seven weeks absence has not altered the complexion of the landscape much either. It's a little cooler at nights; the "frost is on the pumpkin" and we are on the threshold of winter, but that is the way of things here this time of the year.

It seems a long distance to Honolulu, Hilo, Kilauea, Kahului, Haleakala, Waikiki, Waialua. They are far away. There is a great stretch of land and then a whole lot of water between us. The wonder to me is: how do the boats ever find Hawaii? There is no beaten path; no cow trail; no sign boards, excepting the stars of heaven; no familiar traveler to tell you where to turn; no farm houses at which to inquire the way.

But every day Honolulu is "found" despite her isolation in the vastnesses of the Pacific, and every day people look upon the wonders of those beautiful islands and marvel over nature's strange creations. Thousands come and go, and they speak as they pass, and they are glad that fate turned their steps Hawaiiward, for Hawaii has much to show to the traveler who loves to look upon nature's beauties and her wonders.

I have but one thing to be particularly distressed about since my return. I am distrusted by my fellow citizens. At a Rotary club meeting a few evenings ago, one of my erstwhile friends, one whom I had always trusted and one whom I had thought believed in me

arose before our fellow members in the club and challenged my pretentions to having made the journey to the Hawaiian Islands. He expressed the belief that I had gone no farther west in my travels than Kansas City, and that all I had written I had surreptitiously culled from library books.

He charged that what I have said, I have not said; that what I have seen I have not seen; that what I have heard I have not heard, and what I have written I have not written. He branded me as an imposter before my fellow members of this club and there the matter stands today, excepting that there are some friends, some true friends, who come to me once in a while and tell me that they believe that I was farther away from home than just to Kansas City and that I did see what I claim to have seen. My final declaration here is that I did go to Hawaii and that I went with as fine a bunch of people as it has ever been my pleasure to be associated with and I know that if need be I can call upon several of the delegates to the Press Congress of the World to certify to the truth of my claim to having been with them; for did I not smoke of their cigars and accept of their social courtesies with a liberal abandon that must have impressed my amiable personality upon them indelibly. Aloha, till we meet again.

DELEGATES AND GUESTS

In Attendance at World's Press Congress, Honolulu, Hawaii, T., Oct. 10 to Nov. 2, 1921

Agee, Mrs. Hamilton P. (Fanny Heaslip Lea, pen name), short story writer, 226 Oahu Ave., Honolulu T. H.—Delegate

Allen, Mrs. Henry J., Beacon, Wichita, Kansas (temporary address: Topeka, Kansas)—Delegate

Allen, Riley H., Star-Bulletin, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Bailey, H. U., Republican, Princeton Illinois—Delegate

Bailey Mrs. H. U., Princeton, Illinois—Guest

Beteta, Virgilio Rodrigues, Spanish Press Association, Central American Press Association, Guatemala City, Gautemala (Temporary address: Waldorf Astoria, New York City)—Delegate

Blain, Thomas J., Daily Item, Port Chester, New York—Delegate

Blain, Mrs. T. J.—Port Chester, New York—Guest

Bowen, L. H., Linclon County Times, Brookhaven, Mississippi—Delegate

Breede, Adam, Daily Tribune, Hastings, Nebraska—Delegate

Bridgman, Herbert L., Standard Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Delegate

Bronson, E. S., American, El Reno, Oklahoma—Delegate

Brown, James Wright, Editor & Publisher, New York City—Delegate

Brown Mrs. James W., New York City—Guest

Bunker, F. F., Pan-Pacific Union, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Burney, Ivan T., Journal and Courier, Little Falls, N. Y—Delegate

Cain, J. Byron, News, Belle Plaine, Kansas—Delegate

Canavan, Mrs. Nancy B., El Reno, Oklahoma—Guest

Chien, P. Y., Social Welfare, Tientsin, China—Delegate

Childress, E. H., Wayne County Press, Fairfield, Illinois—Delegate

Chung, Henry, Korea Review, 905 Continental Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

Clark, H. J., Herald, Venice, California—Delegate

Clark, Mrs. H. J., Venice, California—Guest

Clarke, Mrs. Adna G., Kamehameha Boy's School, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Cody, Frank J., Daily Post-Herald, Hilo, Hawaii—Delegate

Cohen, Mark, Star, Dunedin, New Zealand—Delegate

Cohen, Sarah, Dunedin, New Zealand—Delegate

Coutoupis Thales, Nea Ellas, Athens, Greece—Delegate

Cross, A. A. Kentucky Press Association, Benton, Kentucky—Delegate

Davies, Herbert Arthur, Austrialian Journalists Association, Melbourne, Australia—Delegate

Dean, Mrs. S. Bobo, Metropolis, Miami, Florida—Delegate

Dean, Miss Dorothy, Miami, Florida—Guest

DeRackin, S. E., Evening Outlook, Santa Monica, California—Delegate

DeRackin, Mrs. S. E., Santa Monica, California—Guest

Dotson, C. L., 420 Riverside Drive, New York City—Delegate

Dow, B. C., Argus-Leader, Sioux Falls, South Dakota—Delegate

Dow, Mrs. B. C., Sioux Falls, South Dakota—Guest

Dunn, Andrew, Morning Bulletin, Rockhampton, Queensland, Australia—Delegate

Easton, William, Times, Dunedin, New Zealand—Delegate

Edgecombe, Frank O., Nebraska Signal, Geneva, Nebraska—Delegate

Edgecombe, Mrs. Frank O., Geneva, Nebraska—Guest

Elder, Orville, Evening Journal, Washington, Iowa—Delegate

Evans, Miss Margaret, 520 Menzies St., Victoria, B. C. Delegate

Fogg, Charles H., Times, Houlton, Maine—Delegate

Fogg, Mrs. Charles H., Houlton, Maine—Guest

Ford, Alexander Hume, Pan-Pacific Union, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Farrington, Wallace R., Star-Bulletin, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Frear, Mrs. W. F., 1434 Punahou St., Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Frye, Miss Helen M., League of American Pen Women, Washington, D. C.—Guest

Glass, Frank P., American Newspaper Publishers Association, Birmingham, Alabama—Delegate

Glass, Mrs. Frank P., 2030 Quinlon, Birmingham, Alabama—Guest

Glass, Frank P. Jr., World, New York City—Delegate

Glass, Mrs. Frank P. Jr., New York City—Guest

Goldthwaite, S. G., News-Republican, Boone, Iowa—Delegate

Goldthwaite, Mrs. S. G., Boone, Iowa—Guest

Gordon, Marshall, Missouri Press Association, Columbia, Missouri—Delegate

Gordon, Mrs. Marshall, Columbia, Missouri—Guest

Gresson, W. D., Miami Republican, Paola, Kansas—Delegate

Grisson, Miss Maybel Louise, Michigan Women's Press Association, Grand Ledge, Michigan—Delegate

Hadley, Charles C., Kennett News and Advertiser, Kennett Square, Pennsylvania—Delegate

Hadley, Mrs. Charles C., Kennett Square, Pennsylvania—Guest

Hale, H. B., Gazette, East Hartford, Connecticut—Delegate

Hale, Mrs. H. B., East Hartford, Connecticut—Guest

Harris, Mrs. Ralph A., Herald, Ottawa, Kansas—Delegate

Heenan, David, Jr., 250 Kaiulaui Avenue, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Herrick, John P., Boliver Breeze, Olean, New York—Delegate

Herrick, Mrs. John P., Olean, New York—Guest

Hersey, Miss Mary S., Milton, Massachusetts—Guest

Hodges, W. R., Herald-Dispatch, Sleepy Eye, Minnesota—Delegate

Hornaday, William D., School of Journalism, University of Texas, Austin, Texas—Delegate

Hsu, Jabin, China Press, Shanghai, China—Delegate

Iles, Harry, Southwest Builder and Contractor, Los Angeles, California—Delegate

Innes, Guy, Herald, Melbourne, Australia—Delegate

Innes, Mrs. Guy, Melbourne, Australia—Delegate

Johnston, F. H., Review, Hermosa Beach, California—Delegate

Johnston, Mrs. F. H., Hermosa Beach California—Guest

Johnston, Miss W. Valeria, Hermosa Beach, California —Delegate

Junkin, J. E., National Editorial Association, Miami, Florida—Delegate

Junkin, Mrs. J. E., Miami, Florida—Guest

Kelly, Eugene, Tribune, Sioux City, Iowa—Delegate

Kelly, Mrs. Eugene, Sioux City, Iowa—Guest

Kern, Frank L., Worth While Magazine, 1021 S. Berendo Street, Los Angeles, California—Delegate

Kettle, William R., Evening Star, Greymouth, New Zealand—Delegate

Kettle, Mrs. W. R., Greymouth, New Zealand—Guest

Kettle, Miss Vioka, Greymouth, New Zealand—Guest

Kline, Gardiner, Evening Recorder, Amsterdam, New York—Delegate

Kessell, John Henry, Gladstone Observer, Queensland, Australia—Delegate

Kessell, Mrs. J. H., Gladstone, Queensland, Australia—Guest

Kim, Dong-sung, Dong-a Daily, Seoul, Korea—Delegate

Klock, Jay E., Daily Freeman, Kinston, N. Y.

Kriegesman, George Wm., News-Times Webster Groves, Missouri—Delegate

Langley, Doris H., Herald, Tippecanoe City, Ohio—Delegate

Lazo, Augustin, Havana Reporters Association, Herald of Cuba, Havana, Cuba—Delegate

LeFavour, Mrs. Helen, Amsterdam, New York—Guest

Logan, Daniel, National Magazine, Boston, Massachusettes—Delegate

Lawson, Col. Edward Frederick, Daily Telegraph, London, England—Delegate

Lawson, Mrs. E. F., London, England—Guest

Lennon, Mrs. C. W., Sioux City, Iowa—Guest

Mayrand, Oswald, LaPresse, Montreal, Canada—Delegate

Medary, Edgar F., Democrat, Waukon, Iowa—Delegate

Mezquida, Mrs. Anna Blake, League of American Pen women, 969 Pine St., San Francisco, California—Delegate

McCullough, William, Thames Star, Thames, Auckland, New Zealand—Delegate

Mills, Frank M., On the Cars, Sioux Falls, South Dakota—Delegate

Mills, Mrs. Frank M., Sioux Falls, South Dakota—Guest

Mitchell, Miss Frances C., Centralia (Missouri) Courier, Columbia, Missouri—Delegate

Morris, John R., Japan Advertiser, Tokyo, Japan—Delegate

McAdams, Mrs. A. G., Dallas, Texas—Guest

McClatchy, V. S. Bee, Sacramento, California—Delegate

McClatchy, Mrs. V. S., Sacramento, California—Guest

McKeown, Mrs. Lillian, Sun and Evening Telegram, San Bernardino, California—Delegate

McMaster, C. H., Tribune, Galveston, Texas—Delegate

McMaster, Mrs. C. H., Galveston, Texas—Guest

Nevin C. E., Advocate, Laurel, Nebraska—Delegate

Nolen, Miss Anna E. News, Monroe City, Missouri—Delegate

Nieva, Gregoric, Philippine Review, Manila, Philippine Islands—Delegate

Orcutt, Reginald W., Linotype Bulletin, 1219 Madison Ave., New York City—Delegate

Orcutt, Mrs. Reginald W., New York City—Guest

Patton, H. W., Special Writer, Hoquiam, Washington—Delegate

Perry, Miss Eugenie, Canadian Women's Press Club, Victoria, B. C.—Delegate

Petrie, Thomas, South China Morning Post, Hongkong, China—Delegate

Petrie, Mrs. Thomas, Hongkong, China—Guest

Pierce, Henry Douglas, Vinton-Pierce Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana—Delegate

Powell, H. J., Journal, Coffeyville, Kansas—Delegate

Powell, Mrs. H. J., Coffeyville, Kansas—Guest

Reed, Mrs. Emma Livingston, Southern California Women's Press Club, Los Angeles, California—Delegate

Richardson, J. A.—Sunflower Tocsin, Indianola, Mississippi—Delegate

Rhodes, Mrs. John F., Hutchinson, Kansas—Delegate

Saxe, Ludvig, Verdens Gang, Christiania, Norway—Delegate

Sugimura, K., Ashai Shimbun, Tokyo, Japan—Delegate

Schuler, Mrs. Maud, Gadsden, Alabama—Guest

Shaw, Mrs. Mabel S., Evening Telegraph, Dixon, Illinois—Delegate

Smith, C. Stanley, Evening Star, Dunedin, New Zealand—Delegate

Smith, Mrs. C. Stanley, Dunedin, New Zealand—Guest

Smith, William J., Daily Sun, Waukegan, Illinois

Soga, Y., Nippu Jiji, P. O. Box 897, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Southern, William Jr., Daily Examiner, Independence, Missouri—Delegate

Southern, Miss Caroline, Daily Examiner, Independence, Missouri—Delegate

Stone, John I., Honolulu Press Club, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Sturgis, H. S., Times, Neosho, Missouri—Delegate

Sturgis, Mrs. H. S., Neosho, Missouri—Guest

Temple, Mrs. Oda M., Republican, Mountain Home, Idaho

Thorpe, Mrs. George C., Quarters A, Marine Barracks, Pearl Harbor, T. H.—Delegate

Tong, Hollington K., North China Star, Peking, China—Delegate

Thurston, L. A., Advertiser, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Townsend, Mrs. Georgina S., 5703 Victoria Ave., Los Angeles, California (President, Southern California Women's Press Club)—Delegate

Traer, Mrs. Louise M., Eagle, Vinton, Iowa—Delegate

Underhill, Edwin S., Leader, Corning, New York—Delegate

Wang, K. P., Shun Pao, Shanghai, China—Delegate

Wang, T. M., Shun Pao, Shanghai, China—Delegate

Ward, Miss Etta I., Courier, Winchendon, Massachusetts —Delegate

Warinner, Emily V., Managing Editor of The Friend, Honolulu

Warren, Mrs. John Trenholm, Honolulu Press Club, Box 769, Honolulu, T. H.—Delegate

Watts, Arretta L., Long Beach, California—Delegate

Wilke, Will, Gazette, Gray Eagle, Minnesota—Delegate

Wilke, Clyde S., Gazette, Gray Eagle Minnesota—Delegate (Wilke's present office address, 743 Plymouth Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota)

Williams, Walter, Columbia, Missouri—Delegate

Wong, Hin, Star, Canton, China—Delegate

Woodring, Mrs. Charlotte, Journal, Peru, Indiana—Delegate

Woods, G. A., Boomer, El Reno, Oklahoma—Delegate

Xanders, Mrs. Amanda L., League of American Pen women, York, Pennsylvania—Delegate

Yamagata, I., Press, Seoulm, Korea—Delegate

Zerbey, Maj. J. H. Jr., Republican, Pottsville, Pennsylvania—Delegate

Zerbey, Elizabeth, Pottsville, Pennsylvania—Guest

Zerbey, Mildred, Pottsville, Pennsylvania—Guest

Zumoto, Motosada, Herald of Asia, Tokyo, Japan